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*Our Fourth
Birthday Issue*

CARL SHREVE

CHASING the World's Most Elusive MICROBE



"AH-TISH-OOO!" This familiar indication of a cold echoes all round the world, in offices, factories and homes. Women scientists (as at left) are doing their bit in the continuous quest for a cold preventive.

Science Hopes to Scotch the Tiny Cold Germ That Makes Us All So Miserable

By Our Medical Correspondent

All over Australia people are suffering sore throats, fever, aching eyes, and pains in the back—symptoms of winter colds.

If they're wise they're at home spending two or three days in bed, perhaps dosing themselves with one of the 45,000 cold remedies that are marketed to-day. Many are very good.

SCIENCE, having manufactured those thousands of remedies in an effort to give temporary relief to mankind, is still on the run after the cold and its cause. It is the world's greatest microbe hunt. Statisticians reckon that colds cost the world billions of pounds yearly. Nearly everyone has two or three colds a year, and loses from one to

three days' work because of them. At any given time five to ten per cent. of the population have colds.

Medical authorities estimate that in the United States the cost of colds to the nation is £1 per head.

In Australia, with its more equable climate, the cost is not so high, but even half the American figure would mean an annual loss of £3,000,000 or so.

During the influenza outbreak in England recently, it was estimated that 1,000,000 people were victims at the same time. Imagine the terrific dislocation it caused to industry.

SCIENCE has discovered that a cold can have far-reaching consequences. Complications can sometimes be traced to it for ten or even thirty years.

It is estimated that half of all the disabling diseases start their early stages with a cold in the head. Three-quarters of all pneumonia cases begin with a cold.

The break-up of marriages and friendships might easily have its source in a cold. Headaches, a grumpy disposition, general debility

A Cold Rhyme

It doesn't breathe,
It doesn't smell,
It doesn't feel
So very well;
I am disgusted
With my nose—
The only thing it
Does is blows!

Therefore, preserve your stamina if you want to dodge a cold. Avoid worry, overwork, nervous strain, the wrong food, and seek fresh air and exercise.

In the search for new, effective treatments, considerable progress has been made with vaccines and cold serums. Although not yet entirely perfect, they have many advocates.

Relief is also promised from the use of a combination of opium derivatives.

In China a herb known as Ma Huang has been used for centuries to dry up a cold. Most standard remedies on the market are good.

Among the drugs marketed for nasal colds is one that SHRINKS your nose. It is applied to those delicate nasal membranes that swell when the cold attacks you and that clog your nose so that you can't breathe.

The drug has a reducing or shrinking effect on the tissue, and is actually a kind of slimming treatment that temporarily restores the affected membranes to their original form.

Of course, there are also the scores of remedies that your friends shower upon you—homely remedies like turpentine, molasses, vinegar, kerosene, camphorated oil, rum and milk—the list seems never-ending.

Diet Tips

FOR the world's sufferers from flu, a prominent doctor prescribes this treatment:

Don't try to eat. Starve yourself for a few days. Don't eat even soft-boiled eggs. Tea, toast and fruit juices are all right, but that's about all. A good standard remedy will help. Drink lots of water. Don't take strong laxatives.

To build up resistance to colds, watch your diet, which should include:

Spinach, cod-liver oil, butter, eggs, carrots, milk, prunes, and tomatoes for vitamin A

Cereals, fruits and nuts for vitamin B.

Drink plenty of water, sleep eight hours every night, eat regularly.

It seems, in any case, that mankind will have to struggle through another winter without a foolproof cold preventive or cure, for even Lloyd's, the famous insurance brokers, offers odds of 20 to 1 against the chances of a cure being discovered within the next twelve months.

In the meantime we will just have to blow, blow, blow, and ah-sh-ah-tish-ooo!

Babs doesn't mind telling!

JUST LOOK AT BABS... DOESN'T SHE LOOK MARVELLOUS.

I NEVER KNEW SHE HAD SUCH A GLORIOUS COMPLEXION.

WE'VE JUST BEEN PRAISING YOU COMPLIMENTS, BABS.

BEEN SPENDING ALL YOUR SALARY IN BEAUTY PARLOURS?

NO, MY DEARS, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED A MARVELLOUS NEW FACE POWDER... ERASMIC.

JUST ONE LITTLE SHILLING THE BOX... AND IT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED IN A FACE POWDER.

WHAT A HEAVENLY PERSON! WE MUST GET SOME ERASMIC JOURNAL.

IS IT AS EXPENSIVE AS IT MAKES YOU LOOK?

Made Them Blow, Too!

IN the world quest for a cure for colds, two places were discovered where the inhabitants did not suffer colds—Spitsbergen, in the Arctic, and the Virgin Islands, in the tropics.

Someone with a cold paid a visit to both places for experimental purposes and infected the islanders, who now suspiciously regard the visitor arriving with a bulbous-looking nose and a cargo of handkerchiefs.

and communicable gloom are inseparable consequences of a cold that cannot be reckoned in money.

It is one complaint that pays due regard to the equality of the sexes... and so women suffer as well as men.

But for some unfair reason a cold breaks more havoc on a woman's appearance than on a man's. Possibly the strong, rugged features of the male are planned to combat the ravages of a cold more efficiently than the delicate feminine ones.

THE years of intensive research and study into the causes of cold have led medical thought to the opinion that people with lowered resistance inevitably, suffer colds.

LET Erasmic's unique "filminess" bring a glory and glamour to your skin.

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube.
A smooth, light powder foundation.
Erasmic Cold Cream—2/6 Jar. For nightly cleaning and massage.

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dorothy Weidling.

Australian Novelist

HENRIETTA (Mrs. Geoffrey)

Drake-Brockman, whose latest novel, "Younger Sons," will be published soon, has several books to her credit, all dealing with her native West Australia. She is a daughter of the first woman doctor to practise in W.A., Dr. Roberta Jull. Her father was a prominent Government official. As president of the Perth Women Writers' Club, Mrs. Drake-Brockman is giving valuable help to the young women writers of the State.



Keeper of Crown Jewels

THE world has heard much of the

Crown Jewels within recent weeks, and of their historic and symbolic importance. Apart from this aspect, the jewels have a stupendous intrinsic value, and when not in use they are kept in the Tower of London, where they are now reposing.

Major-General Sir George Young-husband, pictured here, has lived in the Tower for twenty years to guard these precious national relics.



Broken Family Tradition

MILIE EVE CURIE, younger daughter of the famous scientists whose name is indissolubly associated with the discovery of radium, has broken away from family tradition and has adopted music and literature for a career.

"I like music. I like literature. But science it is too terrifying. If I tried to go on with the work of my mother and father I would have a bad inferiority complex," she says. She has almost completed a biography of her mother.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS To ALL!



SOME of our free novels and serials.

Our Fourth Birthday— What We Have Achieved

Amazing Record Of Free Novels And Celebrity Serials For Readers

"Give me four minutes of a man's time and I'll tell you his story," said O. Henry.

Four minutes of a man's time may tell a lot, but four years of a newspaper's life is history.

In the case of The Australian Women's Weekly, which celebrates its fourth anniversary with this issue, what a colorful story there is to tell.

THIS paper is justifiably proud of its success in all departments, but to-day it would like to tell the story of its stories—the fiction appearing every week.

During the past years a library of the world's best books has entered your home. You have been kept amused and well-informed by these brilliant stories.

Shown on top of the page are some of the world's great books which have been made available to you as

free novels and serials in The Australian Women's Weekly. Many great names are among them; many more are to come.

Since The Australian Women's Weekly was first published, readers have been presented free with 145 book-length novels.

These novels, if produced in the ordinary way, would have cost over £50. They were given to you free—a library of fiction at no cost to readers. Thousands of short stories have

been published, and many brilliant serials.

It was The Australian Women's Weekly which in its search for the best introduced to Australia A. J. Cronin, Vicki Baum, Sabatini, Georgette Heyer, Monica Ewer, Alice Duer Miller, Dornford Yates, and a host of other famous serial writers.

Popular Australian writers met a wider public in the pages of The Australian Women's Weekly. In fact, they write for all Australia—a material help to young novelists striving to reach a public.

They include E. V. Timms, Dale Collins, Ernest Wells, Alison Macdougall, Beatrice Grimshaw, Michael Raymond, and Winifred Birckett.

Remarkable Figures

ON a population basis The Australian Women's Weekly is the greatest national paper as well as the greatest women's paper in the world.

With weekly net sales of almost 400,000, on a population of 6,000,000

people, this is higher in proportion than the most widely-read magazine in America, the "Saturday Evening Post."

With a population of 130,000,000, Americans buy 3,000,000 copies of that magazine a week. Had Australia the same number of people, the circulation of The Australian Women's Weekly would be 8,000,000.

Remarkable figures when you consider them.

WITH the introduction of color art-gravure by The Australian Women's Weekly, Australia became the first British Dominion to use this costly and beautiful process.

The Australian Women's Weekly is world-famous, and widely quoted. In a recently published American digest for women readers, The Australian Women's Weekly had the greatest number of stories quoted or used in their entirety as high-class material representative of the best in women's journalism.

First in the field is the proud claim of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Feast of Fiction This Week

THIS week's fiction section of The Australian Women's Weekly has been greatly enlarged and includes—
Five long complete stories.
Enthralling serial, and
Splendid free novel of 32 pages.
The authors are Georgette Heyer, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Sapper, George R. Pilgrim, Phyllis Dugan, Elyton Cleaver and Edward Vivian Timms—an imposing array to celebrate our birthday number.

It was the first paper to give you a free knitting book.

It was first in the field with a complete film magazine.

It was the first women's newspaper to appoint its own war correspondents, its own fashion experts in London and Paris, and its representatives in all parts of the world.

A proud record in four short years.

No CIVIL RIGHTS For DUCHESS Of WINDSOR

Will Be Bound By Napoleonic Code In France

By Cable from Our Special Correspondent in Paris

The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor under the French law will not affect them if they return to England. There it is recognised as being fully legal and has no relation to the religious ceremony that followed.

But as long as they live in France they will be bound by the Napoleonic Code.

Under this, a wife has practically no civil rights, except that of making a last will and testament.

THE French civil ceremony took only a few minutes and was officiated over by the local Mayor (Dr. Mercier).

Usually all civil marriages are performed in the mayor's office, but the Duke and Mrs. Warfield received special permission to be made man and wife at the Chateau de Candé, at Monts, Touraine.

All the legal formalities were complied with. The bans of the wedding were posted outside the Monts Town Hall for ten days, which, as required by law, included two Sundays. Before the ceremony the bride and groom showed an official certificate to the effect that no one objected to their marriage, and also produced birth certificates.

The ceremony, although an exceedingly simple one, has far-reaching effects as far as the French wife is concerned.

Having received the assurance of the Duke and Mrs. Warfield that they intended to become man and wife, the Mayor read to them the three cer-

dinal principles of marriage as formulated during the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. Short and simple though they are, these passages have dignity and solemnity:

"The husband and wife owe each other fidelity, aid, and assistance.

"The husband owes his wife protection; the wife owes her husband obedience.

"The wife is obliged to live with her husband and to follow him to wherever he thinks it

Civil & religious marriages
Interesting facts — See
Page 12

fit to reside, and the husband is obliged to receive her and furnish her with everything



DR. CHARLES MERCIER, Mayor of Monts, who married the Duke and Duchess of Windsor according to French civil laws.

that is necessary for her life, according to his ability and his position"

Then came the question to the Duke: "Do you accept the conditions of the Civil Code and will you uphold them?"

The reply was: "Yes."

"That being so, will you take this woman, Besale Wallis Warfield, as your wife?"

Again the reply was "Yes."

The questions were then put to Mrs. Warfield, and on receiving her answers in the affirmative the Mayor declared them husband and wife.

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1500 FREE BOOKS on DANCING!

NOW you can test this wonderful course in your own home, and if, after 30 days, you have not become an expert dancer, popular and sought after, it COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry! This offer may never again be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is to post the coupon NOW!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

It does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance—The famous BOLOT system, the system that has stood the test of 25 years, guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY—it will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc.—together with Modern Old Time. The Bolot System never fails—you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

Become Popular!

MAGNETIC Personality—Popularity—confidence, can be attained with Professor Bolot's wonderful course—you will find yourself sought after—admired by the opposite sex—in- vited out to all social functions—in short, you will become a "social lion." Dancing is the short cut to good times—fun—dancers and bad dancers miss all the fun in life—now is the time to start and take advantage of Professor Bolot's wonderful offer NOW—but hurry, this offer is limited.

SEND NO MONEY!

PROFESSOR J. BOLOT, F.A.R., French Dancing Academy, Studio 3, 63-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.

Dear Sir,—Please send me by return post your FREE book, "DANCING AS A FINE ART."

NAME
ADDRESS
12/6/37



What This FREE Book Will Show You!

- How to Learn at Home.
 - How to Dance the Fox-trot.
 - How to Dance all Dances.
 - How to be Popular.
 - How to Improve Conversation.
 - How to be a Perfect Dancer.
- 1500 copies of this famous book will be sent FREE. Send at once for your copy.

WOMAN WHO Braved Matupi VOLCANO

"Like Living On A Huge, Quivering Jelly"

For five years a Sydney woman lived alone with the natives on Matupi Island, Rabaul, which has been desolated by the earthquake. During that time she was often awakened by the rumbling of the Matupi volcano, as it showered fiery lava over its crater edge.

She is Mrs. Ray McPherson, of Brighton Street, Petersham. For years she was the only white woman on Matupi Island, and was known throughout the Mandated Territory because of her courage in running a trading station—single-handed.

A SMALL, intensely active woman with streaks of grey in her reddish hair—"malaria did that," she explains—Mrs. McPherson went to New Guinea in 1923.

"For years I lived on Matupi Island," she declared in a special interview with *The Australian Women's Weekly*. "I was the only white on the island and whenever anything happened the native 'boys' and 'Marys' would rush to my trading station.

"A 'guria' (earthquake) in Rabaul is a horribly uncanny thing. The trees thrash about and the ground moves like a lurching ship.

"Earthquake tremors were frequent, too. At times I felt that I was living on a huge jelly that quivered and shook while the harbor waters surged around and we heard dull rumblings in the bowels of the earth.

"Every time there had been a guria they would send someone out from Rabaul, about 12 miles away, to see if I was all right.

"One night I remember in particular. As I said, I was the only white woman there. I had bought a copra-making establishment, although I didn't know one end of a coconut from another—but that's another story. At about midnight Matupi volcano started to blow its head off; the gurias always seem to come in the night.

"The whole of the furniture and crockery in my house was rocking, and I looked out the window and saw that the mountain had a huge fiery peak. All around the house



MRS. RAY McPHERSON, of Sydney, who for several years was the only white woman on Matupi Island, near Rabaul, which has been devastated by earthquake and the eruptions of the Matupi volcano.



*It's as fresh
as if roasted to-day!*

Here is a pleasant surprise for your guests.

Just wait till after they've tasted it before you tell them that this is Bushells vacuum packed Coffee.

Then, if you like, you can explain that it's packed the day it's roasted; packed in vacuum sealed tins that retain all the aroma and richness of flavor that have made Bushells Pure Coffee so popular.

Scientifically blended, and as fresh when you open it as the day it was packed, Bushells Coffee is always satisfying, stimulating and enjoyable.

Also packed in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars.



Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh Stays Fresh

hundreds of frightened natives were chattering and crying in terror.

"I went straight out in my night-gown carrying a lantern and did my best to pacify them. But I had a difficult task, as many were overcome by superstitious fear. As a matter of fact, the present upheaval would probably cause hundreds of natives to die through sheer fright. They are a very simple, childlike people.

"I gave aspirin tablets to those who were most badly affected, telling them that it was medicine stronger than the guria.

"They believed me implicitly, partly on account of my red hair, which they tried to imitate and thought was in some way sacred.

"Incidentally, there was not a canoe or boat on the island, or we could all have escaped to the mainland that night. Most of them had been taken

over to Kokopo where the boys were holding a midnight 'sing-song,' and the others were carried away from their moorings by the waves caused by the earthquake.

"A 'big fella wave' is what the Rabaul boys fear more than anything else when an earthquake comes. Old men have told me how their fathers had talked to them of a great wave that killed many thousands. They believed that there would be one every 88 years, and I found out that actually there was a great guria and tidal wave in 1878.

"I believe their tradition and I don't think there will be another earthquake in Rabaul for 60 years or so.

"The poor natives will be terrible sufferers. Apart from those killed, many more may die through lack of food, for their gardens have been destroyed, and they will be forced to go inland. Also you can be quite certain that the shock to their nervous systems will cause a lot of others to die slowly."

ACCORDED HER Rights As BRITISH CITIZEN

Principle Involved in Freer Case

At long last, Mrs. M. M. Freer, a British subject banned by the Federal Government from landing in this country, is to return to Australia.

The shouting and the tumult that this incident occasioned nine months ago has quietened down in the interval, but the principle involved glares with the same intensity as we hope it ever shall in a country that upholds the rights of British citizens.

THE story of the prohibition of Mrs. Freer's landing in Australia aroused universal indignation.

It was given the widest publicity in the Press and on the platform; women's organisations voiced their protests, legal luminaries debated the law.

But the Government refused to give reasons for its strange action. She was not accused of any political or international activity. So far as the general public was concerned the only reason, and that proffered by Mrs. Freer herself, was that she admitted her regard for an Australian man already married.

This reason could not be discussed by the Commonwealth Government, or admitted to, for there is no statutory power that can discipline the emotional persuasions of any human being, or concern itself with the moral conduct of those citizens who do not infringe the law.

So with no hope of this unsatisfactory state of affairs being removed Mrs. Freer departed to New Zealand and has lived the life of any normal citizen during her stay there.

The Government has now said that she can land in Australia, vouchsafing no explanation for this extraordinary volte face.

So long as the Government persists in this attitude Mrs. Freer's return will favor of the case of a naughty child who has been put in a corner, then allowed to move about again at will when punishment has been meted out.

This is a matter for regret. The general public is not concerned with the personal and private life of Mrs. Freer.

She stands simply as an individual of British citizenship, to which is accorded freedom and liberty, until some proved action debars it from the privileges of this rich heritage.

Her return to Sydney, where she will stay with a relative at Beach Rd., Darling Point, will be viewed with satisfaction by those who were concerned not so specifically with the personal victim of this strange action on behalf of the Federal Government, as with the fear that constituted authority might exert itself as inexplicably to interfere with other citizen rights considered sacrosanct.

RUNAWAY MATCH

Charming young woman—dashing young man—and ladders and other things that go towards elopements

As the post-chaise and four entered the town of Stamford, young Mr. Morley, who had spent an uncomfortable night being jolted over the road, remorselessly prodded his companion.

"We have reached Stamford," he announced. "We change horses here, and whatever you may choose to do, I shall bespeak breakfast."

Miss Paradise, snugly ensconced in her corner of the chaise, opened a pair of dark eyes, blinked once or twice, yawned behind her feather muff, and sat up.

"Oh!" said Miss Paradise, surveying the spring morning with enthusiasm. "It is quite daylight! I have had the most delightful sleep."

Mr. Morley repeated his observation, not without a hint of pugnacity in his voice.

Since the start of the elopement, rather more than nine hours before, Miss Paradise, who was just eighteen, had been a trifle difficult to manage. She had begun by taking strong exception to the ladder he had brought for her escape from her bedroom window. Her remarks, delivered in an indignant undertone as she had prepared to descend the ladder, might have been thought to augur ill for the success of the runaway match; but Mr. Morley, who was also just eighteen, had quarrelled with Miss Paradise from the cradle, and thought her behaviour the most natural in the world. The disposition she showed to take the management of the flight into her own hands led to further wrangles, because, however much she might have been in the habit of taking the lead in their past scrapes, an elopement was a very different matter, and called for a display of male initiative. But when he had tried to point this out to Miss Paradise she had merely retorted, "Stuff! It was I who made the plan to elope. Now, Rupert, you know it was!"

This rejoinder was unanswerable, and Mr. Morley, who had been arguing in favor of putting up for the night at a respectable posting-house, had allowed himself to be over-ruled. They had travelled swiftly northwards by moonlight in a circumstance which had filled the romantic Miss Paradise with rapture with the result that a good deal of Mr. Morley's zest for the adventure had worn off by the time he made his announcement at eight o'clock.

HE was prepared to encounter opposition, but Miss Paradise, engaged in the task of tidying her tangled curls, assented lightly-heartedly.

"To be sure, I am excessively hungry," she said.

She picked up a chip hat from the seat and tied it on her head by its green gauze ribbons.

"I dare say I must look a positive fright," she remarked; "but you can have no notion how much I am enjoying myself."

This buoyancy had the effect of making Mr. Morley slightly morose.

"I can't imagine what there is to enjoy in being bumped about all night," he said.

Miss Paradise turned her enchanting little face towards him, and exclaimed with considerable chagrin:

"Are you not enjoying it at all, Rupert? I must say I do think you need not get into a miff merely because of being bumped a trifle."

"I am not in a miff!" said Mr. Morley, "but—"

"Oh, Rupert!" cried Miss Paradise, letting her muff fall. "Don't, don't say that you do not want to elope with me, after all!"

"No, of course I do," responded Mr. Morley. "The fact is, I didn't contrive to sleep above an hour or two. I shall be in better cue after breakfast."

"Yes, I expect that's it," nodded



Illustrated by Boothroyd

"So I have caught you, my children," said the man at the door.

Miss Paradise, relieved. "Only, I don't think we should waste very much time, you know, because when papa discovers our flight he is bound to pursue us."

"I don't see that," objected Mr. Morley. "He can't know where you have gone."

"Yes, he can," said Miss Paradise. "I left a note on my pillow for him."

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Morley. "Good heavens, Bab, why?"

"But he would be in a dreadful rout if I hadn't told him," explained Miss Paradise. "And even though he has behaved shockingly to me I don't want him to be anxious about me."

Mr. Morley retorted: "If you think to have put an end to his anxiety by telling him you have eloped with me you very much mistake the matter."

"No, but at least he will be sure that I am safe," said Miss Paradise. "You know that he likes you extremely, Rupert, even though he does not wish me to marry you. That is only because he says you are too young; and because he has this stupid notion that I must make a good match, of course," she added candidly.

"Well, I think you must be mad," said Mr. Morley. "I'll lay you a button he rides over immediately to tell my father. Then we shall have the pair of them at our heels, and a pretty pucker there will be."

"I hadn't thought of that," confessed Miss Paradise. "But I dare say we shall have reached Gretina Green long before they come up with us."

THE chaise had arrived at the George Inn by this time, and had turned in under the archway to the courtyard. The steps were let down and the travellers alighted. Mr. Morley felt stiff, but

Miss Paradise gave her tiffany skirts a shake and tripped into the inn for all the world as though she had enjoyed a perfect night's rest.

There was not much sign of activity in the George at this early hour, but the landlord came out and led the way to a private parlor overlooking the street, and promised to serve breakfast in the shortest possible time. He betrayed no extraordinary curiosity, the extremely youthful appearance of his guests leading him to suppose them to be brother and sister.

Miss Paradise, realising this, was disappointed, and commented on it to Mr. Morley with considerable dissatisfaction.

"Well, thank Heaven for it," said Mr. Morley.

"Sometimes, Rupert," said Miss Paradise, "I think you are not romantic in the very least."

"I never said that I was," replied Mr. Morley.

"You may not have said it, but

a ladder at all? Your father and your aunt were both gone out, and you told me yourself the servants were all in bed."

A disarming dimple peeped in Miss Paradise's cheek.

"Well, to tell you the truth, it wasn't very necessary," she confessed. "Only it seemed so much more exciting."

The entrance of a serving-man with a tray prevented Mr. Morley from uttering the indignant retort that sprang to his lips, and by the time the table was laid and the covers set on it the mingled aromas of coffee and broiled ham and ale had put all other thought than that of breakfast out of his head. He handed Miss Paradise to a chair, drew out one for himself, and was soon engaged in assuaging the first

my room to see how I did. I had to say I had the headache, Rupert, because they would have forced me to go with them to the dinner party if I hadn't." Her brow darkened. "To meet that odious old man," she added broodingly.

"Sales?" inquired Mr. Morley. "Yes, of course."

HE isn't as old as that. Bab. Hang it, he can't be much above thirty. And you don't know that he's odious after all."

"Oh, yes I do," retorted Miss Paradise, with strong feeling. "He wrote to papa that he was perfectly willing to fulfil his obligations to marry me. I never heard of anything so odious in my life. He must be the most horrid creature imaginable, and as for papa, I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but he is very little better; in fact, I think, worse, because it was he who made this abominable plan to marry me to an Edible Person with whom I am not even acquainted. And Sir Joseph Sale, too, of course, detestable old man that he was."

"Yes, he was," agreed Mr. Morley. "Do you remember—"

"No," said Miss Paradise. "At least, I'm not going to, because one should never speak ill of the dead. But you may depend upon it his nephew is just like him, and if papa thinks I am going to marry to oblige him he very much mistakes the matter. As though you and I had not said years and years ago that we would marry each other."

"Yes, but you see, I said I had the headache, and she might go to

panes of his hunger. Miss Paradise, pursuing thoughts of her own, presently said: "I daresay they won't have found my note yet."

"I wish to Heaven you hadn't written it, Bab!"

"Well, so do I now," admitted Miss Paradise. "Because, although I made certain that Aunt Albinia would not think of going to my room when she came home last night, it has all at once occurred to me that perhaps she might."

Mr. Morley, who was carving the cold sirloin, gave a groan.

"Why? If she never does—"

"Yes, but you see, I said I had the headache, and she might go to

A Complete Short Story

you did say that you would rescue me from that odious Sir Roland, and if that is not—"

"Well, I am rescuing you," interrupted Mr. Morley, "and I don't object to being romantic in reason. But when it comes to you wanting a rope-ladder to escape by," he continued, last night's quarrel taking possession of his mind again, "I call it the outside of enough."

"Who ever heard of any other kind of ladder for an elopement?" demanded Miss Paradise scathingly.

"I don't know. But how was I to find such a thing? And now I come to think of it," pursued Mr. Morley, "why the devil did you want

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The FOUR MARYS

By ... *Janny Heaslip Lea*



In the old days Mimi got lovely flowers from Alan, and her friends laughingly talked of romance.

BEAUTIFUL and true," he said. "What's beautiful is true—and what's true can't be wrong, can it?" He was quite honestly at the moment groping after his own enlightenment as well as hers. He did not even know that, rising from the closed covers of a long-forgotten school-book, one John Keats had given him his cue.

Mimi, too, with her arms around Alan, had gone back into the past. She remembered the old days, the beloved old days, when she got lovely flowers from Alan and her friends laughingly talked of a romance. Beautiful and true, that seemed a mockery these days, when out of the past she recalled a foolish fit of pique that caused Alan to marry Elizabeth.

She clung to him, muttering with a sigh of relief, "Of course. That's what I thought myself, at first; only lately— A strange likeness, that which existed between her and Alan, a natural kinship which they themselves did not always realise; as if one soul inhabited by some freakish chance two bodies and was divided even more curiously by the difference of sex. "After all," she said, how drawing back and wiping her eyes on the tip of the folded handkerchief in his breast pocket, "it's not as if we'd done anything definite." Something in her held tenaciously to the belief that so long as their relationship was not that of lovers she was still within her rights. Something else, however, some force of native honesty, died hard. "Alan," she said slowly, "if you never saw me again, would you be happy with Elizabeth?"

Alan did not answer at once. "She's difficult sometimes!" he said at length, as if it were wrong out of him. "Here, we haven't been married six months, yet—"

"Go on," said Mimi. "You can talk sense if you want to."

"What does that make me?"

"Nothing now. We've always talked sense to each other, haven't we?"

THEY stood, now, tension for the moment relaxed, their arms around each other, looking out at the sky together, like prisoners seeking their only release in admitting to each other their imprisonment.

"She and I don't have much fun together, Mimi. There's not much real—you know—congeniality between us. We never want to do the same things at the same time, and she's got to have it her way or know why."

"She nags," said Mimi. "She always did." She spoke with no apology for frankness. After all, to her it was Alan who mattered, not Elizabeth. "You have to account for every minute you're out

of her sight, don't you?" said Mimi.

"She'd like me to."

"You mean you don't tell her the truth?"

"Not unless I happen to feel like it." He laughed. "I've always believed that it's perfectly all right to lie when someone asks you a question that's none of his or her business."

"Just the same," said Mimi, "she'd be a bad person to lie to. She never lets go of anything like that till she's gnawed it to the bone. She was that way even in school. Once she thought another girl had taken a cheap little brooch of hers. She got down on the trail with her nose to the ground and never stopped till she'd had the girl kicked out. Of course the poor little fool had taken it," she added by way of justice to Elizabeth.

Mimi may have painted an un-

pleasant picture of Elizabeth, but she did it unconsciously, without any malice. It was the way Elizabeth had always appealed to her, and there were no fireworks in her speech for Alan's benefit. Nothing but a simple truthfulness.

Alan said, "So what? Want me to stop coming?" He turned, catching Mimi by the shoulders, ardently searching her eyes. "Not losing your nerve, are you?"

She faced him unflinchingly. "I can take it if you can. I know you're Elizabeth's husband, but she doesn't own you like a house cat, does she? That where-have-you-been stuff went out with straight-front corsets. If you let her get away with it you're a sap. Besides—doesn't she ever see another man?"

"The worst of it is," said Alan gloomily, "she doesn't want to. She doesn't care about seeing other men any more. All she wants is me in her pocket or at the end of a leash twenty-four hours a day." His hands dropped from Mimi's shoulders. He went back to the table.

Mimi leaned against the side of the window, watching him. "Keep an eye on the time, will you? Dad's coming in around five." She had a quick mental picture of her Dad. Bright, breezy, easy-going Dad. Not quite as modern as he'd really like you to think he was, but with only one thought for her—her happiness, and the blessed privilege of living one's own life.

"I'll get away before then," he said carelessly. She came over to the table, leaned the tips of her fingers, strong and long and tapered, very like her grandmother's, upon the edge of it, stood watching him. "Alan—when—"

"When do we see each other again?" He shrugged, laughed shortly. "The next time I get a chance to walk around the block without a bodyguard, I suppose. It doesn't happen every day. I can assure you."

The Story So Far:

MEG SWIFT, successful columnist on a New York paper, is the ex-wife of charming VIVIAN SWIFT, newspaperman, whom she meets through their daughter, MIMI, after years of separation.

Mimi is young and irresponsible, and in love with ALAN WYTHE, whom she secretly meets. Alan is newly wed to ELIZABETH DENT, school friend of Mimi.

Meg's brother, FREE-MANTLE, and his wife, JUDY, while visiting Meg, try to interfere with Mimi's freedom. They suspect her friendship with Alan, and Judy tells Elizabeth of her suspicions.

Meanwhile, Mimi and Alan try to persuade each other that they are not hurting others.

● NOW READ COLUMN 1.

"Make it—make it as soon as you can," she said.

He drew her to him and kissed her. His cheek hot against hers, he answered, "You know I will, don't you?"

When the buzzer on the door sounded its rattlesnake trill they both started.

"It can't be five yet," said Mimi in agonised annoyance. "He said around five, I'm sure."

"Don't answer it," said Alan.

They stood very close but no longer touching each other, listening intently.

Mimi argued, "But he knows I expect him."

"Not until five." Alan looked at his watch. "It's only twenty to."

"I know, darling, but he's like that. Always either too early or too late. He was never on time in his life."

"All right." Alan's temper, never too even, was rising. "If you think it'll be any help to us to have him see me here."

The buzzer rang again, long and steadily.

"I've just got to let him in—that's all there is to it," said Mimi unapologetically.

"Then kiss me just once more for good-bye," said Alan, reluctantly.

They kissed as if good-bye were for good. When he released her the buzzer was ringing for the third time—longer and steadier than ever.

MIMI went over and pressed the button releasing the street door. Then she opened her own door and went out upon the landing. From the semi-gloom of the narrow hall below, two shadowy female figures looked up at her. After a moment, in which she recognised them, the palms of her hands began to sweat coldly. It was Molly and Meg. No time to consider what had brought them. She closed her hands about the banister rail and called down gaily:

"Hello there—what can I do for you?"

Molly had already begun to mount the stairs slowly and with determined tread. She said, panting a little with the first half-dozen steps, "Your mother and I have been shopping. Thought we'd like to look in on you. Thought I'd like to see this playhouse of yours." Meg was following in silence.

Mimi half turned. She called back over her shoulder, clearly enough to be heard in the room, clearly enough to be heard on the stairs as well. "Alan—it's my mother and grandmother; isn't that fun?"

"Fun indeed," said Alan dryly, so only Mimi could hear him. Molly came to a stop only with the landing. She breathed deep a time or two and settled her dignified black satin hat. Her coat was black and her dress under it, but the collar of her coat was soft grey squirrel, against which her pale, fine-featured face showed like a cameo.

Please turn to Page 57

The Valley

Oh, Megalong, what charms you hold

When the sun has sunk to rest,
And the last faint golden ray
Has faded in the west.

A zephyr wind that stirs the trees

The rippling waters flow,
And in the camp across the creek
A light fills to and fro.

The birds are nestling down to rest

Among the white box trees,
Tall pines are whispering secrets to

A gentle, warm west breeze.

The fragrance of the burning wood,

The campfire blazing bright,

The quiet peacefulness that comes

To sanctify the night.

A house in darkness on the hill,
The night birds' plaintive call,
And sweeter far than music is
The tinkling water-fall.

The hours creep slowly one by one,

The fire is burning low,
Flickering shadows on the tent
Now softly come and go.

The range of rugged mountain peaks,

Their silent vigil keep,
While dreaming, watched by moon and stars,
The Valley sinks to sleep.

—J. S. NOONAN.

Illustrated
By Noel
Cook

An Unusual
Short
Story



"As we looked out of the train we saw people on the other train beckoning to us."

The MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

By
SAPPER

"WELL, I'll be danged. She's signalled through, and yet she's stopping, though she's late already. Be there summat up?"

The station-master of Marley Junction scratched his head, and stared at the on-coming express which was now slowing down rapidly.

"Isn't she supposed to stop?" Ronald Standish asked.

"No, sir; she ain't. There be a slip-coach for here, but main part goes through."

Rows of heads were already protruding from carriage windows as the train came to a standstill, and the guard got out.

"What's the matter, Joe?" demanded the station-master.

"Murder's the matter," was the unexpected answer; and with a lift of his eyebrows Ronald turned

to the other member of our little party.

"You seem to be having a busy time of it, Inspector," he said, and with an expression of relief the two railway officials turned round.

"Are you the police, sir?" cried the guard.

"I'm Inspector Grantham, of Scotland Yard," answered the other. "What's that you say? Murder?"

"Yes, sir. And I'll be pleased if you can come this way, for we're a lot behind time. He's in the slip-coach."

We followed him to the rear of the train, paying no attention to the excited comments of the pas-

sengers, several of whom had got out on the platform. And as we got to the back carriage an irascible-looking, elderly man, who might have been a retired colonel, a clergyman and his wife, and a young man of perhaps thirty with a worried expression on his face descended.

The inspector paused for a moment.

"This coach is separate from the rest of the train I take it?" he said. "There's no connecting corridor?"

"That's so, sir," said the guard, "as you can see. No one can pass farther than my van, which is just in front of it."

"Then get the coach uncoupled. And all passengers, please, who were in this coach must wait."

He entered, and we followed him along the corridor of the carriage. The station-master had gone off to give the necessary orders; the guard accompanied us.

"Everything is as it was found, sir," he said. "After the train was stopped I travelled in this coach myself."

"Why did the train stop? I thought this was fast to Down-water?"

"Communication cord was pulled, sir, by the reverend gentleman."

The inspector nodded.

"We'll go into that later," he said. "Where's the body?"

For answer, the guard opened the door of the centre compartment. On the seat by the opposite window was sprawling the body of a man. One hand hung limply downwards, and on the cushion and the carpet lay an ominous red pool. A glance was sufficient to show that he was dead, and that the cause of death was a wound in the head. The window was shut; his suit-case littered up the rack; and in the corner opposite the body a pair of wash-leather gloves was lying on the seat.

Suddenly Ronald gave a whistle. "Good Lord!" he cried. "It's old Samuel Goldberg, the bookmaker."

"You know him?" said the inspector.

"I've betted with him from time to time," Ronald answered. "But all in due course, for you'll have to do something about this train, Grantham. Why not let it go on with a relief guard and run this coach into a siding?"

Please turn to Page 14

DEBT of HONOR



THE night was a mass of dark velvet - blue in which sea and sky were inseparable. The flying boat *Invincible* was winging its way to Egypt through the silvery night.

In the card-room of the luxury air liner the boy was frowning. Presently he looked up from his calculations and said:

"I make it eight hundred and three pounds."

"As much as that," said Mr. Flecker. His voice was casual almost to the point of sounding bored.

"And with the sixty-four pounds to-night, that makes eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds in all."

"That sounds all right to me."

The boy produced a cheque-book.

Mr. Flecker riffled the cards so that they seemed almost to purr.

He said suddenly, "But just a moment. I don't know if you'd care to draw for double or quits?"

The boy hesitated. "All right," he said quickly.

With an expert gesture Mr. Flecker spread the cards over the table in a wide crescent. The boy drew a card and turned his hand.

The ten of spades. His face flushed slightly.

Mr. Flecker drew. The ace of diamonds.

"Hard luck," he murmured.

THE boy smiled faintly and filled in his cheque for seventeen hundred and thirty-four pounds. Mr. Flecker folded it carelessly and slipped it into his pocket.

He was on the point of going when he noticed something for the first time, and halted.

"Peeling all right?" he asked the boy.

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing. Only your face looks rather white."

"I'm all right," said the boy.

This was so obviously untrue that Mr. Flecker made no attempt to contradict it.

"Better have a cigarette and tell me all about it."

The boy had two cigarettes and told him everything.

There was a girl back in England, and she and he were thinking of getting married. They hadn't much money, but they did have a little because relatives of both of them had conveniently died quite recently. It had been the girl's idea that they should pool their resources and buy a rubber estate in Malaya.

The boy had a friend already there and this friend had put them on to something suitable in Kedah, up near the Siamese border.

So the boy had come out to inspect. He had down part of the way to save time. The girl had transferred her balance to his account, and if things turned out to be as attractive as they sounded he was to buy the place and cable her and she would follow him out and they would be married at once.

Mr. Flecker thought of asking the boy why he had gone on steadily losing money night after night, but decided that he knew the answer already.

Instead he took out the cheque again.

"Hm. You'd better take this back," he said, and felt uncomfortably generous.

The boy looked up at him.

"Take it back?"

"Yes."

"Thanks awfully, but I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"You won it from me in fair play. Gambling debts are debts of honor."

"But if I ask you to take it back, I'd rather not."

Mr. Flecker grew red in the face.

"Doesn't it occur to you that I may have some good reason for not wanting to take this money from you?"

"What reason?"

"You said just now I'd won it in fair play."

"Well?"

"Watch this," said Mr. Flecker.

He put out his hand and produced a playing-card out of the air just in front of the boy's face.

It was a six of diamonds. He turned it slowly at the tips of his fingers and it became the queen of clubs.

"Gosh," said the boy.

As he spoke, Mr. Flecker's hand jerked slightly and the card vanished.

"Like to see any more tricks like that?"

"The boy said nothing.

"I know plenty more. I've been practising them for the last twenty years."

"Is that how you—"

"That's how I won your money. Every penny.

That's why I can't keep this cheque of yours. Now what about it?"

The boy took the cheque and looked grateful.

"Look here—"

Mr. Flecker patted his arm.

"Forget it. I'm feeling quite faintly enough as it is for the moment. Give my love to the girl when next you see her. Good-night."

In the course of the following week an estate in the principality of Kedah changed hands.

A cable left for England:

"Bought estate everything O.K., but awful muddle. Philip recommends you don't come out for two months while we straighten up. What do you think. Writing. Much love. Geoffrey."

And a cable left England:

"I think it's rotten but all right dislike Philip already tell him writing love Freda."

Letters followed.

Geoffrey wrote from Philip Ash's bungalow. He was staying with Philip and his wife while his own bungalow was being renovated. He told her all about his gambling.

Freda in her reply soused him in the most blistering six lines he had ever read. But all the rest of her letter was all right.

Three weeks later he cabled:

"All ready come when you like counting day's Geoffrey."

And she replied:

"Coming."

And then after about ten days there was an unexpected radiogram from the Red Sea:

"Great news met long lost Uncle Richard on board you remember I spoke of him was going on Singapore but breaking journey to see us married nice old soul him not you love Freda."

Geoffrey did remember faintly.

Two weeks later Geoffrey stood late one afternoon on the quay-side at Penang.

Freda was coming down the ship's gangway. She was smiling and waving to him, at the same time obviously trying to point him out to her escort.

A cleverly told story of a gambler whose methods were unethical, but whose heart was tender towards young lovers in distress.

The painting below by artist John Allcot is of the latest type British flying-boat. It is of the Canopus class and the last word in fast and luxurious air travel.



Illustration by ALLCOT

*The flying-boat *Invincible* was winging its way to Egypt through the silvery night.*

We just happened to meet and that's all there was to it."

Philip and Linda were there, too, fortunately, so there was quite a party. If Geoffrey's manner was at all odd Freda had little chance to notice it.

Linda was Philip's wife. After she and Freda had smiled approvingly at one another they all crowded into Philip's car.

It had been arranged for Freda and Geoffrey to be married next morning, and for the whole party

of them to stay overnight in Penang.

They arrived at their hotel with not very much time to spare before dinner. Freda and Linda went straight up to dress, and Mr. Flecker made a line for the bar. Geoffrey and Philip went with him, Geoffrey partly because he thought there might be a chance of his having a few words with Mr. Flecker alone. Although what they had to say to one another he couldn't quite think.



They heard the crunch of footsteps on the gravel. It was Mr. Flecker. "You're the very man we want," said Freda.

BUT no such chance arose. When Philip talked of going up to dress Mr. Flecker stood up with notable readiness. He gave Geoffrey the idea that he didn't particularly want them to be alone together. All five of them dined together and afterwards there was dancing. Half-way through their second dance Freda whispered to Geoffrey: "Do you think anyone'd notice if we skipped?"

And having been on the point of asking the same question himself, Geoffrey whispered back, "Would it matter so much if they did?"

So they danced out through the open windows and on to the broad terrace. From there it was an easy step down into the shadowy coolness of the gardens.

After a suitable interval they got talking about more earthly things. About Freda's Uncle Richard. Freda said: "Im

Illustration by FISCHER

very nice to pick up stray rich uncles unexpectedly like that. That reminds me. I've got a surprise for you."

"Stray rich uncles?" said Geoffrey.

"Well, he seems to me to be pretty well off. He buys and sells things."

"What sort of things?"

"Any old things, so far as I can see. He's a sort of general merchant."

"I see."

"You do like him, don't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I thought you were rather quiet at dinner. And the way you said 'I see' just then—"

Geoffrey said honestly, "I like him all right. I did before. What's all this about a surprise?"

Freda seemed not to have heard.

"Geoffrey. I wonder if it's ever occurred to you that we're going to be—what shall I say?—rather pinched for ready-money just at

first? I mean, now that we've paid for the estate

"I know. There's not much left, is there?"

"That's what I mean."

"I shouldn't let it worry you. We shall be able to manage all right."

"Oh, yes, of course. But you must admit it would have been nice if we'd had a little more."

"Naturally."

"Even just another two or three hundred."

Geoffrey looked at her.

"Oh. What are you getting at?"

"Darling. I never get at things. I'm just leading up to something, that's all."

"What?"

Freda laughed and took a slip of paper out of her bag and waved it in front of him.

"Behold. The latest wedding present."

He caught her by the wrist so that she had to hold it still enough for him to see properly. It was a cheque for a thousand pounds. Payable to "Mrs. Geoffrey Layton" and signed "Richard Flecker."

Freda's eyes were dancing with excitement. But before Geoffrey had time to say anything she went on with a rush:

"He asked me what I thought we'd both like, and when he said something about a thousand pounds I very nearly went and died on the spot. But I did sort of rally sufficiently to explain things and say that if it was all the same to him we'd rather have the money. That was the right thing to say, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Rather," said Geoffrey.

He said it so flatly that Freda turned and looked at him in surprise.

"You don't sound very pleased."

"Well—"

"What's the matter?"

Geoffrey came to a sudden decision.

"Listen. There's something I've been wondering all the evening whether I ought to tell you or not. Now I've pretty well got to."

"Go on."

"You remember I wrote and told you how I'd lost all that money

playing cards on the plane coming out to a man who told me afterwards that he was a card sharper and let me have my cheque back?"

"Yes."

"Well! His name was Flecker."

Freda stared. "You don't mean—"

Geoffrey nodded. "I had the shock of my life when I saw him coming down that gangway with you this afternoon."

"You're quite sure it was him?"

"Absolutely. It's not the sort of thing I could very well make a mistake about."

"No."

Freda looked down at the cheque again. After a moment Geoffrey went on:

"I thought you'd better know. I said just now that I liked him, and that's perfectly true. He treated me darned well, and even apart from that I think he's an awfully nice old chap. But when it comes to taking a present of a thousand pounds from him—"

Freda nodded.

"I know. There is a difference."

And then they both sat forward as they heard the crunch of footsteps on the gravel path.

It was Mr. Flecker. At first he didn't see them. When he did see them he started and looked out of the corner of his eye and said:

"I'm very good at having unconscious moments. Shall I just walk straight on?"

Freda and Geoffrey exchanged a quick glance. Then Freda said:

"No. You're the very man we're wanting. Do come and sit down for a moment. I've just been showing Geoffrey your cheque."

Mr. Flecker nodded. "I thought you would be when I saw you sloping out through those windows just now."

Freda said carefully:

"Nunc. Would you think we were being horribly priggish and ungrateful if we asked you to take back this cheque and give us something else, something not quite so expensive?"

Mr. Flecker looked thoughtful.

"I suppose this means you've been hearing a thing or two about me?"

"Yes."

"I guessed this young man of yours would be talking when you showed him the cheque. That's what brought me out to look for you. Did he tell you everything?"

"I think so."

"Everything I could remember," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Flecker turned to him.

"Did you mention what a bother I had to get you to take back that cheque of yours?"

"Well—"

Mr. Flecker nodded.

"I THOUGHT you might have forgotten that."

He turned back to Freda. "I'd taken his cheque for seventeen hundred pounds. When I found that he couldn't afford to lose all that money I offered it back to him. But would he take it back? Not on your life. He even threatened that if I didn't present his cheque he'd open an account in my name at a bank here in Penang."

Geoffrey was frowning. "I don't see that all this matters much."

"That's where you're wrong. It's the most important part of the whole affair."

Freda nodded to Mr. Flecker.

"Go on," she said.

"Well! Supposing you'd been in my position. Could you have thought of a better way of making him take back his money than I did?"

Geoffrey looked round at him slowly. Freda said:

"You mean—"

"I told him I was a hardened card sharper of twenty years'

A Complete Short Story by...

GEORGE R. PILGRIM

standing. He lapped it all up and took back his cheque like a lamb."

"Well! I'm dashed," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Flecker added, "That was a bit mixed, since lambs don't lap, but you know what I mean."

Geoffrey was still looking rather blank. "Then you're not really—"

"Not really a card sharper? No. That night in the plane I blasted at one swoop a thirty-year record as an East India merchant of unspotted reputation. There is even a club at Singapore where I suffer the joy of being called 'Honest Jim'."

"Why 'Jim'?" said Freda.

"That's one of the mysteries of life I've never been able to unravel."

Geoffrey broke in, "But that demonstration you gave me—"

"Oh, well. You pick up little tricks like that in the East. You will soon yourself."

Mr. Flecker smiled down at them. He nodded towards the cheque in Freda's hand.

"Are you still wanting me to exchange that for a nice little toast-rack?"

"I don't think so," said Freda.

Geoffrey said suddenly, "Look here. If you won that seventeen hundred pounds from me in fair play, then I still owe it you."

"A"LL right," said Mr. Flecker. He took out a long cigar.

"You can pay me if you like. But it's only fair to warn you that whatever you give me I shall immediately return as a supplementary wedding present."

Freda laughed and said, "I can't think of an answer to that one, but I'm going to put this cheque away safely in my bag before I see it going again."

Mr. Flecker lit his cigar.

"Well, I think I'll be getting in. Don't stay out too late, children. Good-night."

A year had passed. Mr. Flecker was sitting at a card-table in the lounge of the *s.s. Laertes* with Mrs. Packard-Schuyler when his radiogram arrived.

It was very hot, for the *Laertes* had entered the Red Sea only an hour or two before.

Mrs. Packard-Schuyler was making a leisurely trip round the world. She had a husband who all his life had worked very hard in the Chicago Wheat Pit. He was sharing the trip in way, for Mrs. Packard-Schuyler never failed to send him fat envelopes of picture postcards from every part of call.

Mr. Flecker's radiogram had been forwarded from his bank at Singapore.

He opened it and said:

"My dear Mrs. Packard-Schuyler. You must be the first to congratulate me. I have just received news to the effect that I have become a great-uncle."

Mrs. Packard-Schuyler looked up rather hastily from her slip of paper.

"Indeed, now, Mr. Flecker, I think that's real interesting. But if you don't mind I guess that before you start telling me all about it I'll just finish totting up these losses of mine."

Mr. Flecker nodded and smiled.

He picked up the pack of cards with which they had been playing and sat looking on with polite disinterest while Mrs. Packard-Schuyler continued her calculations. His carefully kept white hands began absently cutting and re-cutting the cards. After a moment he happened to cut at the ace of clubs. With his thumb-nail he made a tiny depression in the back of it at one corner. In a little while he was going to ask Mrs. Packard-Schuyler if she would like to draw for double or quits.

(Copyright)

WITH a KISS

By PHYLLIS
DUGANNE



A romantic story of a modern prince charming and his princess.



MATT COOPER leaned back in a wicker chair on the Drake verandah, cigarettes, matches, and ash-tray and a glass of cool beer on the table at his right hand, and let Janet Drake entertain him. He had been in Hendonport since five o'clock the previous afternoon, and Janet had been entertaining him steadily. "Sit down here, Matt"

"Why don't you stretch out in the hammock?" "Would you like a drink?" "Want me to put on a record?" she inquired, now.

He looked up at her, with amused, indolent grey eyes, and smiled. "Sure—and would you mind scratching a mosquito-bite on my left ankle?"

The cards were all stacked in Matt Cooper's favor. The fashionable little village of Hendonport

was north of Boston, the heart, the concentrated essence of New England, and Mr. Cooper hailed from Wyoming. In this year of our Lord, nineteen-thirty-seven, it was his good fortune to look like the prevalent moving-picture idea of a youthful gangster, the gangster hero, who fades from sight in the final reel with Miriam Hopkins or Helen Twelvetrees clasped tightly in his arms. Slim and dark and dangerous, with a slow smile and heavy-lidded, insolent eyes—Janet's kid sister, Sally, had regretfully put away the photograph of Jack La Rue from her bureau, had untacked George Raft's sinister face from the wall. Mr. Cooper was little more attainable to her, but at least he was there.

Horses' hoofs made a soft patter upon the dirt lane, and Matt looked up idly, and then continued to look, leaning forward in his chair.

The leading horse was black, pure Arabian, a joy to any eye. The rider was a girl in a black habit,

Illustrated by COWDROY

with a white stock about her throat; her blonde hair was coiled in a nest and gleaming bun below a hard black derby. Black boots and white gloves, and a white rose in her buttonhole. . . . A fawn-colored greyhound paced beside her; a groom on a sorrel mare rode at a respectable distance.

Matt blinked, as they passed out of sight. "I believe it all except the greyhound," he said. "That's too much. What is it—visiting Royalty?"

Janet laughed. "Isn't she a little horror. Bill McArthur once called her the prig-in-a-poke." Matt's

Afterward, neither Matt nor Alison could remember whether he had staggered, leaning against her, to the shore, or whether she had literally carried him from the sea.

plain the greyhound. Or the groom. Or the gal. She's an anachronism."

"Quick, aren't you?" asked Janet. "And just a touch romantic."

"You wouldn't know about that," he said. "Tell me, Drake—what's the story?"

Alison Aiden, Janet told him, was a mixture of Elsie Dinsmore, the Sleeping Beauty, and Beverley of Graustark. There wasn't even anything original about her story. Her mother had been the stock young wife who had pined and languished in her husband's home—there was

"Suicide?" suggested Matt.

"One bright gold star for little Matthew! And Granny, the old dragon, has guarded our Alison's virtue ever since. Personally," Janet added, sweetly, "I think she exaggerates the necessity."

"Move!" said Matt. "Well—when do I meet her?"

"You don't," she retorted, definitely. "Alison must be getting on for twenty, but she's not, so to speak, out."

"No mingling with the peasantry at all?" Matt persisted. "No gatherings in the great hall? Doesn't she even make calls with a basket of dainties on the poor of the parish?"

Janet looked at him disgustedly. "You're breaking my heart, Matt. Don't tell me that beneath this exterior of polished boredom you're a potential knight in armor! I've always suspected that nine out of ten princes who awakened the enchanted princess with a kiss wished they'd let her sleep, before the week was out."

"Cynic," said Matt.

"Realist," she corrected him.

Please turn to Page 16

Matinee Idol

eyes, still questioning, unsmiling, remained on her face. "It's Alison Aiden. She lives with her grandmother in that huge house on the point. Bill says it looks like a double-exposure."

"Bill's quite a wit, isn't he?" Matt murmured. "Who is she?"

"Why, I just told you!"

"No, you didn't. You didn't ex-

even, added Janet, grinning, a smell of East Lynne about it.

"Go on," said Matt.

"Oh, finish it, yourself," Janet told him. "What did our heroine's mama do?"

"Elope?"

She nodded. "And then what did the papa do? Raise your hand if you know the answer."

No Further INTEREST

By
HYLTON CLEAVER

A Complete
Short
Story



A lady's glove lay on the gate. Was it a gesture of farewell, or a portent of trouble?

Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

It all happened because one day he went boating with a beautiful girl and fell in love with her.

I will scarcely be disputed that, while marriages of any sort excite the female, two marriages alone disturb the male; his own to the girl he loves, and that of the girl he loves to somebody else.

For this reason Bruce Manningford and George Jenks walked home from Piccadilly just before midnight, both concerned about the same function—namely, Bruce's marriage on the morrow to the girl they both loved.

had lived for several years. Tomorrow he would move out; he was dismissing his manservant who was to be supplanted by two maids, and he was changing his old car for a new one.

It all happened because one day he went boating with a beautiful girl and fell in love with her. He was leaving his old house because she didn't like it.

No man could do much more than that, all at one go, to please a woman; yet as his hand reached out to push the gate, Bruce checked.

Across the top bar lay a lady's glove.

No crumpled, dusty glove dropped and picked up by a pedestrian, but a glove such as dandies go to their death for—a dainty, slim, and royal-blue treasure tastefully embroidered and of enchanting cut.

GEORGE (as best man) slowly took this glove from Bruce; then Bruce took it from George, and finally George took it back again, and they both looked at it with expressions which significantly contrasted.

"Careless of somebody," said George off-handedly.

"That's not careless. That," said Bruce, "has been left on purpose." And, showing the whites of his eyes, he looked round his hall for any other indication of a lady's visit.

"She might have left the other while she was at it," George remarked. "One's no good."

"I have the other already," Bruce confessed. "This has arrived because I am being married to-morrow."

"Well, in that case it would have been a nicer gesture if she had left a case of cutlery." George could see nothing in anyone this evening that was wholly good.

In the front room George, with a very thin anchovy sandwich in the fingers of one hand and a pretty

thick whisky and soda in the other, came to his decision disapprovingly.

"This is a shock to me, and it will be a shock to Janice."

"It needn't be. The lady's married."

"Happily?"

"She married a perfect swine."

"Then I hope the return of this glove means that all is over between you."

"If she realises I am getting married, I dare say it does," said Bruce. "But if she doesn't know that, it will mean that she is back from abroad and is lonely again. Last time she was at home I took her out on one or two occasions."

"And on one of those occasions you held her hand in a taxi."

"On all of them," said Bruce indignously proud of such keen enterprise. "On this particular occasion, I was saying good-bye before she went abroad. I had removed the glove in order to kiss her hand."

"Couldn't you kiss it with the glove on? There seems," said George, "to be too much of the animal in you."

"I asked if I might keep the glove," continued Bruce, ignoring him, "and said that if ever she

"Are you trying to tell me that you must now go and find out what she wants?"

"I am trying to tell you you must."

"What!"

"Whatever my reasons for absence, she can have no complaint as to my chivalry if I send my best man. And, as a matter of fact, you will thank me for sending you."

"That much you can tell by the glove. This lady, George, is dark and cool. Her coolness, by the way," he added, "is deceptive. I don't know whether you like your women cool, George; I do not."

"And even when I have forgotten her name, I shall not forget her hands. Hold one for a moment, if you get the chance, and you will realise what I mean."

"Bruce," said George, across the rim of his lifted tumbler, "are you afraid of something?"

Personally, he hoped Bruce was. For while he had been listening to Bruce he had been looking hungrily at a photograph in a silver frame. This was the portrait of another lovely woman—the fair, petite and dainty Janice Kerr.

Now, after another long, slow look at this and a short, sharp one at Bruce, he straightened his tie and said: "If so, I will go; but not

From the hall of the house, and with the self-assurance of an age which looks down on shyness as dishonest, a girl confronted George Jenks. She was in pyjama trousers under a very large man's overcoat. Her hair was nondescript; her cheeks were youthful; and she stood as if used to riding breeches.

"Are you the man who rang up?"

"Yes," said George. "The friend of Bruce Manningford's."

His hat was in his hand, and his face had the curiously obscure look which seems to be imposed upon so many faces when one confronts them from a lighted hallway.

He looked inquisitive yet confident, determined yet apologetic. His eyebrows and his chin made accents, one grave, one acute, one circumflex. His mouth looked smaller than it was; his bow-tie bigger.

THE most real thing about him was his breadth of shoulder and his narrowness of hip—a truly noteworthy tribute to his tailor, who had found it far from easy to give that impression.

"You'd better come in," she said.

George followed her into a luxurious apartment. The fabric of the house had been impressive, and the fabrics which decorated the interior were delicate and congruous.

The girl went to the fire and kept her back to him, which gave him from the start a feeling of inferiority.

From a box on the mantelpiece she chose one particular cigarette out of eighty which were identical, and lit this pensively into a holder.

"I will not smoke, thank you," said George, thus indicating (as he thought) that in spite of her attire, this was a business conference.

"Drink?"

"Thank you, no."

And this was said because, if he could not establish it in any other way, he thought he might reach superiority by putting words round the wrong way, since to be pedantic suggests the pedestal.

Now, when a man who has previously said "lovely lady" suddenly says "this dame," there is obviously no hope for her. Nevertheless, if anything could be done, George was determined he would do it.

Please turn to Page 22

Wedding Eve Excitement

wanted me, or was in trouble, she was to send the other one."

"You must have been an ass."

"She was a lovely woman."

"The eve of your marriage is not the time to bleat about the loveliness of other women."

George refilled his tumbler with great nicety of purpose, measuring out the whisky like a restorative, sipping it, adding soda, then more whisky and a little more soda, finally moving away with it and lighting a cigarette.

for your sake. Is it too late to go to-night?"

"I don't know; you had better ring up first. She is probably back at the old address. And," he said as an afterthought, "remember, I am afraid of nothing, but I once did this dame a kindness and she is still relying on me."

Now, when a man who has previously said "lovely lady" suddenly says "this dame," there is obviously no hope for her. Nevertheless, if anything could be done, George was determined he would do it.

An Editorial

JUNE 12, 1937.

OUR FIRST FOUR YEARS



ON June 10, The Australian Women's Weekly celebrates its fourth birthday.

We would like to feel that we have the good wishes of our readers on this occasion. The goodwill that they have shown towards us during the past four years has always been a source of pride.

The Australian Women's Weekly, when it was launched four years ago, represented an absolutely new policy in Australian journalism.

This was the policy of generous journalism, of straining every effort and sparing no expense to give the readers the utmost in entertainment, in news, and in service.

The public response to this new policy was sufficient tribute to its wisdom. Instantaneously the paper succeeded. Within a few months it was a phenomenal achievement. To-day it is an institution.

But the essence of this policy of generous journalism is that it never resists. Good as The Australian Women's Weekly is to-day, it will continue to get better. With every new development in newspaper production, with every new entertainment feature, with every news service available.

One cardinal point of our scheme has been to understand and cater for the woman of to-day as she really is, with all her varying interests — and, above all, we have tried to be friendly with our readers.

Another important thing is our national Australian character. Offices in each State keep us in close touch with all our readers.

In four years we may justly claim to have achieved something to be proud of, but the thing of which we are most proud is that our readers don't just read the paper—they like it! With that friendly spirit continuing, there's no limit to the progress we will be able to report on future birthdays.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Time Marches On

MANY people can remember the days when the only private vehicle in which a family could picnic or holiday was drawn by horses. Then, of course, came the motor-car, and the family excursion in a mechanical conveyance became a commonplace.

Now the air jaunt for father, mother, and children has been pioneered by an Australian family which is flying to China on a quiet holiday.

How long will it be before Smith and Jones will arrive at the office on Monday morning and tell each other about their Sunday family excursions to such nearby places as Perth, Darwin, or Auckland?

On the Sheep's Back

IT has become a common saying that in this country we live on the sheep's back. So it is not surprising, now that prosperity is this side of the corner, to hear that the wool cheque for the season will be more than £67,500,000.

Still, despite the efforts of the sheep, the cheque does not depend on the size of the wool clip.

In the dark days of 1932-33 Australia actually produced more wool than in the present season, but receipts were little more than half.

The sheep produces but man disposes.



A RECENT air mail photo of the Duke of Windsor, whose marriage to Mrs. Wallis Warfield (at left), stirred the world. (See story, page 3.)

Most People Want Church Weddings

As the final touch of genuine human drama in the romantic story of the Duke of Windsor's love for Mrs. Warfield came the news, on the eve of the wedding, that the marriage was to be solemnised by a clergyman, who volunteered to perform the ceremony in the face of his Church's displeasure.

It is clear, from their ready acceptance of the minister's offer, that this solemnising of their union meant much to the Duke and his bride.

A study of marriage the world over yields convincing proof that the vast majority of people, even non-churchgoers and people seemingly almost without religion, have this same desire to be married by a minister.

When two people are in love, they feel that their union for life is somehow sacred in itself—a holy thing—and so they yearn to surround it with the hallowed symbolism of marriage.

But apart from sentiment, what is, in fact, the real marriage—the Church wedding or the State process?

Despite varying policies on the matter, all Churches hold firm to the credo that there can be no real marriage other than that celebrated by a minister of the Church.

Church and State

IN British countries the Church recognises the right of the State to insist on a civil contract.

And although the Church does not regard the civil ceremony as a genuine marriage, British clergymen are forbidden by law to say or do anything to impugn the legal validity of the contract made before the registrar.

In France and Italy, civil marriage is compulsory, but the Church is allowed to ignore the civil ceremony as an empty formality!

Civil law may insist on its right to control, but it does not deny the religious element in marriage.

In fact, such a great British legal authority as Lord Merrivale, P.C., declares that marriage as we know it to-day is based on the words of Christ: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

In England before the Marriage Act of 1753, a marriage could be celebrated without Church or State rites merely by the parties saying: "I do take thee to be my wife" and "I do take thee to be my husband." Such marriage was indissoluble.

But either party could by appeal to the ecclesiastical courts compel the other to go through the religious ceremony.

What Statistics Show

THE position to-day in British countries is that a couple may marry either in a church or in a registry office and either marriage will be recognised as valid by the State.

But only the Church marriage will be recognised as valid by the Church, though it is not allowed to question the legality of the registry wedding.

It is essential to a married couple that their marriage should be legally recognised. In these frivolous and cynical days, one would not be surprised if far fewer people cared whether their union was recognised as valid by the Church.

Yet this is not so. In Australia last year, there were 32,251 church marriages, and only 4575 registry marriages. That is, 91.95 per cent. of people chose to be married in church.

It is a surprising figure, but even more surprising is the fact that it is a higher percentage than that recorded way back in 1901! In that year, 91.25 per cent. of marriages took place in church.

Another interesting fact emerges from the marriage statistics.

In 1935 the persons who married included four times as big a proportion of divorced persons than did the brides and grooms of 1911. Yet the proportion of church marriages was still as high! It appears that many churchmen must be willing to marry divorced persons, despite strictures by Church leaders.

War In Peace

VIOLENT or accidental deaths in Australia since 1919 have exceeded the number of fatalities among our men during the Great War.

This serves to remind us that although one war stopped in November, 1918, there is another being waged continually against enemies that are a commonplace of our everyday lives.

LYRIC OF LIFE

MATERIALIST

I cannot bear with man's ingratitude, Who lays his failures at the door of Fate.

Who holds the world unworthy, rails at life And finds no whit of glory in his state.

He must be blind with years of discontent

Not to give thanks for only being alive,

Only to breathe, to know the sun and rain,

Only to love, to dream and still to strive.

Not to give thanks for all the simple things—

A woman's song, the scent of new-cut wood,

The keen awareness of returning springs,

By someone loved and always understood.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Women and Blocks

THE Department of the Interior does not favor the idea of appointing white women as protectors of native women.

This suggestion was made in London, and has aroused much comment in Australia.

The official view here is that the white women would themselves need protectors if they had to live in the wilder parts of Australia.

There is obviously much to be said for this objection, yet in the past white women have shown that they can live alone in the never-never, and also that they can do the very job suggested for them—they can look after the natives better than most men.

Mrs. Daisy Bates, of South Australia, is a classic example of this; her courage and her work among the natives are famous.

Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, author of "We of the Never-Never," showed remarkable understanding of natives and how to treat them. There are others, too.

Like most jobs, this appears to be one women can fill as well as men.

Father to the Man

WITHIN a few weeks some of the world's most distinguished men and women educationists will hold conferences in Australia to discuss the training of the child during life's most impressionable years.

Three hundred years ago Shakespeare propounded the theory that the child was father to the man and consequently it is not fantastic in these days of experimental schools and child study clinics to look forward to the early introduction of clinics in which parents will be taught how to train their children.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Some... NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Oh! Colonel, can you spare a second to tell us about yourself?"



DINER: Are you the waitress who took my order?
WAITRESS: Yes, Sir.
DINER: I'm glad to see you're still looking so well.



"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"
"Well, what do you want me to do, get up and oil it?"



"Are you sure it was a marriage licence you gave me last month?"
"Certainly, Sir. Why?"
"Because I've been leading a dog's life ever since."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"LOOK at the horrible insignia on the side of that bombing plane."
"Sh! sh! Not so loud. That's the squadron-commander looking out the window!"

"WAS your wife's slimming diet a success?"
"Rather! She disappeared completely last week."

SHE: Is it cold out?
He: Good gracious, yes. It's snowing.
She: Then I think I'll wear my winterweight pearls!

BOSS: Jones, I'm going to give you a hot tip.
Jones: Yes, sir; what is it?
Boss: You're fired.

NERVOUS PASSENGER (as car approaches very steep descent): Are you sure this hill is safe? You told me last week it was very dangerous.
Motorist: Oh, it's all right now. I insured the car yesterday.

THE man strode angrily into the tailor's establishment.
"You said you did invisible mending here," he roared, banging down a parcel. "Well, I want to see the fool who mended this suit!"
"I'm sorry, sir," replied the assistant, "that's impossible!"
"Impossible, is it?" roared the angry customer. "Well, just tell me why," he snapped.
"Well," answered the assistant, with a smirk, "you see, sir, he's an invisible mender."

"IT'S tough to pay 1/3 a pound for meat."
"Mum! But it's tougher when you pay only 9d."



Kill FLU germs with DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

It is not to be wondered at that coughs and colds are so rampant and become more serious in Winter, for it is then that people are more crowded together in rooms and halls which are poorly ventilated, thus spreading infection more readily. Protect yourself from Winter worries with the Double "D" 3-way Treatment.

- 1 TAKE** 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
- 2 RUB** chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE** 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water before retiring.

Double "D" Eucalyptus is pure and strong, and its antiseptic properties quickly kill all Flu germs which lodge in the nose, mouth, and bronchial tubes.

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Will he be leaping ahead to
SUCCESS—or, Just Jogging
Along the Highways?

No matter how good his school education has been, it has not taught him Accountancy, Secretarialship, Cost Accounting, Advertising, Marketing and Selling. Yet a Business Career is a fascinating adventure, that with this knowledge will place the world at his feet. Success, travel, variety, scope—a place in the sun! All can be his if he gets the business training of H. & R.

To give him an early start, to enable him to leap ahead through life, you must give him a specialised training. To enter the Business profession, the education you have given him only fits him to just go jogging along—when he DOES get a position. To enter or stay in business, you must be trained—you must be qualified. Employers throughout Australia give preference to the youth (or girl) who is training with H. & R.—even assist him—and this training is not the financial burden on you that school education has been. Call and discuss your son's future—examine the possibilities of our thorough training and the Staff Appointment Service which last year placed 327 H. & R. trained students in positions. Your son has much more chance of securing a job if the gates to success are opened with a thorough business training. The business training at H. & R. opens the gates—How will he be travelling?

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Kathleen Court's Exquisite Velvet-Skin Face Powder

THE inspector nodded, and a few moments later the express was speeding on her way, whilst the slip-coach, with us still on board, was shunted off the main line.

"Yes—I knew him, Grantham," said Ronald. "He was a book-maker, and quite a decent fellow, Great Scott! What's that mess?"

He was studying the woodwork of the door with a puzzled expression.

"Why—it's the remains of a raw egg! Here are bits of the shell on the carpet. And there's the place it hit the door. What an extraordinary thing to find in a railway carriage. Did you notice it, guard, when you came in?"

"Can't say as 'ow I did, sir. I was so worried and bemused that I didn't think of little things like that. When I sees there was nothing to be done for the poor

THE MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

Continued from Page 7

gentleman I just shut the door again and started the train off after telling the driver to stop her here."

"And you shut the window, too?"

"No, sir. The window was shut already. Both the window and the door was shut when I got here."

"I think we'd better start our investigation, Mr. Standish," said the inspector.

"We can come back again later to the body. Pull down the blinds"—he turned to the station-

master—"and lock the carriage up. No one is to enter it."

We found the other occupants of the coach pacing about the platform. The young man had joined up with the clergyman and his wife; the irascible military man was fuming visibly.

"I hope you'll hurry this business as much as possible," he cried irritably. "I'm judging bounds this afternoon, and I shall be late. I may say that I knew nothing about it till the train was stopped."

"Quite, sir, quite," said the inspector soothingly. "But in view of the fact that a man has been found dead in circumstances which preclude natural causes you will appreciate that I must make inquiries. Now, sir," he turned to the clergyman, "I understand that it was you who pulled the communication cord and stopped the train. Presumably, therefore, it was you who first discovered the body. Will you tell me all you know? First—your name, please."

"I am the Reverend John Stocker," said the old man, "of the parish of Meston, not far from here. And really I fear I can tell you but little of this terrible affair. I was reading in my carriage—"

"Which compartment did you occupy, Mr. Stocker?"

"Let me see—which was it, my love?" he asked his wife.

"The third-class one—two away," she answered promptly.

"Please proceed," said the inspector, making a note.

IT so chanced," continued the clergyman, "that I happened to glance out of the window at a passing train. It was travelling in the same direction as ourselves at about the same speed, on the next line. I watched it idly, as we very slowly overtook it, when suddenly, to my amazement, I saw some people in the train beckoning to me. They were shouting and pointing, and though of course I could not hear what they said, it seemed to me by their agitation that something must be wrong, and that, whatever that something was, it was in our train. So I got up and walked along the corridor to find to my horror the body of that unfortunate man."

"What did you do then?" said the inspector.

"I pulled the communication cord."

"Did you go into the carriage?"

"No, I did not. The door was shut, and the sight had unnerved me."

"And what happened then?"

"This gentleman"—he indicated the hound judge—"came out from his compartment at the other end of the carriage and I called to him. He came at once, and I showed him what had happened. By that time, of course, the train was slowing up."

"Quite correct," barked the other, "I went."

"One moment, sir, if you please," said the inspector. "Your name?"

"Blackton—Major Blackton. Late of the Gunners."

"Now, sir. When you saw the dead man what did you do?" "Opened the door and went in to make certain, though when you've seen as many men shot through the head as I have, it was obvious to me at first sight that he was beyond aid."

The inspector nodded thoughtfully.

"Any more you'd like to say, sir?"

"Naturally, my first thought," continued Major Blackton, "was that it was a case of suicide."

"Why naturally?"

"Damm, man. I hadn't shot the feller, and it wasn't likely the padre had, and at the time I thought we were the only people in the coach. However, when I found no sign of any weapon on the floor or the seat I realised it couldn't be suicide. That would have caused instantaneous death, or I'm no judge of such matters, so that by no human possibility could he have got rid of the gun."

"That's positively all I can tell you, inspector, so with your permission I'll get away."

Please turn to Page 39



You can't drug your way back to health

Are you wondering why that constipated feeling is getting harder to shake off? Are you being forced to take harsh medicines nearly every morning. It's time you knew the REAL TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION. Hundreds of thousands of people are being misled about "cures" for constipation. Actually there is a very real danger in the constant use of purgatives. If you have been taking them regularly the muscular action of your alimentary tract is, in all probability, seriously weakened. Only the heaviest dosing is giving you relief. If you set to avoid serious results the intestinal muscles must be restored to natural action by the gentlest exercise. There is only one way to do this. Get "bulk" into your diet, immediately. It is the lack of "bulk" in modern over-refined foods that is the very root of the evil.

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk"

This natural health food forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently sponges the system. This is an entirely different action to the vicious scouring that is the result of constantly taking purging medicines. As Kellogg's All-Bran passes through your system it gently exercises and gradually restores strength to the intestinal muscles that have become tired out.

ALL-BRAN IS A NUT SWEET BREAKFAST CEREAL

Just sprinkle All-Bran over your favourite breakfast cereal or enjoy it simply with milk and sugar. Two table-spoonful each morning are sufficient for most people. Within a week you should be normal—if not, you should see your doctor.



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For delicious coffee that needs no preparation. Fragrant, full strength coffee that your guests will always enjoy. Simply add hot milk or water.



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Using Dual Purpose valves, this "Radio Star" gives a superb performance. The cabinet is moulded in acetate with a separate fret and is the most beautiful radio ever designed. Its chassis is of entirely new design and construction and with large size components is specially engineered for mantel model receivers.

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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

BLOW TO ROMANCE

ARE women wise to agitate for equal pay? I think not. In the first place it will deprive a great many of us of our jobs, for women are frequently engaged because their labor is cheaper than men's, and in the event of its becoming as dear as masculine labor many employers will prefer men.

Further, we could hardly expect men to take us out and pay for us if we were receiving equal pay. We would find ourselves on a strictly fifty-fifty basis. This, of course, may have its advantages, but it looks to me like the final blow to romance.

£1 for this letter to Miss J. Macpherson, Room 12, 3rd Floor, 310 Pitt St., Sydney.

HORSE TRAFFIC

ISNT it time horses were banned from city streets—either in front of drays, buggies, or anything else? They are quite a serious hindrance in city traffic, have no advantage over motors as conveyances, and much worry to motorists and traffic constables would be avoided if they were banned.

C. J. Jones, Stone Street, South Perth.

WIFELY FETTERS

ALTHOUGH it is vitally necessary to a man's complete happiness that he should marry, I think the possession of a wife fetters one who has ambitions to "get on" in life.

Admittedly, many married men have climbed to the top of their particular ladders, but I think this is in spite of their handicap.

Wife and family naturally distract a man. He worries over their maintenance and happiness before all else and his career suffers.

L. Chapman, Hannan Street, Eudunda, S.A.

HONESTY BEST

IT does seem to me that husband and wife must preserve perfect honesty to hope for any measure of happiness.

The first deceit, however small, must lead to others, until finally comes one, bringing with it untold misery and destroying every chance of happiness together again.

What do other readers think?
L. Ferguson, 123 Juliett St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

JUST BE YOURSELF!

HOW many people rule their lives by what other people think? We stifle many of our finest impulses because we are afraid of appearing "odd."

Here is some good advice that I read somewhere: "Don't worry what other people think of you; they're too busy worrying what you think of them."

Miss Doris Gleason, 12 Webster St., South Lismore, N.S.W.

KEEP HOPING

IN Philip Gibbs' book, "England Speaks," reference was made to a quotation that it is "love that makes the world go round."

I don't agree. It's Hope.

Many people hope they will find themselves in better circumstances this year than they were last.

Others hope they will soon find another and better position, or hope they will soon be fit again when illness overtakes them.

Even if we cease to love—we hope, for if we fall in one thing, we hope to succeed in another.

Do any other readers agree with me?
Mrs. C. W. Inley, Clarence Park, Adelaide.

The Ideal Age To Marry—What Is It?

MY ideal ages for marriage, R. H. Johnson (22/5/37), are 25 for the girl and 28 to 30 for the man.

I consider the responsibility too great for youngsters in the early twenties. They are terribly thrilled, and consider it heaps of fun being married—at first. And then they realise they didn't really know what they wanted.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

Middle Twenties

I QUITE agree with R. H. H. Johnson, that Australians should marry in their middle twenties.

At this age they should have forgotten the frivolities of their youth, and, in most cases, should be capable of settling down and rearing children while still young.

When their children reach manhood and womanhood, they will be still young enough to enjoy their many interests.

Mrs. N. A. Lindsay, Range St., Wauchope, N.S.W.

After Thirty

WHY not consider more fully, R. H. H. Johnson, the French Premier's opinion of the ideal marrying age as being 30 for a woman and 35 for a man?

The majority of young women today, upon attaining good positions, are loath to sacrifice them for matrimony; after a couple of years of married life milady again seeks the more exciting business life.

At 30 she has tired of it, and is more inclined to settle down.

As for a man being too old at 35 to begin raising a family, how many does the average family consist of?

Mrs. K. Manning, 26 Beatty Ave., Armadale SE3, Vic.

Not Too Young

I THINK that in Australia young men and women marry too early in life.

Parenthood makes many demands, curtails freedom and youthful fun. Consequently, after a few years, the young couple awaken to find that while they are still young and adventure-loving, the world has passed them by.

There should be a law preventing minors from marrying, thereby ensuring happier unions and fewer divorces.

Pearl S. Turner, Thulloo P.O., N.S.W.

Think of Children

I THINK about 27 for a man and 22 for a woman are the ideal ages to marry, as the couple would still be young enough to enjoy themselves



TOO OLD to be bothered with children.

when the youngest child was past the baby stage. If they delayed their marriage till later they would be, as R. H. H. Johnson says, "too old to be bothered."

S. M. Gillan, Jerseyville, N.S.W.

Marry When In Love

THE best age to marry is when you fall in love. No marriage, no matter how old you are, can be a complete success unless the couple concerned are joined by a real love, based on understanding and companionship.

G. Heinecke, Hatherly, Parilla, S.A.

Wages on Merit or for Years of Service?

I AGREE with F. K. Beane (22/5/37) that wages should be based on merit only, but surely employees who have many years' service to their credit must be regarded as efficient, and consequently be suitably rewarded!

The trouble lies with the present-day wages board system which decrees that wages be paid according to age. This is not only unjust, but absurd, and some steps should be taken to abolish it.

At present many worthy young people are debarred from remunerative employment just because they happen to be a few months over the required age.

Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesby Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

Too Like Piecework

IT would be hard to visualise any firms maintaining an employee for a number of years except on his merits.

The "greater incentive to work hard" touches too closely on the system of piecework, which always means trouble.

To know what one's salary will be in, say, ten years' time, would, I am sure, give one a feeling of security—a state which is the object of us all.

R. T. Thomas, 28 Lyons Rd., Drumoyne, N.S.W.

Joys of Eating

HOW any woman, even for the sake of slimming, can deny herself a good, hearty meal, even once a day, amazes me. And yet thousands of women to-day are doing it.

I am by no means a gourmand, yet the satisfaction derived from a hearty dinner after a hard day's work far outweighs the extra pounds avoirdupois that may be gained.

Eating is one of the humble joys of life.

Sadie Manning, Vulture St., South Brisbane, Qld.

Experience Best

I THINK wages based on years of service are the best idea for all concerned.

In most firms, although a man knows the minimum he will be paid in a certain number of years, he also knows that if he works hard and has real ability there is no stopping him, and that he will probably win an important executive position. In short, the spirit of ambition is by no means killed by awarding wages on the number of years of service.

Further, a solid, steady man of experience is much more valuable to a firm than an inexperienced youngster, however bright.

Miss E. Allen, Swift Avenue, Dulwich, Adelaide.

On Merit Only

I AGREE, F. K. Beane, with your fair and logical comment re wages on merit only.

Many employees with only months of experience are more capable than some with years of service. An ambitious and industrious person is an asset in business, and I think should be recognised and paid the highest.

Mrs. L. I. Handley, 123 Wiley's Avenue, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Stop Boredom

I TOO, deplore the lack of rewards for merit in the working world to-day.

When advancement depends on age or length of service, there is no inducement for juniors to show initiative, or to take interest in their work. It becomes mere routine and very monotonous.

Mrs. Macpherson, Boyd Rd., Nun-dah, Qld.

Why Women Like Entertaining Pals in Town!

JOAN CROWE (22/5/37) regrets the fact that so many modern hostesses prefer entertaining in city restaurants rather than in their own homes.

As one of these "offenders," I think it a great idea. There is nothing so distracting to hostess or guest when the hostess has to leave her entertaining to attend to the afternoon tea. The one is unhappy at the trouble she is causing, the other at leaving her guests.

Mrs. T. Craig, Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

Something "Different"

I THINK the reason why so many women like to indulge in the pleasure of a luncheon out instead



Going "all social."

of doing the catering in their own homes is the fact that it is something "different."

Every woman likes a change from her own cooking, and then it is one of the few chances a housewife gets of "going social" and displaying new clothes.

Beryl Rankin, care C. Matout and Sons, Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

To Save Guests

WHILST the habit of luncheons in town and tea parties is well established, according to Miss Crowe, she overlooks the fact that often it is to save one's guests travelling long distances and spending fares that a teashop in town is suggested as a rendezvous.

It is more expensive by far to entertain in town, but is often more convenient for friends.

E. Ruth, No. 1 Flat, 88 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

IMPROVE EDUCATION

IN directing attention to the forthcoming International Educational Conference and the need for emphasis on culture in schools, your editorial "New Deal for Youth" (22/5/37) is indeed timely.

The shortcomings of education, however, are due not so much to shortsighted educationists as to unenlightened parents, employers and politicians. If these realised that modern education really had to offer, educational reconstruction would soon be an accomplished fact.

Isabel H. Clark, 3 Eleanora Flats, 15 Bessington St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

LONGER WEEK-ENDS

I WISH employers would decide on spreading a week's work over five days instead of five and a half. What a lot more pleasure could be derived during the week-end!

At present, recreation on a Saturday afternoon is considerably spoilt by the hurry and bustle that is necessary to get away in time from the office. Also the week-end at present is not long enough for one to go away.

An agreement such as this would benefit employees considerably while not harming employers.

Mrs. W. P. Wood, Lina St., Beaudesert, Qld.

STYLISH "STOUTS"

SO, at long last, the couturiers of our overseas fashion centres have seen the light!

We are to have model-gowns specially designed and created for the "pleasantly plump" and "stylish stout." As one of them, cheer! Too long have we seen tall willowy mannequins swaying around at fashion shows, while their audiences—composed of sixty per cent. of well-composed women—watched with envy and resignation, knowing full well in their secret hearts that such creations were not for them.

The extraordinary thing is now the lenders of fashion have ignored for so long the preponderance of heavy women and the necessity for catering for their needs. But better late than never; so, stout sisters, here's looking forward to the spring showings.

Norah Frost, Room 15, Grand Floor, Kembla Buildings, Sydney.

A FACE CREAM that is different!

and how you can PROVE it!

If you were to leave an ordinary Vanishing Cream on your face all night, next morning it would be sore, and possibly reddened. That's because of the SOAP in ordinary vanishing cream, used by the type of perfume that must be used in an ordinary vanishing cream. But if you leave "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream on your skin all night, next morning your face will be as fresh, youthful-looking and lovely as it is when you use "Facial Youth" in the daytime. Tests like these tell the facts. They show that, on every point, "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream surpasses the usual vanishing cream. Secure loveliness through all the years by using

KATHLEEN COURT'S
facial youth

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"



THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET,
THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED HOME,
THIS LITTLE PIG GOT DRENCHED ALL THROUGH,
THIS ONE STAYED DRY AS A BONE,
FOR HE POLISHED HIMSELF WITH 'NUGGET'
BEFORE HE STARTED TO ROAM!



NUGGET
Shoe Polish

Before YOU "roam" to school, work, play, a party, the pictures, or anywhere, "Nugget" your shoes and see the difference! "Nugget" comes in ALL the colours—Black, Dark Tan, several shades of Brown, and White

WITH a KISS

Continued from Page 10

"GOSH, a person waking from a nap is dumb enough—think of a lass waking after a hundred years' snooze!"

He laughed. "Have it your own way. Do we swim, this morning, or do we swim? Every time I remember that I have to go back to New York next week, I want to go soak my head in the ocean."

"The waterfront of Hendersonport was gay, broken by the long piers which stretched out from each estate, spotted with bright awnings and umbrellas on the terraces and boathouse verandahs.

Matt looked up the shore. "I can see your friend Bill's point of view," he murmured. "Obviously that is the Alden chateau."

Janet nodded, following his eyes to the northernmost house, its cupolas and turrets and bow-windows silhouetted discordantly against the summer sky. "Hideous, isn't it?"

It was almost magnificently hideous, Matt thought. In an era when people had learned to build their houses to blend into the landscape, this pile stood out, stark and uncompromising, even the curious plum color of its paint an offence against nature. The lawn fell away from it in cropped terraces, dropping sharply to the water's edge, where dark cypresses stood like spaced sentinels; a line of grey rocks, dashed by white water, ran out at right angles to the shore, ending at a small wooded island.

"There goes Allison Alden, now," said Janet. "What an idiot—with the tide coming in!"

Matt watched a figure in a scarlet cape moving swiftly over the tumbled boulders; he slipped into Janet's kyak. "Think I'll go out and look her over," he announced.

"You can't," she told him, quickly. "The shore's too rocky, Matt—no boat can land there."

His grin was mocking. "Won't the rocks bend aside for me to pass?" he demanded, bantering.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Janet, impatiently. "I'm serious, Matt—it's really dangerous."

"I dote on danger," he retorted. "Thrive on it!" He cut the water with the paddle, and the little craft shot forward.

"Matt!" she called after him, sharply. "I mean it! You'll be drowned!"

He turned his head, laughing. "Matt—please!" Her voice, following him across the widening water, was frightened. "Matt!" It was a faint echo, scattered by the wind. She called again, but his dark head did not turn. For an

You will
END
Your
RHEUMATISM
WITH THIS NEW
GERMAN TREATMENT



A new natural treatment is now available to Australian sufferers. It has proved amazingly successful abroad, as a result recommended by 2,355 European specialists. From all over the world, joyous ex-sufferers write telling how it has brought magical relief from rheumatism and allied complaints such as swollen joints, lumbago, sciatica and neuritis.

REMOVES THE CAUSE. This new rheumatism corrective, which was perfected by Carl Von Ehrlich, removes the underlying cause. That is why its relief is permanent! It stimulates the blood to dissolve the rust-edged uric acid crystals which cause such fiery agony. That is why it brings such amazingly quick relief from pain.

SCIENTIFIC—YET SIMPLE. Alogen is a rheumatic treatment which is entirely free from habit-forming drugs, narcotics, plaster and electricity; a treatment which is perfectly simple to use—yet so scientifically planned that it is ABSOLUTELY EFFECTIVE. Thousands of sufferers have been successfully treated without any interference with their daily occupation.

FREE 3-DAY TREATMENT
To let Australian sufferers prove for themselves the remarkably quick way in which this simple treatment starts to clear up rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, sciatica and foot, 10,000 trial treatments are being distributed FREE. Post the coupon for yours, to-day. With the treatment you will be sent a copy of the informative book, "All About Rheumatism," which tells of Von Ehrlich's epoch-making researches. The trial treatment is free, the book is free. There is no obligation whatever. Clip out and post the coupon—and start on the road to health—NOW!

CLIP HERE
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25 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me FREE a sample of the Alogen Treatment and a copy of the book, "All About Rheumatism." I enclose 6d. in stamps for packing and postage. I am under no obligation.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

My Favorite Poem

Cargoes

Quinquerre of Ninevah from distant Ophir,
Rowing home for haven in sunny Palestine
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine,

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topaz and cinnamon and gold moldores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack,
Butting through the Channel on the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, ironware and cheap tin trays,

—John Masfield.
Sent in by Lillian Lake, Footscray, Vic.



BACKACHE

Is there anything wrong with my kidneys?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you first feel the stabbing pains of Backache.

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; from a slight discomfort, to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

You must realise what a menace to health such a condition means. To neglect it is downright dangerous, as poisons will accumulate all over the body. This puts a severe strain on the system.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders are further indications of Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated—meaning that once again you are in perfect health.

You will be delighted you were persuaded to buy—

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & PILL'S
BLADDER PILL'S

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.

Weak Kidneys cause that pain in the back.

instant, she stood still, watching him; then she whirled about and ran up the beach.

The sea was already rising about the rocks, as Allison Alden picked her way along the narrow break-water toward the island.

She turned and looked back at the house. Already it was too late to return, even if she had wanted to. For at least seven hours, she was completely cut off from the world. Grandmother could stand on the upper terrace and see the scarlet of her cape blowing in the wind, but not even grandmother could bring her back. No boat could cross that rushing tide, spanking against the rocks of the channel; no swimmer could navigate these waters, except at high flood, and then only from a single point on the western shore.

It was Allison's own island, and it was, perhaps, the only thing in the world which was completely her own, the only thing which grandmother had been unable to control. Her one defiance, and her one refuge.

It was a magnificent day, the sky pale blue and cloudless, the water indigo. The cypresses on the terrace at home were black; to the south, in the shelter of the harbor, sailboats played gracefully, out of reach of the tide-rip at the north-eastern end. Allison watched a kyak, scarlet as her discarded cloak, shove off from one of the piers and cut across the bay, like a brilliant fish. She stretched luxuriously, and dropped flat on her back, lay with the high sun beating upon her closed eyelids, hot and delicious.

She was roused by the intensified screeching of the gulls; as she opened her eyes, she saw them above her, wheeling, making great arcs and angles in the sky, as though they were tracing out a geometry problem. She sat up, curiously, and then gave a little cry.

Please turn to Page 67



Brasso
Liquid Metal Polish

FARMER'S

KNITTING INSTRUCTION. Trained experts at Farmer's will help you with your troubles. No charge, of course. On lower ground floor.

27'9 (Left) Navy kid gusset, anode trim, Cuban heel. Genuine pumps. Half sizes, 3-8. 27'9

(Below) Instep tie. Black glace kid. Arch supports. Genuine pumps. Halfs, 3-7. 27'9

27'9 (Left) Derby tie. 3 hole in black glace kid. Halfs, 3 to 8.

29'6 (Above) Gisette court. Blk. glace kid. Halfs 3 to 8.

29'6 (Above) Gisette kid. Four-hole derby tie. Halfs 3 to 7.

COMFORTABLE, WELL-BUILT, ORTHOPEDIC HEALTH LASTS

'Health shoe centre's' five new styles

Farmer's Health Shoes work miracles in fit and comfort. And though they're made on precision-built lasts, they're as smartly fashionable and "unmedical-looking" as their clever manufacturers could make them. And the "Foot-vision" X-ray machine will help you find your perfect fit. Make an easy lay-by now to secure your shoes!

Shoes on the Third Floor. Use the lay-by!



Dashing felt hat for sports

USUAL 10/11. The kind of hat you want for golfing, for driving in biting winds. Tailored gleam-felt in black, navy, brown, rust and bottle. The cost now is only 6/11

Military on the Third Floor

SET OF GLASS CANISTERS

A novel, inexpensive set for your kitchen. Different sizes for sugar, flour, etc. Five green glass canisters, black bakelite screw tops. Set, 2/11

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor.



KNIT THIS YOURSELF. Costs only 6/8

Eight skeins of "Paton's and Baldwin's" crepe wool is all it takes to make this adorable little jumper. There are hosts of other styles you could choose from, and the entire cost of wool is only 6/8.

Knitting Wools - Ground Floor.



Soft and cosy gowns

Flodgeling dressing gown, light as a feather. Stitched and corded collar. Rose, green, sage, maroon. Sizes are S.W., W., D.S. At 25/-

Dressing Gowns, Fourth Floor.



BELOW HALF STEP-INS

Usual 22/6. 14in. long, four suspenders. Flexible Instex yarn. Small, medium, large sizes. 8/11

Brassiere to match: Tea-rose lace, 30-36, 1/6. Susp. Belts, Grd. Floor.

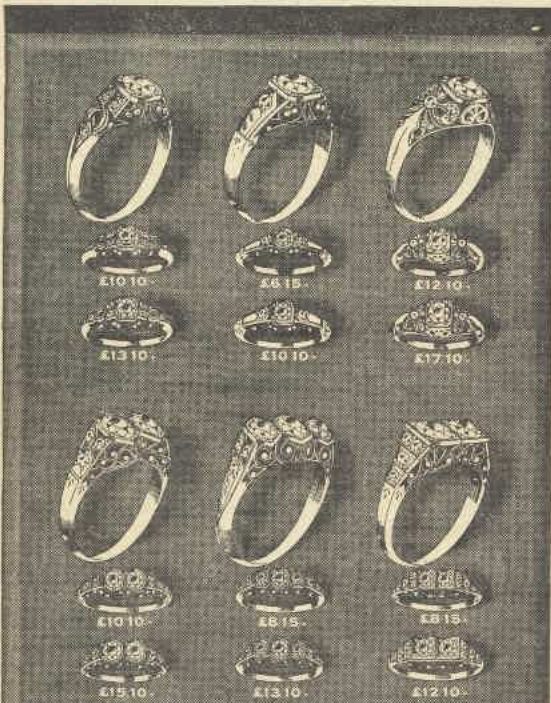
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To invigorate and stimulate the scalp, discouraging dandruff. Makes your hair easy to set and amenable to the lightest touch. In nine exotic perfumes. Price, per bottle, is only 2/-

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PERFECT DIAMONDS
Exquisite designs, holding the purest and most brilliant diamonds with delicate fingers of 18ct. gold and pure platinum.



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FINEST VALUE AND QUALITY OFFERED IN AUSTRALIA

ORCHARD'S
TWO STORES

401 PITT ST. RAILWAY SQ.
NEXT ANTHONY HORDERN'S SYDNEY



AN INFORMAL STUDY showing Valda Aveling, brilliant 17-year-old pianist, at the Conservatorium, preparing for her lesson. Miss Aveling, holder of a Layman Martin Harrison Scholarship, 1933-34-35, and also winner of the £100 Exhibition awarded by The Australian Women's Weekly at the City of Sydney Kisteddof, 1935, will give her second recital on June 10 at the Conservatorium. She will be assisted by Mr. Clem Williams, baritone, and Miss Enid Conley, accompanist.

BLIND POETESS On "Sight-Seeing" TOUR
Trip to Cairns will Provide New Inspirations for Verse

After a "sight-seeing" cruise to Cairns on the Manoora, Miss Tilly Aston, the blind poetess, passed through Sydney this week on her return to her home in Melbourne.

"I ENJOYED every minute of the trip," Miss Aston declared. "I have always longed to visit the tropics, to see bananas and pineapples growing; to walk through a tropical jungle and to have all the experience of direct contact with life in tropical Australia."

"It has been a wonderful experience to have my dream realised.

"This was my first long trip, and it has been the most interesting holiday of my life."

"Everybody was wonderfully kind to me and I am going home with a priceless store of happy memories, which will, I know, prove a veritable treasure trove to me for years to come."

Blind for over fifty years, Miss Aston is one of the most remarkable women in Australia.

She founded Melbourne's free lending library for the blind and, in recognition of this and her other work for the blind, has been awarded both the Jubilee and Coronation Medals. Recently, she published "Songs of Light," and has several other volumes of verse to her credit.

In a letter about her poems, Dr. Helen Keller, the famous blind genius of America, wrote: "I cannot realise that darkness encompasses you about as a nest, when your songs sparkle through my fingers in dots of light."

Writing Lyrics

HELEN KELLER'S opinion must be shared by all readers of Miss Aston's verses.

They are full of the joy of life, of the beauty of flowers, the glory of the sunrise, the fragrance of flowers, the patter of raindrops—all the sights and sounds dear to the seeing eye of a lover of nature.

Seldom do they contain any reference to the blindness from which the author has suffered since her seventh year.

Educated at the School for the Blind in Melbourne, Miss Aston spent two years at Melbourne University, and subsequently became a teacher, under the Education Department, to blind children.

She has now retired, and is at present engaged in writing lyrics for song-writers under contract to an Australian firm of publishers.

"My trip to Cairns will give me many inspirations for songs," she said.

Fond of Opals

CLEVER, cultured, with a keen sense of humor and a great love of all beautiful things, Miss Aston likes, also, pretty clothes and jewellery.

She is especially fond of opals, and constantly wears a pendant and brooch of these lovely Australian stones.

Her sensitive fingers are never idle, and when she is not reading or writing she is knitting.

Some idea of the lyrical quality of her verse can be gained from the following poem taken from her "Songs of Light":

"The rain's soft curtain falls
Around our dwelling place,
Bead chains before the door,
At windows misty lace.
Its murmurous music on the roof
Sings low a song of rest;
And not a discord from the world
Finds voice within this nest.
"Before the glowing fire,
I sit, Dear Love, with thee;
Shut in with peace and joy
And dreams of things to be;
And still the kissing raindrops fall,
And round our dwelling sigh,
Just now, Dear Love, in all the world
Are only you and I."

Just taste these scones



YOU TOO, CAN PRODUCE CRINKLY, CRUSTY, EASILY-DIGESTED SCONES & PASTRY, with

AUNT MARY'S
Cream of Tartar
BAKING POWDER

Millions of tins sold annually

Aunt Mary's Cookery Book is recognised as the authentic guide to good cooking. It contains 212 pages of more than 400 recipes and useful hints. Lavishly illustrated in colours.

Send one shilling and two-pence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for YOUR copy.

Facial Hairs PERMANENTLY REMOVED

The gravest defect in a woman's appearance is undoubtedly the growth of face hairs. Women so afflicted often develop an inferiority complex—dread meeting friends and eventually lose interest in their personal appearance.

Let Sister Vimard Remove them by Electrolysis

Single Sitzings, 5/6 and 10/6
Course of Treatments from £1/1/-

MOLES AND WARTS—PERMANENTLY REMOVED—FROM 10/6

Sister VIMARD

'Phone MA4208 4th Floor, Albert Bldg., 139 King St., Sydney

Five Little Wonder Girls—Just Turned Three

A delightful color study, specially painted for The Australian Women's Weekly, showing the world's wonder children, the Dionne Quintuplets, of Canada



Yvonne is Wistful

Emilie is Pensive

Marie is Merry

Cecile is Thoughtful

Annette is Contemplative

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, LUCKY BABIES.—At three years of age, the Dionne Quintuplets have all the enchanting qualities of all children of that age. Despite the amazing spotlight of publicity focused on them in their nursery in Ontario, every effort is being made to rear them as ordinary, lovable, unaffected little girls. It is the world's most remarkable experiment in child-rearing.

JEROME

:: Another Batch of Readers' Real Life Stories ::

This Wins Prize of £1'1'.

Lions and War

IN 1916, I joined the Women's Legion as despatch rider, and was sent to Salisbury Plain, attached to the Royal Flying Corps.

A few months later I was sent by road to Plymouth with a party consisting of one officer, two tender drivers, and a party of aircraftmen to pick up engine parts.

We passed through a village where the remnants of a circus were resting. We decided to have a look round. The place was ankle deep in mud, and we picked our way to a cage which con-

tained two lions, which seemed very sleepy.

While standing there, some circus hands passed around another cage. Trying to get out of their way I slipped and fell against the lions' cage. I only remembered a mad rush by one of the lions, an agonising pain in my hands and arms, then hot towels with blood on them.

I had only one thought. My hands were gone. Pride, I think, kept me from crying before the aircraftmen.

Two hours later I found myself in a small tent, with a crowd of men, all telling me to look. When I did I found my hands were still there. My knuckles were torn and bleeding. Three nails had been torn off my right hand, and two off my left. The

Have You a Story?

These cameos of real life in every corner of the globe are proving one of the most popular features in *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Humor, pathos, romance, tragedy—all the human emotions are reflected in these little pen pictures.

A prize of £1/1- is paid for the best submitted each week, and 5/- consolation prizes for any others published.

flesh had been cut to get the splinters out.

Then I cried—with relief. I still had my hands. The lion had not rushed at me, but at the men, and I had clutched at the cage in falling and torn my hands.

At Plymouth I was examined by the M.D., and sent back to Salisbury, where I hung about camp for a week, and was then given indefinite leave, which I spent in London, only to get a shrapnel splinter in my leg during an air raid.

Miss S. Gilley, Box 1076J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Led to Romance

IT happened early one Saturday afternoon. There was a soft blinding rain; it misted the windscreen of my car.

I was driving at an even pace in fairly heavy traffic along Elizabeth Street, Sydney, when, without looking to either left or right, a girl with a newspaper over her head suddenly left a safety zone and dashed across the road straight into my car.

Swerving the car quickly into the gutter, the girl missed the wheels and was flung against the windshield, spun round, and went down under the back of the car. There came a horrible crunch as the back wheels passed over something.

With my blood running cold, thinking I had run over her leg, I got out to find she was being helped up by a pedestrian, and apart from shock and a nasty headache from the bang she received when hit by the wind-

Letters for this page should not exceed 300 words, and should be posted to The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

shield, she seemed all right. The crunch had been her handbag.

After giving a policeman particulars and making sure the girl was unhurt, I got back into the car, but as the girl seemed to have a few sympathisers prejudiced against women drivers, a young man in the car following told me to take his number as a witness.

I heard no more of the accident, but I did hear from the young man—who is now my husband. So it was quite a memorable moment for me.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 15 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic. 5/-

"My Heart Stood Still"

MY husband had been teaching me to use a rifle, and I was getting on well.

One day, my husband, baby and myself, with three dogs, went out for a shot, and, after going a short distance, hubby handed me the rifle, loaded, saying, "keep the barrel in the air and your finger off the trigger."

With that he picked up our baby and, walking alongside me, we started off again.

After we went along a bit the dogs chased a rabbit in among the trees and hubby stepped back to the path with the baby. Then the dogs chased the rabbit back, and it ran behind me. In my excitement I pulled the rifle off my shoulder, swung round, and fired at the rabbit without sighting—and fired straight at my husband and baby. My heart stood still when I saw them fall.

I dropped the rifle and ran to them, and to my relief heard my husband calling me. He had tripped in a rabbit burrow. It was a trip that saved the life of both my husband and baby, for the shot would have hit both.

Mrs. H. J. Olive, Caretaker, Turriff Station, Turriff, via Mildura, N.S.W. 3/-

Runaway Pram

WHEN a child of twelve, I was taking a neighbor's baby for an outing in its pram, a high, heavy gondola with very large wheels,



A KISS COMPLETES the chapter in another Real Life drama. Mr. H. L. Brook, the English record-breaking airman, is seen kissing his wife after his arrival in England recently, when he broke the Cape-to-England record.

On descending a steep hill I slipped and the pram raced away from me down the hill at a terrible speed.

I was sure the child would be thrown out, as the pram rocked so in its travel.

Nearing the street below it ran off the footpath, and the wheels caught in the grating of the sewer and tipped up on to the hood which, luckily, was up at the time.

The child, being strapped in, was unhurt, much to my relief.

This child is quite a young man now, and every time I see him I think of the shock he gave me many years ago.

Miss N. Reynolds, 30 Wellington Street, Launceston, Tas. 5/-

Overdid It

MY mother had been in the habit of giving us inhalations of eucalyptus extract for colds.

One day I decided to "try out" the

remedy on baby brother (aged three months).

Climbing on a chair I reached the bottle from a high shelf, and proceeded to give brother, who was lying in his cot, a "smell" and the strong extract poured over his face and pillow.

Scared, I quickly replaced the bottle, and made my way to mother.

The odor of eucalyptus together with my guilty expression sent her flying to baby, who was by this time in a suffocating condition.

I was only four, but the terror and excitement which followed, the wild ride for a doctor nine miles distant, and the relief when it was discovered that none of the liquid had been swallowed will always live in my memory.

Mrs. Les Power, Camoowal St., Mt. Isa, Qld., 5/-



"Looka here—this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—gosh, we've each got six!... Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all—only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey!... he makes me hot too!"



"Now stop and think—what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot sticky feeling?... Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"See—mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman... Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder?... That's right. Two babies!... I told you she was bright!"

Protect your baby's skin with this finest of all powders—silky soft and smooth. Use it yourself too, to preserve the delicate texture of your skin. Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream are also "Best for Baby—Best for You."

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tok Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

Brightens the Tones... Enriches the Colour of your Hair

Put the sunshine in your hair with Camilatone.

This combination of shampoo and rinse brings new glories to your hair—brightens its tone; enriches the colour; and brings out those half lights that are so intriguing. You can obtain Camilatone together with special rinse to suit your shade of hair for 9d. at all good hairdressers, chemists and stores.

Wholesale Distributors: Billcliffe Ltd.

Camilatone BEAUTY SHAMPOO

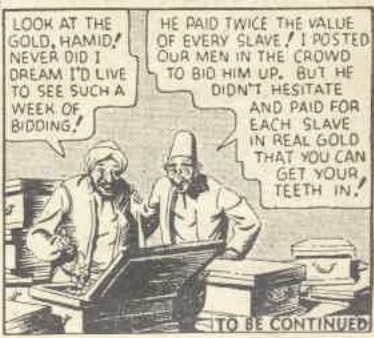
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

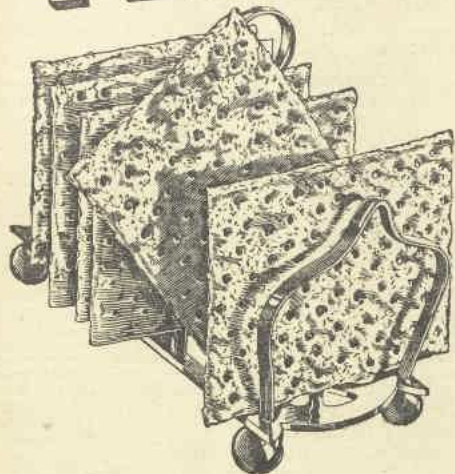
MANDRAKE: Worthy magician, and his giant servant, **HAMID:** A slave dealer, who takes her across the desert to the slave markets at Tygandi. Here she is put with the other girls to await her turn. Meanwhile, Mandrake has followed Narda to Alradi, forced Nazdah to tell what he has done with the Princess, and then set off post-haste for Tygandi. Dressed in splendid clothes, with a large entourage, he appears at the slave markets, heralded as Shah of Sudan. NOW READ ON:

LOTHAR: A Nubian, have gone to the rescue of
NARDA: Lovely princess, dwelling in Gizeh in Egypt. She has been kidnapped and taken to Alradi oasis to the harem of
NAZDAH: Mighty sheik. However, on being rebuffed by Narda, Nazdah gives her to



TO BE CONTINUED

REDUCED PRICES



PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat CRISP BREAD

now

- 1/4 lb. Cartons . . 6d.
- 1/2 lb. Cartons . . 1'
- 1 lb. Loose . . . 1'9

(Prices slightly higher in Country Districts)

LOOK at these prices! They mean that thousands more people can now make delicious, crunchy, non-fattening Vita-Weat Crispbread the family's daily bread.



TRY the handy six-penny carton, and see how much you enjoy Peck Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread. This 1/2 lb. carton is just the right size for lunches, picnics and small families.

The price of Vita-Weat Crispbread is reduced because at the new, ultra modern Peck Frean factory in Sydney, Vita-Weat can now be manufactured more economically—and the savings are passed on to you.

V18.227

Why you should always depend on BOVRIL

BOVRIL NOURISHES. You're sure of being nourished if you take Bovril. **BOVRIL STIMULATES** your power of digestion and so helps other foods to nourish you too. **BOVRIL INVIGORATES** you when you are feeling down. **BOVRIL REPLENISHES** strength and energy which the daily wear and tear of modern life takes out of you. **BOVRIL PROTECTS** you from colds and chills by maintaining a high standard of health. **BOVRIL RESTORES** invalids to health by assisting their enfeebled digestion to take the necessary nourishment.

BOVRIL

No Further INTEREST

"You don't look very comfortable," she said. Grimly he leaned forward, dived into his pocket and dangled something.

"No wonder! Is this yours?" "Good heavens, no!" "Not? Whose is it, then?" "My sister's!" "Ah, I supposed as much! You didn't answer the description. Is your sister about?" "No, my sister's out. And, what's more, I was in bed when you rang up."

"I'm sorry. Did you get up?" "No," she said, with a sarcastic look. "I'm still there."

George felt that he was making little headway; somehow he could not, despite (or because of) her youth, gain the right measure of control.

"Well, let's get on," she said at last. "You represent Bruce Manningford. I represent my sister. I'll start with a simple observation. Your man is a particularly dirty dog."

George's face suddenly assumed a strange expression.

"Please!" he said reprovingly. "A man shouldn't start at a pace he can't keep up. It spoils the game for other people. My sister got to think Bruce Manningford was the only person in the world who understood her. He gave way to every little whim she had, and so she put him in a class apart, after which I became of no account at all."

"Bruce Manningford filed my sister with a romantic line of sales-talk, and what suited him seems to have been that he knew she was going abroad. He thought that when she did it would be all over and done with, so he ended on the right note and he nicked one of her gloves."

"On a point of order, and in regard to general damages, I understand she gave it to him."

"All right, she gave it to him. She came in that night, at any rate, with one glove only, and when I said: 'Hallo, you've lost a glove!' she said: 'Bruce Manningford has taken that, and I'm to keep this other one in case I ever want him urgently.'"

"Well, my sister is not the sort to chase a man, and when you said to-night that she had hung the glove on his rate, I realised that she must want him badly."

"But he is getting married to-morrow. I explained that, on the telephone."

"My sister would not know that."

"Perhaps you will tell her when she comes in, and then if what she has to say is likely to alter the situation, I shall hope to be of service. Meanwhile, I wonder if I might ask you one question about yourself. I understand this is your sister's husband's house."

"Quite so; he is away, and I'm staying with her."

"Your name being . . ."

"Jill."

"Do you think your sister is in distress?"

The girl looked at him steadily through the smoke of her cigarette before she answered, and then she did so quietly.

"She must be." "Then I had better stay around." "All right, you can. I shall go back to bed," said Jill. And with that she walked to the door, turned and looked back at him: "I'll say good-night. And don't forget: 'A particularly dirty dog.'"

At the last moment Jill had poked her face round the door again to say that she would leave a note for her sister in the hall, so that she would not be frightened at finding a man in the house.

"When I have gone," she added warningly, "don't you creep out to read what I've said!"

Afterwards George paced about the room and looked at pictures in the vague way of some disinterested visitor at someone else's exhibition, without remembering afterwards what any of them represented.

At last she came. He heard a key in the street door, he heard a footstep and he heard that tantalising rustle of silk which indicates an evening frock beneath some glamorous wrap.

Then, his head afloat, he caught another, much more surprising sound—that of a man, escorting this dark and lovely lady home. He heard the sound of that male voice in the hall as the door closed after them.

Continued from Page 11

Since the lady had been out late it was not astonishing that she had been escorted home, but why was the fellow coming in? Her husband was away. Or, stay, was this some man she feared?

Then came the rustle of paper. Ah, she was opening the note! He visualised her reading the message from her younger sister. This would, he felt, be blunt but to the point:

"There is some lout in the dining-room who knows Bruce Manningford"; or "A queer-looking cove has called about a glove."

He heard the lady whispering; she was no doubt explaining his arrival to the man who was in the hall. There was a pressing conversation; then, after some delay, the street door opened again and closed.

The man, having whispered, could be heard going down the steps, no doubt in some vexation. Finally the room door opened and George, keeping his features rigid, looked that way.

Framed in the doorway, the lady certainly did make a very pleasing picture. She was dark, gracious, and long-limbed. Cool she was, and elegantly poised, soignée, sophisticated. Bruce had not overstated her attractions, and yet George was not thrilled. He fingered his tie as he stood up.

Please turn to Page 24

... that hint

"Thanks for the hint." "What hint?" "About Powder Charmosan. Imagine, at my age, being able to REALLY look ten years younger, and twice as pretty with just a few touches of my powder!" Know you, then, the TRUTH of a clear, young and pretty skin by changing to Charmosan face powder. O, there never was a powder like it. Do you know its skin grows bigger and bigger and cheap ordinary powder will test and less. Think of THAT! Here's the reason. If you're not young, it makes you LOOK young, for it so subdues and cancels faults in your skin, and signs of age that they seem no longer there.

Charmosan face powder

All shades and suns. Big box 2/6. Sold everywhere, including N.Z. P.S. Give your face the "good-night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "makeup," dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows' feet, pimples, blackheads and open pores. It also tones up the skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Booter jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

Rub away that Cold



WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

It takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub massage. No wonder that 26 million families, in 71 countries, rely on VapoRub for fast relief from any kind of a cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable. At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

Avoids Risky "Dosing"

Mothers, especially, prefer VapoRub for all children's colds because it is used externally, and so avoids all the risks of internal "dosing"—which often opens a delicate digestion just when the child needs all his strength to fight a cold.

But you never grow too big to appreciate the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours.

Ideal for Children's Colds



... Just as Good for Grown-Ups

FROM SUE TO LOU - - -

A Bright Girl's Letter

Dear Lou —

If the movie producers would give us fewer HAIR-RAISING thrillers and concentrate on a series on wrinkle removers — they would be making a bigger hit with us females.

Yours, Sue

NEW BOOKS ... Conducted by ... LESLIE HAYLEN

Warwick Deeping's Best Novel Since "Sorrell & Son" Sympathetic Study Of Two Unusual People

There is a quiet heroism about the characters in Warwick Deeping's latest book, "Blind Man's Year," which is very attractive.

There is, too, a very fine humanity and an understanding of unusual people which makes the book a worthy successor to "Sorrell and Son."

DEEPING'S women have an individuality of their own, and Rosamund Gerard is no exception to the rule. When the book is finished, she emerges as a fine character and a vivid personality. Rosamund has become a success-



WARWICK DEEPING shows a fine insight of good craftsmanship in his latest novel, "Blind Man's Year."

ful novelist, by reason of her broad human outlook on life, but she lives like a hermit because of a facial disfigurement of which she is extremely sensitive.

In her lovely home in the country she lives in Garbo-like seclusion, only asking of the Press and public that she be left alone.

Her two sisters—veritable harpies—ugly enough to be the most unreal characters in the book, persistently hurt her with their references to her disfigurement, and at the same time live on her bounty.

The Cruel Sisters

THESE women are a little too cruel and waspish to be real. The impression gathered is that their hatefulness has been piled on with a trowel in order to justify certain conduct of the heroine. Altogether it is a very unhappy existence for Rosamund, although she is surrounded by loyal servants and has one or two understanding friends.

Into this broken-hearted Arcady falls an aviator. His plane crashes near Rosamund's home during a heavy fog, and the dying man is taken to her cottage.

Then begins a desperate fight for the life of this young man. The village doctor holds out little hope, but the nursing of the patient by Rosamund and the vitality of Clive Strange win out. Clive lives, but is blind.

This is the situation on which is built the tender drama of the story.

Vital Interest

CLIVE falls in love with Rosamund and tells her of the dream picture he has of her face. She does not disillusion him.

Clive, broken and dispirited by the knowledge that he will never see again, gives Rosamund a vital interest in life. She develops as a consequence all the innate greatness of character and sweetness of disposition which were tending to become soured by her disfigurement and her fear of the world. Her care for the blind man, and his devotion to her, provide the best reading in the book; there is a poignancy about the telling which is extremely touching and real.

Although the couple are

married early in the story, there are trials and heart-searchings in plenty before the happy ending is achieved.

Women in particular will like this novel. It has a rich, human quality about it, and it is written with warmth and sincerity. There are faults to the story, of course. Mr. Deeping has flashes of brilliant observation, and his character-drawing is unimpeachable, but he is prone to wordy, long-winded passages of writing which jar—all the more so because they are so unexpected. There is sometimes, too, a jarring phrase: "She was inco-ordinately happy." Surely someone should tell him about that.

"Blind Man's Year" Warwick Deeping. (Our copy from Angus & Robertson Ltd.)

- Books to Read**
- "WE ARE NOT ALONE." James Hilton. A fine story of a family doctor in an English town.
 - "THE BURNING COURT." John Dickson Carr. Mystery story with a touch of supernatural. Excellent reading.
 - "CHINESE RIVER." J. Van Dyke. Romantic novel of a pretty English girl's adventures in China. Colorful background. Very readable story.
 - "MURDER IN THE NEWS." Agatha Christie. The inimitable Poirot in another fine thriller with an unexpected climax.

WHEN LITTLE ONES COUGH!



Alice "out o' sorts"

A healthy child is a delight to Mother; but those little ills that beset the young—the feverish COLD, that sleep-spoiling whoop-like COUGH, worst of all the attack of choking CROUP—these are the bane of a healthy home! Bonnington's Irish Moss is Mother's boon! Pleasant yet potent to soothe and reduce that fever, it stops all that coughing.



IMITATIONS: It is most important to emphasise Bonnington's. Price, 1/9 & 3/.



For Coughs and Colds Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

How can you get a Slender Line

JUST think how much nicer you look in your evening frocks if you're slim—and how much healthier, fresher and fitter you'll feel if you become slim the Bile Beans way.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed and you'll slim while you sleep. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a reduction in your weight.

So give Bile Beans a trial—start tonight to make yourself more attractive.



"My unwanted fat was on the bust, waist and hips, but Bile Beans taken regularly every night have reduced me by 17 lbs. in three months. My health is greatly improved and I can now wear my dresses to much better advantage." Miss E. M. Hicks.

"I was putting on weight at an alarming rate on the hips, shoulders and bust. But Bile Beans not only removed this unwanted fat and gave me a slim figure, but improved my health at the same time. It's all due to taking Bile Beans I feel so active and young." Mrs. K. Neal.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE

NEW WAY TO CARRY THE BABY

THIS simple method of transporting baby is common in India. The box arrangement has a hood and curtains which can be let down in the event of rain, and the whole is carried by means of a band which passes across the forehead of the coolie.



No Further INTEREST

Continued from Page 22

I'M afraid this is a very late call; but Bruce thought it might be urgent, so he asked me to come at once. The lady entered slowly, her dainty brows a little knitted. "What might be urgent?" "I think you left this glove?" said George. With unaffected grace the lady crossed the floor. "What glove?" she said. And then she took it from him and held it a moment, interestedly, after which she silently returned it to him and sat down, leaning back her head and looking at him pensively. "Bruce found this at his house to-night?" "Yes, I was with him. It was hung on the gate." "His gate?" "Yes, his idea was that you had passed, with somebody else. He thought you had seized the opportunity to leave it there without anybody noticing, and said that was to be your secret sign if you were ever in great trouble. "In any ordinary circumstances,

he would have come. The fact, however, is that in any ordinary circumstances he is getting married to-morrow. "You must please give him my congratulations," said the lady. George did not know whether to be relieved or disappointed. "Did you by any chance return this glove to indicate that everything would be forgotten?" "I left no glove, and in particular I hung no glove on any gate." Her gesture was as eloquent as these few words. "If you ask me, and if it was really there," she said, "I can only imagine that my sister did it." "That's an idea," said George. "My sister is of a romantic disposition. Whenever she comes to say with me, she acts as a little mother. She never approved of my going out with Bruce in the first place, but when she realised the relationship between my husband and myself she decided it would be justifiable as long as it was true love and ended as true love should.

"I went away. She was afraid that would be the end of a rather sordid affair, and so to reassure her I explained that he had kept one glove and I the other. "And now that I'm back she is indignant because I haven't got in touch with him; the fact is, I was out to-night with somebody else, and she doesn't approve of him. She thinks I ought to be wanting Bruce, and Bruce alone. "I should imagine that while I was out she searched for this glove, and then went round and hung it on his gate. I shall have to speak rather crossly to her." "In that case there is no need for me to stay." "What is she like?" the lady asked. "The girl he is to marry? Oh —" and here he paused. Generally he rather liked describing Janice, but this did not seem quite the right occasion. "Small, fair, and distinctly dainty." "Sounds rather sweet." "Very," said George. As he walked up the road, he realised he still had the glove.

SITTING upon her younger sister's bed, the lady, still very calm and dark and languorous, remarked: "I don't think you ought to pilfer my things, dear! I don't really like my sentimental souvenirs displayed on gates in side streets." Jill sat up very sharply. "What?" "My glove was found, like some gruesome warning, stuck on an iron spike outside Bruce's house." "Do you suppose I put it there?" "Well, I didn't!" Jill, with a set face, lay back on her pillow. She kept her eyes broodingly upon her sister's olive-tinted cheeks; she did not speak; she was intently thoughtful. At last her sister rose to leave, and then Jill stopped her. "I don't know how you can think I could do a thing like that. Besides, you know the glove he kept. Which one was that—the right hand?" "No, the left." "The one brought here this evening also belonged to the left hand. In which case, that was the glove Bruce himself had had all the time. And yours will still be upstairs."

George Jenks had well graced the occasion. He had sustained the bridegroom all the morning; he had fed him, dressed and brushed him down. He had rehearsed and prompted him, and had told him what he would say in his speech, proposing the bride and bridegroom's health, and also what Bruce had better say in answer. He had collected a sheet of telegrams which were to be read out, and finally he had accompanied him to the church.

Throughout the ceremony George had been an object of deep admiration. Some said that his morning coat was a greater credit to Bruce than Bruce's was to himself. Now there had suddenly appeared among those present two of those highly educated ladies who display the photographs taken outside the church: they were soliciting orders.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with the pulse-stirring reds so effectively used by the South Seas enchantress!



Soothes and softens lips; gives them luster too!

Daring, coaxing South Sea colour for lips... entirely without pastiness. That's TATTOO! Apply it... let it set... wipe it off... only the colour remains... smooth... even... lasting... and the lips, instead of becoming disappointingly dry and harsh, are made moistly soft; oh, so soft... so desirable! Actually try all five TATTOO shades... at the Tattoo Colour Selector in your favorite store. You are sure to find an exciting new shade, more flattering than the one you are now using. Yes, you surely will!

Send 1/- for Introductory set, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Dowd & Co., 826 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. I.

TATTOO South Sea Colour for Lips

Advertisement for KIP Nightingale Product. Includes text: 'KEEP KIP IN THE KITCHEN IT KEEPS YOUR KITCHEN CLEAN' and 'A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT'.

Advertisement for 'Success with Numerology'. Includes text: 'WONDER COURSE OF THE AGE' and 'THE MAGIC SQUARE'.

Advertisement for 'WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?'. Includes text: 'The same old daily routine? Or, some change for the better?' and 'RAMON, G.P.O. SYDNEY.'

"We're not afraid of Winter..."



...we know the Surest PROTECTION of Health

KEEP smiling in the face of the worst of wintry weather. Keep your body strong and vigorous—your vitality high. Maintain the highest possible resistance against coughs and chills and other winter ills. By far the best way to do this is to make delicious "Ovaltine" your regular daily beverage.

Prepared from the choicest and best of Nature's protective and restorative foods, "Ovaltine" provides an unequalled abundance of the vitamins and other important nutritive elements. There is nothing like it for building up vitality and perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves. But never forget the importance of insisting on "Ovaltine". There is definitely nothing "just as good". "Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa. "Ovaltine" definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and value. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 4d. in stamps, to cover the cost of packing and postage.

Remember, "OVALTINE" is now served at Cafes, Restaurants and Milk Bars.

'OVALTINE' to drink it always — is to be always well

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores. A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

O19.33.37

Please turn to Page 30

FASHIONS IN ART GRAVURE

June 12, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Special Fashion Section . . . Page One

BLACK PANAMAS for SPRING



OF "BOWLER" inspiration is the attractive black panama hat photographed above. Notable features are its interesting crown treatment and partially up-turned brim.

THE ELEGANT black panama model at the right has an under-brim trimming of flat pink rosebuds intermingled with fruit and is tied with a black velvet chin strap.



SUZY created the striking spring hat photographed at the top of the page. It is of loosely-woven straw in natural tone and is trimmed with a navy ribbon and a huge red rose.

THE AMUSING LITTLE HAT ABOVE is also by Suzy. Its crown is of dusty-pink velvet, and its brim of black panama. It is trimmed with a red rosebud thrust between the brim and the crown and draped over the left ear.

THE SUZY MODEL at the left is of the "topper" type. The straw is of fine black panama and the quaintly curled feather is of vivid green.

MARCH OF THE MODE by René

Dressing Up . . .

. . . At Night

AT LEFT OF PAGE are sketched two gorgeous ornaments. One is a brooch made in the shape of an orchid, with square-cut rubies to fashion the trumpet and diamonds for the naturally curling petals. If your income doesn't run to diamonds, you can probably get it in the next best thing!

● THE SECOND JEWEL PIECE is a bracelet which comprises a poppy leaf, done in rubies and diamonds, with a stalk of emeralds to wind round the arm. The effect is just as dazzling when the stones aren't one hundred per cent.

● BELOW: A BRACELET of beautiful square-cut emeralds, set in platinum. The units are joined with three round diamonds.



René

● THREE LEAVES set down the centre with brilliants are done in that rosy gold which is being used more and more for settings. They are worn posed high on the head, behind a broad forehead roll. Note this coiffure, swept up high and smooth at the back with a sweeping forward movement.

● THE DAMSEL with a mass of black curled bang (this hair fixing is also pushed up at the back and forward over the face) pins three gold kid roses and leaves on top of her head. Her dress clips and bracelet match, being made of gold leaves in metal.

● EMERALDS AND DIAMOND brilliants make the earrings. With a perfectly-arranged head of immaculate curls is worn a simple but lovely hair ornament of diamonds—another Coronation influence and a fitting accessory to the regal type of evening gown made on Court lines.

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

For CRUISING Days and NIGHTS...



- EXTREME LEFT: Crepe, very colorfully printed, with a distinctly tropical feeling. Tremendously full skirt sweeping the floor.
- LEFT: Slim contrast. Uncrushable linen in brightest orange, self-buttoned in double-breasted effect. Black-and-gold scarf.

• LEFT TO RIGHT: Red-and-white printed sun suit, hooded coat to match, lined with white toweling.

Diagonally-striped bathing suit in red, orange, green, and navy on yellow ground. Folded dunce's cap with similar splashes of color.

Emerald crepe shirt and white shorts pleated all round.

Soft woollen coat for triple duty as bathing-wrap, dressing-gown, and lounge robe. Can be worn tightly belted. Scarlet swim suit.

Linen redingote, flared skirt, fitted top worn over printed play suit with scarf of same material.

FORECAST of SPRING FASHIONS . . .



THIS CHARMING NEW spring hat of natural panama has for its only trimming a band of black ribbon and tiny red and black birds worked on the brim.

Practical by Day; Romantic by Night

WHEN winter comes, can spring fashions be far behind? On the contrary, Madame, they are already in the dovecote of the haymaker's daughter, and our grandmother's aunt's cousin is full of beans about them.

You don't need your "French Without Tears" to fathom that, either. You know that while we who live "down under" shiver in these June days, our sisters of the upper crust are sunning in the heat of London, Paris, New York.

So with cables humming straight from these cradles of fashion we Australian babies are already fashion-wise to next season's mode. A sort of pre-natal influence.

THE outstanding characteristic of the mode is its sheer aliveness; line and color used with supreme cunning ensure that every frock proclaims its wearer's zest for life. There are no static frocks—except the frocks with that kind of repose which one sees in a resting panther.

The spectrum has been shattered for colors, and there they all are—in shades one would have said, a few years ago, did not exist. But Fashion's eyes must have infra-red

and ultra-violet rays. This amazing range of shades makes it possible to accomplish most unexpected successes in the blending and contrasting of shades and three or more colors can often make a fashion triumph.

For example, a green coat, a bright blue skirt, and an orange-colored scarf that seems to enmesh the sun in its folds. Or short rust-colored coat with a blue flower in its buttonhole is completed by a chess-board-patterned skirt in the new "good earth" shade and blue.

White flannel coats are worn with green, blue, or rust-colored skirts and blouses or scarves in another brilliant shade.

Even Paris, always so devoted to black, has had a change of heart. Prints predominated at the openings and there were few all-black outfits.

Amid all this abandon of color, the soft, new pastels in off-shades come into their own. There are new off-shades in beiges and greys, a marvellous pale lime-yellow, and soft pastel plaids and checks.

Witty Printings

PRINTS are of first-class importance. Floral, animal, geometric, surrealist, and every other imaginable type of printing is used on fabrics in the gayest, most whimsical and most nonchalant manner. Small, dark prints are often used to get a checked effect.

Paisley fabrics give of their exotic Persian colors.

Bits of these floral printings are placed on sombre backgrounds in all kinds of clever trimming ways.

A printed jacket, often sleeveless, looks new and smart over a dark dress.

The line is youthful, hugging the torso closely, and gaining in width towards the hem.

Paris is very chary of flares on day suits. Schiaparelli, Chanel, and Molyneux use faint bias flares in front-flat backs and hips.

Topcoats everywhere have a faint flare to the skirt, generally in the back from a slightly circular cut or stitched-down pleat.

Paquin's topcoats are belted and bell-shaped all round, but the flare is very slight.

The whole idea is to keep away from extremes, whether extremes of straightness or fullness. The emphasis is not on the silhouette, but on color and detail.

One important change is in the length of the dinner-dress, which is now above the ankle.

There are two types of evening dresses—the long, pencil-slim and the very full. The narrow evening skirts are long and the full are instep-length.

Tailored suits and suits of tailored inspiration, but with the terseness of the classical tailleur relieved in many bright ways. Fantasy



SMART TAILORED SUIT for afternoon wear, in white cloque. The coat is printed with red and black flowers, and has a black velvet collar. The hat is of fine white panama trimmed with black velvet.

often runs riot in the blouse.

Details, indeed, make or mar the success of the suit. Hand embroidery, intricate pockets, amazing seaming, saddle-stitching, humorous buttons can lift the simplest-looking suit to real elegance.

Mainbocher sponsors an all-grey flannel suit, but the cut is so complex that the simplicity of flannel is completely transformed. Made triangularly double-breasted, it is buttoned from the centre-front in a line to the hips. Paquin uses pastel plaids with the panels placed in bias and straight panels.

For afternoon the ensembles are charming. The pastel topcoat is definite news. Over a wide dress a mist-blue; a butter-beige over a dark blue. Some very elegant afternoon coats have no collars, but are richly trimmed with incrustations on the upper part and on the sleeves.

Waists of day frocks are normal or slightly raised. Shoulders almost normal—just a firming up of the line.

Pageanted or Plain

IN the evening romance comes to the mode. The brilliance of the Coronation has brought fabrics of unsurpassed luxury and unleashed with it a passion for pageantry which lurks in the least childish of us, as Hollywood and Elstree very well know.

Molyneux banked on period costumes—and cashed in on the rage. Vionnet, Chanel, Lelong and others all have risen to unparalleled heights of romanticism, and the Edwardian, Victorian and Eugenic influence are frankly proclaimed in many of their models.

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome are also enjoying a sartorial comeback, while the Russian Ballet revival and the sheer thrill of any good dramatic effect all contribute their quota to an evening mode which will surely go down in the history of fashion as of outstanding importance.

Then there are sleek, sophisticated gowns with an eye to the future rather than the past, and enchanting little-girl dresses of organza, tulle, lace, taffeta, gingham.

Long evening capes are voluminous and often hooded. Many are made on round yokes.

Something to ponder deeply over are the new evening boots—some elastic-sided like great-grandma's, and some of pastel-colored kid.

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET A JOB-



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.



June 10, 1933, Was A Memorable Day! OUR BIRTHDAY BABIES

to celebrate its birthday, The Australian Women's Weekly offered a prize of £2/2/- for the photo of the baby born on June 10, 1933, adjudged the best, and 10/6 each for any others whose photographs we published.

One hundred and seventy-six entries (including twins) were received.

The twins have been awarded the prize of £2/2/-, while each of the other healthy young Australians whose photo appears on this page will receive 10/6 along with our good wishes for a happy birthday.



JUANITA MARY (JUNE) SEFTON, Yoo-amite, Vic.



JOHN NASH, Mossman, North Queensland.



WILLIAM CHARLES SINCLAIR, Townsville, Qld.



ROSS DE VERE, Toronto, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.



BEVERLEY GREEN, Childers, Qld.



DONALD CAIRNDUFF, Lytton St., Elwood, Vic.



THE WINNERS, the MOON TWINS—MORRIS and MAVIS—of Gibbes Street, Kockdale, Sydney.



ALBERT LIPMAN, Ocean St., Kogarah, Sydney.



PAMELA ABBERTON, Victoria St., Ashfield, Sydney.



KEITH ALLAN, Station St., Carlton, Melbourne.



JEAN HOLLAND, Vine St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.



DULCENA MAY HARLEY, Watheroo, W.A.



JUNE ROSALYN WRIGHT, Main North Rd., Prospect, S.A.



MARGARET JOAN HOBBS, Hill St., Campbelltown, S.A.



MAVIS JUNE HILL, Lindennow St., Maribyrnong, Vic.



JANET CREASEY, Manjimup, W.A.



NEVILLE KURTZ, Inglis St., Mudgee, N.S.W.



BARRY KNIGHT, Proctors Rd., Hobart.

Banish fear of Flu

Build up resistance now with

VITAPAN PEARLS

Don't wait until the "flu months" arrive before taking precautions. Now is the time for preventive measures. Now is the time to start building up your resistance. Vitapan Pearls supply in concentrated easy-to-take form Vitamin A, necessary for building good resistance, and Vitamin D, insufficiently supplied by sunshine during the winter months. Each Vitapan Pearl is equivalent in vitamin value to 1½ teaspoonfuls of finest cod liver oil. Begin with Vitapan Pearls now and keep on taking them every day.

40 PEARLS FOR 3/- (MET. AREA)—OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

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4ft. 6in. mattresses filled with finest Java Kapok, from 35/-.

BUY DIRECT FROM MAKER

Buy from manufacturer and save retail profit. Prices are low and savings are high.

DAVID DAWN

Sydney's only Mattress Specialist. Corner of Market and Clarence Streets, SYDNEY.

David Dawn, 24 Market Street, Sydney. Please send me your catalogue of factory priced mattresses.

Name: Address:



If You've a Baby

Give him the gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for 100 years—Steedman's Powders.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

THESE snaps were a good achievement in point of view of time recorded, and George courtously looked at them.

Here was a snapshot of one guest arriving at the wedding and turning into the church.

By Jove, he thought, this girl has some determination! She must have come to interrupt the ceremony.

He looked suspiciously about him. One of the educated ladies said: "Would you care to order any, please?"

George shook his head and left to conduct a search.

True, he had ushered in the guests, and he had not seen Jill, but if she had come she might, for all he knew, still be here.

Round and round the room he went, and suddenly—behind one of those palms in tubs which always seem to be arranged solely for somebody to hide—he found her, all alone, and he looked down at her severely.

"I'd no idea you were here." "I gate-crashed."

Well, he had better humor her. "You have had no champagne," he said.

"No, thank you; I don't drink."

"I suppose you came," said George, changing his arm, "to see what the bride was like?"

"No; I came to see you."

George was at first a little flattered and then a little nervous.

Was he to get the bullet after all?

"For I realised," she said, "that I did not know your address. Bruce will be going away, I suppose, for several weeks, and how should I get hold of you except by coming here to-day? I'm sorry I came in this comic hat and coat."

It was a felt hat.

It was a biggish, teddy-bear like coat.

In it she looked something between a schoolgirl and an artist.

Yet he liked the effect.

"And why did you want me?" asked George, quite coyly.

"I came to say I was sorry . . ."

"No need for that."

"Sorry that any man could think the beastly things you thought."

No Further INTEREST

Continued from Page 24

George looked decidedly dejected.

"My sister suggested I must have hung the glove on the gate. And you went off believing it."

"But if you had, there would have been no harm . . ."

"There would have been no harm perhaps, but I like honesty. I like that in people better than anything else, and if I had put it there I should have told you so frankly when you called. I shouldn't have pretended she did."

"And so, I've come here to-day to tell you to your face that I hated you to go away and think I was deceitful."

Deceptively, yet sympathetically, George sat.

RESPECTFULLY

sipping his champagne in the background, bowing from time to time in an appropriately servile manner to the guests he knew.

Bruce Manningford's manservant Hobbs, who was to be supplanted by two women, found Mr. George Jenks at his elbow.

"Hobbs," said George, "you are much hurt, no doubt, at leaving Mr. Manningford. You gentlemen look down on marriage."

"But in the course of the last rites you performed for your master, did you consider it your duty to go through his personal possessions and on the eve of his marriage to destroy anything of an incriminating or suggestive nature?"

"Sir?" said the faithful fellow.

"I was wondering whether you thought it wise to clear out his collection of sentimental souvenirs, and to convey them to the dustbin?"

"And whether on the way you might have dropped one, which some passer-by would have picked up and considerably suspended from the gate-post in case anyone came back to look for it?"

"Handkerchiefs, you mean, sir? Letters in baby-ribbon?"

"A glove was found last night," said George, "stuck in a conspicuous position on Mr. Manningford's gate where he was bound to see it when he came in. I thought perhaps you wished to draw his attention to it."

"I begin to think I can elucidate that, sir," said Hobbs.

"Do so," said George.

"The lady who is now Mrs. Manningford called at the flat last evening, sir. She wished to have a sort of chat with me about the master's likes and dislikes in the home—at least that was what she said."

"But I noticed that while she was there she led the way into his dressing-room and said she would like to see what he was going to wear to-day."

"I showed her the garments, sir, and she was not quite satisfied with the cravat. In fact, she looked through his tie-drawer, sir, to see if she could not find something a little more suitable to the occasion."

"At that moment I was called to the telephone." He paused and pursed his lips. "I recollect now that, when I returned, the drawer had been closed again, and shortly afterwards the lady left, sir."

"But the fact is there always had been a glove in Mr. Manningford's tie-drawer, sir, and really I shouldn't be surprised if she came across it."

"Then . . . do you suppose she hung it on the gate as a sharp warning to him, when he came in that night?"

"I did not go out again that evening, sir, to see. But that appears to be the explanation."

The happy couple had departed; the guests were now dispersing with regret. The waiters had begun to tidy up the room and to stack up the chairs.

Two guests remained, still in deep conversation in a corner of the room behind the palm . . . George Jenks and Jill, and they were singularly close.

"Comic bloke," said one waiter to another, "considering he's best man. He seemed to lose all interest in the wedding suddenly."

So there you are.

Two marriages alone concern a man—his own to the girl he loves, and that of the girl he loves to somebody else; and from George Jenks' point of view this was no longer either. What a relief!

(Copyright)

Fine, Soft... Clinging!



This powder flatters your skin under evening lights

So soft and fine, it spreads invisible on your skin—yet flatters it into enchanting beauty.

Pond's Powder is carefully blended to give your skin a soft, lovely look in the brightest light. It never shows up harsh and "powdery."

A special ingredient makes it cling smooth, fresh looking for hours. A shade to flatter every type of skin. See which is yours!

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 10c stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.

Pond's Dept. X10, Box 11812, O.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME: ADDRESS:

Get rid of the Curse of the DRINK HABIT by the famous 'EUCRASY Remedy' ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS

AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY

Comic strip panels for Lifebuoy Soap advertisement. Panels include: 'HEAVENS, YOU SPOIL THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS...', 'AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST—LIFEBUOY!', 'B.O. WILL NEVER SEPARATE MY HENRY AND ME', 'WELL, MY DEAR, IT'S A FACT THAT WE ALL FERPIRE—AND MAY OFFEND WITHOUT KNOWING IT', 'ROT! I BET I COULD USE LIFEBUOY EVERY DAY FOR A WHOLE WEEK AND TOM WOULD BE JUST AS COLD AND INDIFFERENT', 'FUNNY HOW JENNY TOOK ME UP ON THAT—EVEN GAVE ME A CAKE OF LIFEBUOY. COULD I REALLY BE GUILTY?', 'WELL, THE EXPERIMENT'S ON! HERE'S TO MY FIRST LIFEBUOY BATH! MAY IT DO ALL JENNY SAID IT WOULD', 'WAS THE EXPERIMENT A SUCCESS? just look . . . SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT I WIN THAT BET!', 'HUSBAND, WHAT BIG EYES YOU HAVE', 'ONLY FOR YOU, DARLING! I CAN'T GET OVER HOW LOVELY LIFEBUOY KEEPS YOUR SKIN', 'MEN! GET CLOSER, COOLER LONG-LASTING SHAVES! LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S MILD LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE!', 'LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream 100-150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE'.

Winter Comforts



£1 for your old Mattress

Special Winter Offer

£1 allowed on your old mattress (of any size) on purchase of 5ft. 6in. mattress at 15/9 or more. 10/- allowed on smaller sizes on new mattresses of similar qualities. Offer also available on Bedding included in general orders on Easy Terms system.

Double Bed Mattress, as Illustrated, filled with prime Japanese Kapok—will give years of service. See our wonderful range of Bedding Values. 75/6

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Sensational Purchase of Manufacturers Samples

The latest 1937 designs in Rose, Green, Blue, Gold, Beige, etc. All heavily reduced. Examples:

Usual Price, £5/5/- Sample Price 79/6
Usual Price, £5/10/- Sample Price 99/6

BLANKETS White and Grey
Blankets at special prices. Purchase now and make double savings—we bought before heavy increase in wool prices.

Others from 25/6. Get in early—stocks are limited.

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

W.W. Campbells'

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

2 YEARS TO PAY
Examples of general Furniture Orders
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£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly
£100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly



Remarkable value is given in this artistic new Bedroom Suite beautified with contrasting Walnut veneers. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (shaded bow-front), 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table and Double Washbasin are all fully fitted with sliding drawers (not trays), etc. This is extraordinary value and you should secure it at the Introductory Cash Price...

£16/16/-

(Bedstead Extra) Or on Easy Terms—

BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET

This is a specially attractive Cabinet at a reduced price. It has bowed lead-light doors on crockery cupboard, large ventilated provision cupboard, bread cupboard, drawers and solid shelves. This week you can obtain at the Special Cash Price

79/6

Or on Easy Terms.



There are many other attractive Breakfast Room Cabinets in our Showrooms—at prices which will appeal to all. You will find remarkable values in our great Furniture Store.

16/4/-

5/2/-

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EASY TERMS for CARPETS from 5/- DEPOSIT 2/- WEEKLY

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| £4/10/- | £5/10/- | £6/5/- |
| 9ft. x 7ft. 6in. | 9ft. x 9ft. | 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. |
| £6/5/- | £7/10/- | £8/15/- |
| 12ft. x 9ft. | 12ft. x 10ft. 6in. | 13ft. 6in. x 10ft. 6in. |
| £7/5/- | £9/19/6 | £11/10/- |
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Here is an exceptional Tallboy at a bargain price. 5ft. 9in. high and 4ft. wide. It is fitted with three sliding trays, three solid shelves; rod for coat-hanger, tie-rail and useful mirror. Many homes need this modern Tallboy—secure yours at the Introductory Cash Price.

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Or on Easy Terms: 5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY

SPECIAL "WORLD WIDE" RADIO

The comforts of a home are not complete without a modern radio—that gives perfect entertainment. This splendid Console Grand is a new Dual Wave, which brings you the World's best programmes and gives perfect Local and Interstate reception. The handsome appearance makes it worthy of any home, and you save £7 on usual retail value. This is our special Winter Radio Offer, and This Week you can secure at the Special Cash Price...

£12/19/6

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LISTEN IN to 2UW

8.30 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
"CLEOPATRA"
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Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

LINO'S

Genuine Cork Lino. TWO YARDS WIDE 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.

Imit. Linoleum TWO YARDS WIDE 2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size 9ft. x 11ft. 6in. 9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft. Special 42/6 50/- 57/6 65/- Price

BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM FROM 8/6 PER YARD (2 YARDS WIDE)



PHONE M2345 6 LINES

249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY
ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET

16/4/-

Again we offer outstanding value in a modern, artistic Lounge Suite. Large settee and two capacious chairs are upholstered in figured and plain tapestry. Five loose cushions are fully-sprung. Comfort and appearance are embodied in this beautiful suite. You may purchase at this Week's Cash Price

£16/19/6

(Or on Easy Terms)

SURE TO GET IT AT

GRACE BROS

Sensational Offer from Our MAIDS AND CHILDREN'S DEPT.

MAIL ORDERS CAN BE SUPPLIED FOR ALL THESE GOODS



DO1—GIRLS' NAVY FLANNEL BLAZERS in all wool. Good quality. Bound with plain or two-tone cord. To fit girls 3 to 16 years.
Usually - - - 7/11
SPECIAL PRICE - - - 5/11

DO2—FLANNEL PLEATED SKIRTS in all wool, on White bodice, in shades Brown, Fawn, Saxe, Red, and Green.
24-26 28-30 33-36
Usually 7/11 9/11 11/9
SPECIAL PRICE 6/11 8/11 10/11



DO3—GIRLS' ALL WOOL Fancy Knit Buttoned-neck CARDIGANS with contrasting stripes on basque and cuffs. Shades Red, Beige, Brown, Royal.
Best measurements:
28 30 32 34
9/11 10/11 11/6 12/6
7/3 7/6 7/11 8/11



DO4—GIRLS' cosy all wool 2-piece JUMPER SUIT on white bodice; nicely finished at neck with brushed wool; in shades Royal, Red, Saxe, Beige, Maroon, Almond.
22-24-26in. 28-30-32in.
8/6 11/6

9/4
7/6

8/6

GIRL'S COAT in ALL WOOL BRUSHED TWEED



DO7—GIRLS' COATS in all wool brushed Tweeds. Fully silk lined, with full welt down back. In Fancy Marle and Chevron designs. Finished stitched collar and pockets. In sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches. Usually 19/11.
SPECIAL 10/6

DO6—Serviceable and Dressy TAILORED COAT of Novelty Tweed. Fully silk lined, smartly treated with pleat down centre-back. Has large trimmed pockets and tab on cuff. In shades of Brown, Dark Beige. Sizes: 33, 36, 39, 42 and 44 ins. Usually - - - 25/6
SPECIAL PRICE - - - 16/6



DO5—GIRLS' PULLOVER in fine quality all wool knit, buttoned to neck with two buttons; in shades of Red, Saxe and Beige.
Sizes: 24in. 26in. 28in.
5/3 6/6 11/11

Sizes: 30in. 32in.
7/9 8/11

5/3

DO8—SMART MISSES' COAT of All Wool Novelty Tweed. Fully silk lined. Noted for its large collar and revers. Smartly finished pockets & cuffs. In tonings of Dark Beige and Brown. Lengths: 42 and 45 inches.
Usually - - - 29/11
SPECIAL PRICE - - - 21/-



29/11

21/-

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
BROADWAY . . . SYDNEY . . . PHONE M 6506

Duchess Forfeits Civil Rights Symphony of Blue for Wedding

Continued from Page 3

The day was a symphony of blue sky and sparkling sunshine for the wedding of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield.

The bride's dress was of "Wallis"-blue and grey, and her gloves were of the same color.

A TIARA effect was achieved by a turned-up brim to her hat, which was trimmed with blue, and the palest pink ostrich down.

Her jewellery was simple: A diamond and pearl necklace and a diamond ring. The going-away dress was also blue, a coat and skirt with flowered blouse.

The Duke wore the accepted attire—morning dress.

The wedding cake was of six tiers and 3ft. high and decorated with white roses. The cake was cut with an ordinary table knife.

After the civil ceremony the couple were married according to the rites of the Anglican Church by the Rev. Anderson Jardine, of Durham.

An Ideal Spot

THE Chateau de Cande was an ideal spot for the quiet ceremony the Duke and Duchess of Windsor desired. It is a typical isolated French country house.

It is set in pale green woods which were thick with lily-of-the-valley, violets and wild strawberries. Not as old as it looks, this chateau was built less than two centuries ago.

It has a golf course, a lake and tennis courts.

On the ground floor there is a large dining-room, a drawing-room, a library and a smaller "salon."

The long stone corridors are covered with bearskin rugs. On the left the drawing-room, half-oak panelled, half old silk, has comfortable chairs mixed with stylized Louis pieces. A huge sideboard on the main wall holds the wines.

The dining-room has plum-colored tapestries and carpets, and the five windows open on to the terrace and sloping lawn.

The library on the left is one of the most comfortable rooms, and contains an easy chintz-covered sofa, a big open fireplace, a Louis writing desk, and a radio set.

It was in the smaller salon immediately on the right of the entrance hall that the Duke and Mrs. Warfield met on their reunion.

This room, panelled in oak and red silk tapestry and masses of hot-house flowers, looks down a fine sweep of lawn to a long meadow, a lily pond and a wood with trees specially cut to give a view of an ancient viaduct.

Mrs. Warfield has had a bedroom in the left wing. It is comfortable, large, but unpretentious, and by no means a "suite."

English Servants

THE servants are English, except for an American maid and a French chef. In a district where the food and wine are among the best in France, the household naturally produces excellent meals.

The wedding created intense excitement in the district.

Every hotel, pension, or cafe had been hired by the Press of Britain, France, America, and Australia. Even private telephones had been rented, and all the rooms in two small hotels had been engaged for two months by an American news agency.

The marriage certificate of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor is No. 10 in the official register. No. 9 was given to a local farmer and dress-maker, who were married a few days ago.

Queen of Sport Holds Court at Home



SWEET Nancy Wynne, these charming "shots" portray. World tennis hope at some not distant day.



YOU SEE her here, with story book "neath bow. Not just as Omar said, but quite know!



A CUP of tea to keep out winter's chill. Bonzo, her pet, lies close, and very still.



THE DAY runs on, she's off in her cream car. The out-of-doors always for our young star.



Next pleasant task, a letter to a friend. Her news, in cheery words, is swiftly penned.



THEN practice on the court to keep her fit. And note the firm, two-handed racquet grip.

Nancye Collects Many Titles

MISS NANCYE WYNNE, the subject of these pictures, is the brilliant 20-year-old Victorian tennis champion who holds seven Australian and State titles. A Melbourne stenographer, she is confidently hailed by experts as a future world champion.

She has tripped all round Australia picking up tennis titles, which include the Australian singles and doubles championships, City of Perth singles and mixed doubles, Victorian doubles championship, N.S.W. singles and doubles, South Australian singles and mixed doubles, Queensland singles—a splendid achievement for this charming queen of the court.

Australia, disappointed in the failure of our Davis Cup team this year, may gain some consolation from the knowledge that in women's tennis, anyway, we are cultivating a reserve of brilliant players like Nancye Wynne to carry the national banner in future international games.



Succeeded by a walk, up hill, down dale, And that's the end of this enchanting tale.

MILLIONAIRESS on De Luxe HONEYMOON

From Our London Office. By Air Mail.

An American millionairess is now on a de luxe honeymoon in Europe with 52 trunks and wooden cases, a pair of Rolls-Royce cars, and thirty gallons of "special American water."

SHE is the 33-year-old Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, formerly Mrs. Camillo Aldao, and before that Mrs. Lorraine Manville Gould.

When her cargo of trunks, bags and cases reached Southampton on the Queen Mary, Mrs. Dresselhuys' secretary spent over half a day on the wharf convincing Customs officers that all Madame's furs, dresses and shoes and things were more than a year old. This was for the purpose of assessing duty.

Even so, £45 duty had to be paid on odds and ends. "The bits of luggage contain only the personal effects of Mrs. Dresselhuys and a few things belonging to her servants," remarked the secretary.

The thirty gallons of American water were tucked away for Madame's arrival. She will use it for hair washing because "Mrs. Dresselhuys refuses to wash her hair in English water." She objects to the chalk in it.

When the present supply of American water is exhausted she will send for more.

Madame has never hesitated to "send for" things she requires. Last autumn, while in Germany, she sent to London for a hairdresser because the Germans' way failed to please.

This resulted in the hairdresser making week-end flights to the Continent at £10 a time. Madame was pleased.

Mrs. Dresselhuys is honeymooning in Europe with the millionaire Dutch husband whom she married last month in New York.

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Great Relief obtained with IODEX. "My little daughter," writes a mother, "had an attack of Tonsillitis and Swollen Glands. Iodex gave great relief from the first application, and in a few days the swelling was completely gone. Iodex has far greater penetrating powers than ordinary tincture of iodine, which enables it to get right to the seat of the inflammation. Iodex has the additional advantages of being stainless and painless—it will not irritate or blister.

Keep a jar of Iodex (No-Stain Iodine) always on hand. It is a standard treatment used and recommended by doctors throughout the world. Your chemist sells Iodex at 2/- per jar. In all cases which do not quickly respond to First Aid treatment with Iodex, you should see your Doctor.

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes - and lovelier haired girls should possess the natural fair volume of the hair and emphasize the beautiful beaming quality. Brunettes - should use Amami No. 1, which contains the right proportion of pure Egyptian henna to bring out the natural glands which make dark hair so attractive. Containing Lemon Rinse & Rosemary Tea



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Get a tube of Forhan's to-day. Use it night and morning. Remember that the expense of using Forhan's is a saving ultimately.

Forhan's for the gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., specialist in mouth diseases for a period of 26 years. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhoea Astringent, widely used by the dental profession for combating gum disorders.

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Kolynos removes all unsightly stains and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action, or unnecessary

abrasion. Special ingredients, contained only in Kolynos, actually kill harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Kolynos is best used on a DRY tooth brush. Try it. Get a tube to-day.



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SKIN DISEASES

CHEMIST'S BRILLIANT DISCOVERY SUCCEEDS IN CASES CONSIDERED HOPELESS

Prated everywhere over the Radio and in the Press, the marvelous new treatment for Skin Diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known Bondi chemist, has, according to reports, effected amazing recoveries from long-standing skin complaints. Hundreds of letters from patients all over Australia praise Mr. Diamond's skill. Typical cases are those of a police detective who suffered for years with an apparently incurable septic sore-throat; a well-known wrestler who had wasted pounds in unsuccessfully treating an infected leg rash; and a young sister whose hoopy rash (dermatitis) was cured within a few days after years of other treatments.

N.E.W. (Maitland, N.E.W.) says:—"The treatment you sent me for eczema has been wonderful. My complaint resisted the treatment of Chemists and Doctors for several years, but after a month of your course, it disappeared. This was almost



MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

two years ago, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble."

M.M.C.M. (Hondri) says:—"I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me. A fortnight ago I had a septic finger, which caused me untold agony and many sleepless nights. I was recommended to use your treatment by a gentleman you had already cured, and I am now thankful to say that my finger has quite healed. What makes this treatment more remarkable is that you cured my finger without even seeing me. You may use this testimonial in any way you desire."

C.L. writes:—"I am writing this to express my sincere and grateful thanks to you for your treatment, which completely cured my hand. I had been suffering from 'Tinea' for years on the hand, and I am pleased to say that a few applications of your remedy completely cured me. That was two years ago—since then it has not re-occurred."

Skin complaints successfully treated, both personally and by post, include: eczema, pruritis, scabies, under-nail, ulcers, ringworm, dandruff, acne, boils, pimples, pruritis, varicose veins, and other irritating and disturbing diseases. Every treatment is personal, and readers afflicted are advised to write for free diagnosis to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, 257/259, Ball Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.E.W.

RUNAWAY Match

Continued from Page 5

"O. H. well, there's no sense in arguing about it," replied Mr. Morley, finishing his ale, and getting up. "They have compelled us to clope, and there's an end to it. I had best tell them to have the horses put to at once, I think. We have no time to lose."

Miss Paradise agreed to it, and engaged to be in readiness to resume the journey by the time Mr. Morley had paid the reckoning and seen a fresh team harnessed to the chaise. He went out, and she was left to drink the last of her coffee. To tie on her becoming hat once more and to straighten her tucker. This did not take long. She was ready before her swain, and was about to saily forth into the yard when the sound of a carriage being driven fast down the street made her run to the window.

It was not, however, a post-chaise, and no such dreaded sight as Sir John Paradise's face met her alarmed gaze. Instead, she saw a curricie and four driven by a gentleman in a very modish dress of dark blue with gold buttons. He wore a gold-laced tricorn on his own unpowdered hair, and a fringed cravat thrust through a gold buttonhole.

A surtout with four laps on each side hung negligently open over his dress, and on his feet he had a pair of very highly polished top boots. He was looking straight ahead, and so did not see Miss Paradise peeping at him over the short blind.

She had a glimpse of a straight, rather haughty profile as the curricie

"But he is not in the least like Sir Joseph!" said Miss Paradise numbly. "He is quite handsome."

"What in the world has that to do with it?" demanded Mr. Morley.

Miss Paradise turned scarlet. "Nothing at all!" she replied. "Whoever he is like he is odious. Willing to fulfil—But I never dreamed that he would follow us!"

At this moment the door was opened again, and a pleasant, slightly drawing voice said:

"So I have caught you, my children? I thought I might," and the gentleman in the modish surtout walked into the room.

He paused on the threshold and raised his quizzing-glass. Miss Paradise, who had retreated to Mr. Morley's side, blushed, and gave him back stare for stare.

"But I must humbly beg my apologies," said the newcomer, a faintly quizzical smile in his grey eyes. "I seem to have intruded. Madam—"

"Yes," said Miss Paradise. "You have intruded, Sir Roland!"

"The quizzical smile lingered; one eyebrow went up.

"Now, I wonder how you knew me?" murmured the gentleman.

"I am well aware that you must be Sir Roland Sale," said Miss Paradise, "but I do not know you, and I do not desire to know you."

Sir Roland laughed suddenly and shut the door.

"But are you not being a trifle

How Hollywood Changed a Typist



FOUR MONTHS AGO Margaret Tallicher (above) was a typist in a Hollywood film studio. She was spotted, trained and glamorized as at right. Now, after an important role with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in "A Star Was Born," she has been given a contract by Selznick International.



passed the window; then the horses were checked, and the equipage swung round under the archway into the courtyard.

"Bab," gasped Mr. Morley, who had entered the room behind her. "We are overtaken!"

Miss Paradise gave a shriek and dropped her muff.

"Mercy on me! Not papa?"

"No, I don't know who it can be, but a man has this instant driven into the yard—"

"Yes, yes, I saw him. But what in the world can he have to do with us."

"I tell you I don't know, but he asked the landlord if he had seen anything of a young lady and gentleman. I did not wait for more, as you may imagine. What are we to do? Who in thunder can he be?"

A premonition had seized Miss Paradise. She took a step back, clasping her hands together in great agitation.

"Good heavens, Rupert! Could it be—Sir Roland?" Mr. Morley stared at her.

"Siale! It can't be! How should he know of our elopement?"

"Papa must have brought him back with him last night. Oh, this is dreadful! I declare I am ready to stink!"

Mr. Morley squared his shoulders. "Well, if he is Sale, he shan't take you back, Bab. He has to reckon with me now."

haaty?" he inquired. "Why don't you desire to know me?"

"I imagine you must know very well!" said Miss Paradise.

"Indeed I don't!" said Sir Roland. He came farther into the room, and laid his hat and his elegant fringed gloves down on the table. He looked thoughtfully from one flushed countenance to the other, and said in a tone of amusement: "Is it possible that you are running away from me?"

"Certainly not!" said Miss Paradise. "But I think it only proper to tell you, sir, that this is the gentleman I am going to marry."

Mr. Morley tried to think of something dignified to add to this pronouncement, but, under that ironic, not unkindly gaze, only succeeded in clearing his throat and turning redder than ever.

Sir Roland slid one hand into his pocket and drew out a snuff-box.

"But how romantic!" he remarked. "Do, pray, present me!"

Mr. Morley took a step forward. "You must have guessed, sir, that my name is Morley. Miss Paradise has been promised to me these dozen years."

Sir Roland bowed and offered his snuff-box.

"I felicitate you," he said. "But what part do I play in this charming—er—idyll?"

Please turn to Page 35



THE BASIS OF BEAUTY

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Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home. Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moones's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moones's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, anti-septic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

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Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

RUNAWAY Match

"NONE!" replied

Continued from Page 34

Miss Paradise. Sir Roland, his snuff having been waved aside by Mr. Morley, took a pinch and held it to one nostril. Then he lobbed his box with an expert flick of the finger and put it away again.

"I hesitate to contradict you, Miss Paradise," he said, "but I cannot allow myself to be thrust into the role of a mere onlooker."

Miss Paradise replied, not quite so beligerently:

"I dare say you think you have a right to interfere, but you need not think that I will go back with you, for I won't!"

Mr. Morley, feeling himself elbowed out of the discussion, said with some asperity:

"I wish you will leave this to me, Bab! Pray, do be quiet a moment!"

"Why should I be quiet?" demanded Miss Paradise. "It is quite my own affair!"

"You always think you can manage everything," said Mr. Morley. "But this is between men!"

"What nonsense!" said Miss Paradise scornfully. "Pray, whom does he want to marry, you or me?"

"Lord, Bab, if you're going to talk like a fool I shall be sorry I ever said I'd elope with you!"

"Well, I'm sorry now!" said Miss Paradise instantly.

Mr. Morley cast her a withering glance and turned once more to Sir Roland.

"Sir, no doubt you are armed with Sir John Paradise's authority, but—"

"Let me set your mind at rest at once," interposed Sir Roland. "I am here quite on my own authority."

"Well, sir! Well, in that case—"

Miss Paradise entered into the conversation again.

"You can't pretend that you cared as much as that!" she said impetuously. "You could not have wanted to marry me so very much when you had never so much as set eyes on me!"

"Of course not," agreed Sir Roland. "Until I set eyes on you I had not the least desire to marry you."

"Then why did you write that odious letter to papa?" asked Miss Paradise reasonably.

"I never write odious letters," replied Sir Roland calmly.

"I dare say you may think it very civil and obliging of you," said Miss Paradise; "but for my part I have a very poor notion of a man allowing his marriage to be arranged for him, and when it comes to writing that you are willing to fulfil your—your obligations—"

A muscle quivered at the corner of Sir Roland's mouth.

"Did I write that?" he asked.

"You must know you did!"

"I am quite sure I wrote no such thing," he said.

"Well, what did you write?" she demanded.

HE walked forward till he stood quite close to her and held out his hand. He said, looking down at her:

"Does it signify what I wrote? After all, I had not seen you then. Now that we are acquainted I promise you I will not write or say anything to give you a disgust of me."

She looked at him uncertainly. Even though his fine mouth was perfectly grave his eyes held a smile which one could hardly withstand. A little color stole into her cheeks; the dimple peeped again; she put her hand shyly into his, and said:

"Well, perhaps it does not signify so very much. But I am going to marry Mr. Morley, you know. That was all arranged between us years ago."

Sir Roland still kept her hand clasped in his. "Do you never change your mind, Miss Paradise?" he asked.

Mr. Morley, who had begun in the presence of this polished gentleman to feel himself a mere schoolboy, interrupted at this moment and said hotly: "Sir, I deny any right in you to interfere in Miss Paradise's affairs! She is under my protection, and will shortly be my wife. Bab, come with me! We should press on at once."

"I suppose we should," agreed Miss Paradise rather forlornly.

Mr. Morley strode up to her and caught her wrist. Until the arrival of Sir Roland he had been regarding his approaching nuptials with mixed feelings, but to submit to a stranger's intervention, and to see his prospective bride in danger of being swayed by the undeniable charm of a man older and far more at his ease than he was himself,

was a little too much for him to stomach. There was a somewhat fiery light in his eyes as he said: "Bab, you are promised to me! You know you are!"

Miss Paradise raised her eyes to Sir Roland's face. "It is quite true," she said with a faint sigh. "I am promised to him and one must keep one's word, you know."

"Bab!" said Mr. Morley sternly. "You wanted to elope with me! It was your notion! Good heavens, you could not turn back now and go meekly home!"

"No, of course I couldn't," said Miss Paradise, roused by this speech. "I never heard of anything so flat!"

"I knew you would never fail!" said Mr. Morley, casting a triumphant look at Sir Roland. "Let us be on our way immediately."

Sir Roland flicked a grain of snuff from his wide cuff. "Not so fast, Mr. Morley," he said. "I warned you, did I not, that I could not allow myself to be thrust into the role of mere onlooker?"

Mr. Morley's eyes flashed. "You have no right to interfere, sir!"

"My dear young man," said Sir Roland, "anyone has the right to do what he can to prevent two—er— young people from committing an act of the most unbecomingly folly. You will not take Miss Paradise to Gretna to-day—or, in fact, any other day."

There was a note of steel in the drawing voice. Miss Paradise, realising that the adventure was becoming even more romantic than she had bargained for, clasped her hands in her muff and waited breathlessly.

Please turn to Page 36

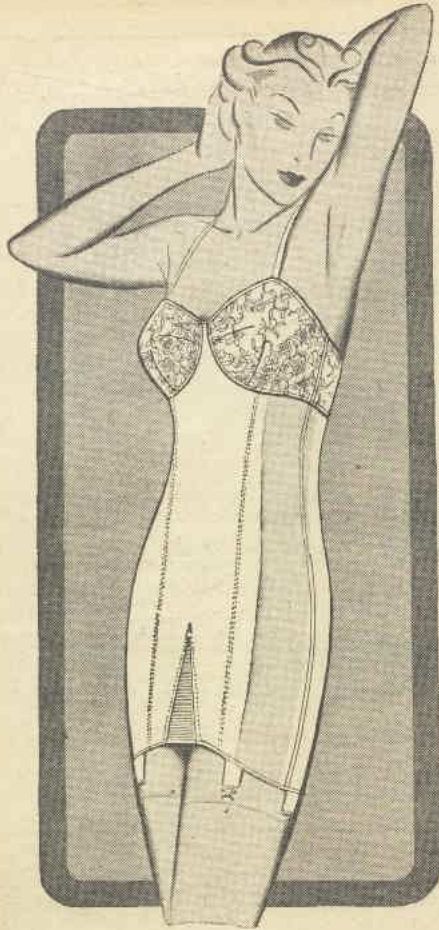
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RUNAWAY Match

Continued from Page 35

MR. MORLEY laid a hand on his sword-hilt. "Oh?" he said. "Indeed, sir?"

Sir Roland, observing the gesture, raised his brows in some amusement.

Mr. Morley said through his teeth: "We shall do better to continue our discussion outside, sir, I believe."

Miss Paradise caught her muff up to her chin, and over it looked impudently at Sir Roland. He was not attending to her; he seemed to be considering Mr. Morley. After a moment he said slowly: "You are a little impetuous, are you not?"

"Sir," said Mr. Morley dramatically, "if you want Bab you must fight for her!"

Miss Paradise's mouth formed an "O" of mingled alarm and admiration.

There was a slight pause. Then Sir Roland smiled and said: "Well, you have plenty of courage, at all events. I am perfectly prepared to fight for her."

"Then follow me, sir, if you please!" said Mr. Morley, striding to the door.

Miss Paradise gave a cry and sprang after him. "Oh, Rupert, no!"

She was intercepted by Sir Roland, who laid a detaining hand on her arm. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Paradise," he said.

Miss Paradise said in an urgent undertone: "Oh, please don't! He can't fight you! He is only a boy, Sir Roland!"

Mr. Morley, who was plainly enjoying himself at last, shut the door upon Miss Paradise, and demanded to know whether Sir Roland preferred swords or pistols. When Sir Roland unhesitatingly chose swords he bowed, and said that he believed there was a garden behind the inn which would serve their purpose.

He was right; there was a garden with a small shrubby screening part of it from the house. Sir Roland followed Mr. Morley there and took off his coat and tossed it on to a wooden seat. "This is very irregular, you know," he remarked, sitting down on the bench to pull off his boots. "Are you very set on

"Yes, I am," declared Morley, removing his sword-belt. "A pretty fellow I should be if I gave Bab—Miss Paradise—up to you for the mere asking!"

Sir Roland drew his sword from its sheath and bent the slender blade between his hands. "You would be a still prettier fellow if you carried her off to Gretna," he said dryly.

Mr. Morley colored. "Well, I never wanted to elope," he said defensively. "It was all your doing that we were forced to!"

SIR ROLAND got up from the bench in his leisurely way, and stood waiting with his sword-point lightly resting on the ground. Mr. Morley rolled up his sleeves, picked up his weapon, and announced that he was ready.

He had, of course, been taught to fence, and was by no means a dull pupil; but within ten seconds of engaging he was brought to a realisation of the vast difference that lay between a friendly bout with foils and a duel with naked blades. He tried hard to remember all he had been taught, but the pace Sir Roland set was alarmingly swift, and made him feel abjectly helpless and clumsy. It was all he could do to parry that flickering sword-point; several times he knew he had been too slow, and almost shut his eyes in the expectation of being run through. But, somehow, he always did seem to succeed in parrying the fatal lunge just in time, and once he managed to press Sir Roland hard with an attack in a high line. He was very soon dripping with sweat and quite out of breath, fighting gamely but with thudding pulses, and with a paralysing sensation of being pretty much at his opponent's mercy. And then, just as he had miraculously parried a thrust in seconds, Sir Roland executed a totally unexpected volte, and the next instant Mr. Morley's sword was torn from his grasp and he had flung up his hands instinctively to guard his face.

"Mr. Morley," said Sir Roland, breathing a little fast, "do you acknowledge yourself worsted?"

Mr. Morley, sobbing for breath, could only nod.

"Then let us rejoin Miss Para-

dise," said Sir Roland, giving him back his sword.

He moved towards the bench and began to pull on his boots again. Mr. Morley presently followed his example, crestfallen and very much out of countenance.

"I suppose," said Mr. Morley disconsolately, "you could have killed me if you had chosen?"

"Yes, certainly I could; but then, you see, I am a very good swordsman," said Sir Roland, smiling. "Don't look so downcast. I think, one day, you may be a very good swordsman, too."

Considerably cheered, Mr. Morley followed him back to the inn parlor. Miss Paradise, who was looking pale and frightened, sprang up at their entrance and gave a gasp of relief.

"Oh, you haven't killed each other!" she cried thankfully.

"No; it was much too fine a morning for anything of that nature," said Sir Roland. "Instead, we have decided that it will be best if I take you back to your papa, Miss Paradise. These Gretna marriages are not quite the thing you know."

Miss Paradise seemed undecided, and looked towards Mr. Morley for support.

"We shall have to give it up, Bab," he said gloomily.

Miss Paradise sighed.

"I suppose we shall, though it does seem horridly flax to go home without any adventure at all."

"Well, I've fought my first duel," pointed out Mr. Morley.

"Yes, but I haven't done anything!" objected Miss Paradise.

"On the contrary," put in Sir Roland tactfully, "you were the whole cause of the duel."

"So I was!" said Miss Paradise, brightening. She gave Sir Roland one of her frank smiles. "You are not at all what I thought you would be," she confided. "I didn't suppose you were the sort of person who would come after us—so romantically!"

SIR ROLAND looked down at her with a rueful twinkle in his eyes.

"Miss Paradise, I must make a confession I did not come after you."

"You did not? But—but what was I to do?" she asked, considerably astonished.

"I came to meet my sister and my young brother," said Sir Roland.

"Sister! Brother!" echoed Miss Paradise. "I did not know you had any. How can this be? Did you not see my father last night? There must be some mistake!"

"I have never met your father in my life," said Sir Roland.

Light broke in on Mr. Morley. He cried out:

"Oh, good heavens! Are you Sir Roland Sale?"

"No," said the other. "I am only one Phillip Devereux, who got up early to meet his sister on the last stage of her return from Scotland, and stumbled upon an adventure."

Miss Paradise gave a choked cry. "Oh, how could you?" she said, in a suffocating voice.

Mr. Morley, quite pale with excitement, waved her aside.

"Not—not the Devereux?" he faltered. "Not—oh, not Viscount Devereux of Frensham?"

"Well, yes, I am afraid so," replied his lordship apologetically. "Bab!" ejaculated Mr. Morley. "Do you hear that? I have actually crossed swords with one of the first swordsmen in Europe! Only think of it!"

Miss Paradise showed no desire to think of it. She turned her head away.

The viscount said: "Do you think you could go and see what has been done with your chaise and my curicle, Mr. Morley?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Mr. Morley. "I'll go now, shall I?"

"If you please," said his lordship, his eyes on Miss Paradise's profile. He waited until the door was shut behind Mr. Morley, and then said gently: "Forgive me, Miss Paradise!"

"You let me say—you let me believe you were the man papa says is going to marry me, and I—"

She stopped, for he had taken her hands and was looking down at her in a way that made her heart beat suddenly fast.

"I haven't the least idea what papa will say, but I can assure you that I am the man who is going to marry you," said his lordship, with complete composure.

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Influenza must always be taken seriously, because it definitely affects the heart and leaves its victims much lowered in vitality and prone to other serious illnesses. When flu gets you—go right to bed, take a saline purge, put a hot water bottle to the feet, and to the chest and back apply WAWN'S WONDER WOOL, pinned or stitched to the undergarments.

The diet should be light and nourishing, remain in bed till the temperature is down to normal and the danger is over. WAWN'S WONDER WOOL brings speedy relief, eliminates the danger of dread effects, and shortens the period of inactivity. Be wise, be prepared—never be without

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What Women Are Doing

Will Study Overseas

MARGARET AND SHEILA GASQUOINE, of Melbourne, who are accompanying their parents to England this week, will continue their studies overseas.

Margaret, who organised the League of Health and Beauty in Melbourne, when she arrived two years ago, will probably take up a course when she reaches London, and Sheila, who has just started massage at Melbourne University, will continue her studies.

Country Calls at Holiday Time

MISS LILLIAN MURPHY, who is a member of the staff of the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Clinic, Brisbane, received her training at the Mater Public Hospital, South Brisbane.

When she first started there were 23 trainees, now there are over 100. Miss Murphy is a Queensland, and lived all her life on the Downs. After she completed training she did a good deal of private nursing, and for a number of years conducted her own private hospital at Clifton.

When she has holidays she makes for the country and spends most of the day on horseback. She is an ardent reader and fond of knitting.

Gave Recital on Sydney Town Hall Organ

MISS MURIEL JEAVONS, of Sydney, who recently gave an organ recital on the Sydney Town Hall organ, fifth biggest organ in the world, is one of the few women, and possibly the youngest in Australia, who can claim to have mastery over all types of organ, from pipe to Wur-litter. She has played every large organ in Sydney.



Miss Jeavons has been studying the organ for five years, and has her own electric two-manual, four-pedal organ. In addition, she is an accomplished pianist, and has been studying singing for two years.

Junior Victoria League

THE Junior Branch of the Victoria League in Brisbane has something to live up to.

When the president, Lady Wilson, left for England she sent members farewell messages to "carry on." This they are doing with great results. Their bridge party last week was a big success. Perhaps friends were inspired to attend when they knew the proceeds were for monuments for the graves of our veterans. Hard work seems to agree with convenor Dell Mullin, who received great support from Molly Waddell, Mrs. Ken Wetherell, and Nita Peterson.

Exhibits From All Parts of the State

ONE of the busiest people in Melbourne this week is Miss Marjorie Strong, secretary of the Handicrafts and Home Industries section of the Country Women's Association of Victoria. Miss Strong was secretary of one of the branches before she took her present position, so knows a good deal about the work. It is certainly a full-time job all the year round, as the association has 255 branches and a membership of 13,000.

This week the interest of the entire membership centres on Melbourne Town Hall where the annual exhibition is being held from June 7 to 11. Exhibits have come from all corners of the State.

For Lonely Visitors in a Big City

MISS MABEL DUNNINGS has organised a Travellers' Personal Service in conjunction with the Book and Bridge Club, Sydney. She aims to make travellers feel at home in Sydney and to supply them with all sorts of information that they are unable to get if they have no friends to advise them.

Arrangements can be made to have all correspondence sent to the office, personal escorts will be arranged, advice given about reliable laundries, cleaners, beauty culturists, and in fact any type of business establishment that a traveller may require the services of. Theatre tickets will be procured, and sight-seeing tours and suitable clothing suggested.

Women Police Increase in Number Overseas

WOMEN police in all parts of the world have justified their appointment, with the result that their numbers are gradually, though slowly, increasing.

In France two women police assistants have been appointed at Versailles. The Police Prefect of Paris has publicly recognised the excellent work done by the women police assistants in the French capital. But when asked by one of the Town Councillors, M. Massard, to increase their number, the reply was that in the face of the limited funds available male constables had to be appointed first.

In England Dr. Eleanor Reece has been appointed as a divisional police surgeon. She is the first medical woman to hold such a post, and will be chiefly occupied in watching over the health of London's policemen, who number 75 at present.

In Poland, it has been found desirable to enlarge the uniformed women police force. With a view to this, a five months' training course for women who wish to enter the police service was organised last autumn. The "Femme Polonaise" states that the recent experiment of entrusting policewomen with the care of abandoned, truant and delinquent children has proved very successful.

Has Written Some Additional Compositions

MISS MIRIAM HYDE, the South Australian pianist, now living in Sydney, and Miss Helen Bainton, daughter of the Director of the Sydney Conservatorium, spend many hours practising together. They have appeared together recently at concerts given by the Killara Music Club, and the Darling Point-Edgecliff Music Club.

Miss Hyde, who already has many musical compositions to her credit, has written several additional things since living in the eastern State. One of these, "The Poplar Avenue," was inspired by the avenue of those stately trees in Pittroy Gardens, Melbourne.

Young Melbourne Pianist On the Air

LIKE her teacher, Marshall Sumner, Viva Holgate Clarke, the young Melbourne pianist whose broadcast recitals from National stations have attracted favorable attention from eminent critics, is a disciple of the Alexander Raab school of piano-forte playing.

She won the Alexander Raab scholarship presented by Marshall Sumner some time ago.

Marshall Sumner and Vera Bradford pioneered this particular technique in Australia after studying under Alexander Raab in America.

Apart from them Miss Clarke is the only other exponent of it in this country.



Miss Clarke.

Women's Conference in France This Month

THE National Council of Women of France is organising a conference on "Women's Activities," to be held from June 27 to June 30, on the occasion of the big International Exhibition, "Arts and technique in Modern Life."

Women, representing the various professions and branches of social work, are members of the various sub-committees organising the conference. They propose to present the different aspects of women's activities in commerce, industry, agriculture, science, education, medicine, law and political economy, arts and letters, the Press, wireless, theatre, cinematograph, public and private employment, travel, sport, social and family life.

Now Have Home Of Their Own

MRS. H. BENNETT, formerly Sister Huxley, of Brisbane, is hon. secretary of the Queensland Returned Sisters' sub-branch of the R.S.S.I.A. She was on active nursing service for four years, and before her marriage she was with the Repatriation Department. The branch was formed three years ago. Its main object is service to returned men and sisters.

Mrs. Bennett is enthusiastic about what will be accomplished this year. Members are delighted to be able to carry out their work in a room of their own, for previously they have only had a borrowed room.

At the end of last year 150 was raised towards the proposed Home for Aged ex-Service Men.

Acts As Secretary To Her Father

VERY versatile is Miss Olga Philippoff, daughter of Mr. Alexander Philippoff, personal representative of Colonel de Basil for the ballet company at present in Sydney on their second visit, and Mrs. Philippoff.

Miss Philippoff acts as her father's secretary and interpreter. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Philippoff does not speak any other language but his native Russian.

While in New Zealand Miss Philippoff visited Mr. Cook, where she displayed her prowess on skis. While in Sydney she has little time for outside interests, as she is kept in the office most of the day dealing with the involved and exacting affairs of the company, which comprises so many nationalities.

Entertained Many Distinguished Guests

MRS. LINDA LITTLEJOHN, the well-known Sydney feminist, gathered together an exceptionally interesting group of women at a party she gave at the Forum Club, London, recently, in honor of Dame Enid Lyons.

The guests were Dr. Maud Roydon, the well-known preacher, Lady Game, Vera Brittain and Helen Simpson, the novelists, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Prof. Winifred Cullis of London University (who visited Australia last year), Mrs. Rama Raw, a beautiful Indian woman who has done a great deal to improve conditions for women in her country, Miss Pleton-Turbeville, the "minority report" member of the commission appointed to inquire into slavery in China, Mrs. Littlejohn's sister, Miss Teece, Mrs. Kenneth Davies, wife of a distinguished English M.P., and Mrs. Stanley Hamp, whose husband has been given the big task of designing the rebuilding of the Adelphi Theatre.

Matron of Ceduna Hospital

SISTER F. DOWLING, of the Bush Church Aid Society, who has been matron of the Ceduna Hospital, on the coast, 500 miles west of Adelaide, for the last five years, recently passed through Melbourne on her way back to work after furlough in Sydney.

The hospital, which began with two beds and one sister back in 1925, now has five sisters, one probationer and a cook, and last January the townspeople opened a new brick building with 15 beds, and modern equipment.

Two doctors, Dr. E. W. Gibson, and his wife, Dr. F. E. Gibson, attend the hospital.

Now there is another hospital at Penong, and soon another will be opened at Cook, which is about 300 miles from Port Augusta and 250 from Kalgoorlie.

When these hospitals are all in working order they will be linked by wireless and by plane. The doctor at Ceduna and perhaps a nurse from the hospital there will be able to fly from place to place as they are needed. The pilot will be the B.C.A. Society missioner.

Sister Dowling is very proud of Ceduna Hospital, and hopes that an X-ray plant will soon be added to its equipment. She is also anxious to see a special room for the use of aborigines of the district, who so far have to be treated in their own huts.

To Appear in "As You Like It"

THE prospect of playing Rosalind in "As You Like It," to be produced by the National Theatre Movement, in the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, for four nights and a matinee commencing on June 19, has no fears for Miss Irene Mitchell.

Miss Mitchell, who looks fine in Rosalind's boyish apparel, is an accomplished actress. Ever since she won an interstate championship for dramatic work at the South Street competitions, Ballarat, a few years ago, she has been acting in one way and another.

She is a life member of the Melbourne Little Theatre, with which she has played many parts, and joined the Savoy Players for a time as a professional. She is now playing Duchess of Kent in the "Victoria of England" series, at present on the air.

Library For Remote Bush Schools in N.S.W.

THE N.S.W. Bush Book Club and the Victoria League in Sydney are commemorating the Coronation by instituting a library for remote bush schools of the State. Their aim is to send 25 books to any schools which apply. Already almost £100 is in hand for the purchase of books, and gifts of suitable literature are being received by the secretary, Miss Beulah Bolton.

A Great Worker For Charity

MRS. KIERNAN, wife of Mr. E. L. Kiernan, M.L.A., is well known in Melbourne for her charitable work.

An accomplished pianist, she is always keenly interested in all musical events, and many of our charities have benefited greatly from her musical parties.

She is one of the prime movers in the Carmelite Monastery appeal, and also on the committee of the appeal for the Grey Sisters.

As president of the Mercy Hospital Ladies' Committee, she is working very hard for the success of the annual ball, to take place at Earl's Court on June 8.



Mrs. E. L. Kiernan.

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Cocktail-proof — lasting — exquisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In six smart shades that you will love.

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ROUGES - NAIL POLISHES L1

END YOUR SOUR STOMACH

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

Sufferers should lose no time in getting a remedy which will not only give immediate relief but treats their stomach trouble in a common-sense way.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of indigestion.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

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MONITION! SAFETY FIRST

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READ THIS PUBLISHED NEWSPAPER REPORT

EXTRACT from
Melb 'ARGUS'
May 20th '37

VARIETY OF A.P.C.
POWDERS

Position in Sydney

Evidence by Chemist

SYDNEY, Wednesday.—"A.P.C. powders sold in Sydney may consist of almost anything," said Mr. Horace Finmore, reader in pharmacy at the University of Sydney, in evidence to-day at the chain stores inquiry.

Mr. Finmore continued that no standard was prescribed in New South Wales for A.P.C. powders. In 1932 he and a lecturer in the Pharmacy Department had examined a number of specimens of A.P.C. powders bought at retail pharmacies, at bookstalls, and from green-grocers and grocers. Most of the powders contained phenacetin and aspirin, two drugs which under the Pure Foods Act must be declared on the label. In many cases the declaration was not made. As a result of the investigating recommendations had been made through the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science that a standard formula for A.P.C. powders be presented. That standard had not been made statutory. In one case a powder labelled A.P.C. was found to contain acetanilide, a poisonous substance. Other powders contained flour. One from Victoria was labelled "A.P.C." in large letters, but the letter "A" stood for amyli or ordinary starch and not for aspirin.

Mr. Justice Browne.—There seems to be a need for standardisation.

Finmore.—Yes, on two grounds. First, because it is dangerous if the manufacture of the powders is not controlled, and second, control is necessary to preserve commercial honesty.

Mr. Biggers (for the Pharmaceutical Society of New South Wales).—Have you heard of an A.P.C. powder which consisted not of aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine, but of aniseed, peppermint, and cinnamon?

Witness.—No, but I have heard it suggested that A.P.C. stands for arsenic, phosphorus, and cyanide. (Laughter.)
The inquiry was adjourned until to-morrow.

"Not Applicable Here"

The chairman of the Public Health Commission (Dr. H. N. Featonby) said last night that Mr. Finmore's remarks were not applicable in Victoria. Powders labelled A.P.C. were recognised by the medical profession as containing aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine citrate, and when the public bought such powders they expected to receive those drugs. In the Australasian Pharmaceutical Formulary, which was in force in Victoria, A.P.C. was defined as containing those drugs. Last year the commission had successfully prosecuted a manufacturer in the County Court for having infringed the formula. He had sold a powder which contained aspirin and caffeine, but in which the letter "P" stood for "pul, amyli, or powdered common starch."

'ASPRO'

DOES NOT CONTAIN PHENACETIN or CAFFEINE

'ASPRO' is not an A.P.C. preparation. It contains neither Phenacetin nor Caffeine nor any drugs and narcotics. Some Drugs and Narcotics may have a more piercing effect than 'ASPRO' but the risk of dangerous after-effects is too great for general use and their potency is a matter for medical advice. Chemical research is a continuous job in the 'ASPRO' laboratory, but we steadfastly refuse to add to our product anything which would in any way be injurious or cause dangerous after-effects. It has been proved that you take no risk with 'ASPRO' because it is pure and safe. Always have 'ASPRO' ready for any emergency.

'ASPRO' ACCEPTS IN FULLEST MEASURE THE RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PUBLIC OF MAINTAINING PURITY & SAFETY WITH MEDICINE

READ portion of another newspaper report indicated by an arrow at lower right corner of this announcement. This represents the responsibility of any seller of Pharmaceuticals for national sales. The product must be safe for regular use. It is not only necessary to conform to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical profession), it is POSITIVELY ESSENTIAL that a medicine for regular home use MUST be Pure—Reliable—Safe and protective. 'ASPRO' accepts that responsibility to the uttermost, and millions of people of all races throughout the civilised world have proved that 'ASPRO' can be used when required without sacrificing safety on the Altar of RISK. We cannot improve the purity of 'ASPRO.' It is your no-risk medicine.

INVESTIGATION BEING MADE
Health Department Procedure
The Director-General of Health (Dr. E. E. Morris) said to-day that he was making a thorough investigation into A.P.C. powders and other medicines retail at the chain stores inquiry.
Replying to the complaint by Mr. J. Finmore, Reader in Pharmacy at Sydney University, that there was no standard formula for A.P.C. powders, a Health Department official said to-day that medical men had said that a standard formula would be harmful. A standard of purity for A.P.C. powder might be fixed, but unless five grains would be a suitable dose for many people, it would be dangerous. The Director-General said that A.P.C. powders should not be taken unless prescribed by a medical man.

The DIRECTIONS FOR TAKING 'ASPRO' Conform with Pharmaceutical Standard of SAFETY with PURITY

THE MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

Continued from Page 14

"SORRY, sir," said the inspector, quietly, "but at the present juncture that is quite impossible. And now, before I interrogate the other gentlemen, there is one further question. Did either of you two gentlemen hear the sound of a shot?"

"I certainly didn't," said Major Blackton. "but then I was at the far end of the coach."

"I didn't, either." The clergyman glanced at his wife. "Did you, my love?"

She shook her head decidedly. "I heard nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

"Thank you, madam." He beckoned to the young man. "Now, sir, will you tell me what you know of this affair? First—your name."

"Carter—Harry Carter."

"Did you know the dead man?"

"I did," said Carter quietly. "What was his name?"

"Samuel Goldberg."

"Had you spoken to him since leaving London?"

"I had a long talk with him. That's what made it so amazing, because he seemed his usual self when I left his compartment."

The inspector stopped writing and glanced at Standish. Then he looked steadily at Carter.

"Mr. Carter," he said gravely, "it is my duty to say one thing to you. We are investigating a case of murder, and everything points to the fact that the murderer was one of the people who travelled from London in that slip-coach. You need not tell me

anything that might, in certain eventualities, incriminate you."

Carter stared at him in amazement.

"Good heavens!" he burst out at length, "you aren't suggesting that I had anything to do with it?"

"I am suggesting nothing," answered the inspector shortly. "I am merely pointing out your possible future position. And having done so I will now ask you in what way Goldberg's death could affect you? You need not answer if you don't wish to."

"But, of course, I wish to. I've got nothing to hide. I owed him money, and I was wondering whether his suicide—as I then thought it was—would wipe out this debt."

"Had your discussion with him previously concerned this debt?"

"I had," said Carter.

"May I ask how much was the sum involved?"

"A thousand pounds."

Inspector Grantham tapped his teeth with his pencil.

"One final question, Mr. Carter. Did you know that Goldberg was going to travel by this train?"

"I hadn't an idea of it until I found him in the same coach."

The inspector rose and closed his notebook with a snap.

"That is all for the present," he said, and then, for the first time, Ronald spoke.

"I should like to ask you two or three other questions, Mr. Carter. When you had your interview with Goldberg, did you sit by the door?"

"I DID—in the opposite corner to him. By Jove! Now I come to think of it I've left my gloves there?"

"Was the window open?"

Carter thought for a moment. "It was; wide."

"And the door?"

"Shut."

"Now, Mr. Carter. I want you to think carefully. Did he throw a raw egg at you?"

Carter stared at Ronald with a look of utter amazement, which changed to an angry flush.

"Are you trying to be funny? Because, if so, it seems to me neither



BRONISLAW HUBERMAN, famous Polish violinist, the next celebrity to make a concert tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. He will open his Australian season at the Sydney Town Hall on Saturday, June 19.

the time nor the place. A raw egg? Why the devil should he throw one at me?"

"Exactly," said Ronald. "Why the devil should he? Well, Grantham, what do you propose to do now?"

The Inspector, who had frowned slightly at Ronald's last question, again took charge.

"I'm afraid I must request you three gentlemen, and you, too, madam, to remain here for a little while yet. I know, sir, I know about your bound show, but this is even more important. Guard—come with us. And you too, Mr. Standish—if you care to."

We returned to the slip-coach and the guard unlocked the door. Then, leaving him on the platform, we entered the carriage.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Standish?" said the Inspector.

"At the moment, Grantham, remarkably little," said Ronald.

"There are only one or two very strange features about the case. Have you come to any conclusion yourself?"

"Only to the obvious one that Goldberg was murdered by someone who was in this coach."

"And what about the egg?" remarked Ronald thoughtfully.

"Confound the egg!" cried Grantham irritably. "You've got it on the brain."

"I have," agreed Ronald, unperturbed. "But before we go any further, let us examine the compartment thoroughly again."

I watched them from the corridor for ten minutes, and at the end of that time the Inspector came out and joined me.

"Nothing of value; no trace of any weapon."

"And no trace of any more eggs," said Ronald. "Now, don't get angry, Inspector, I'm not fooling. However, perhaps I am over-stressing the point. Where are you off to now?"

Please turn to Page 40



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Then there's **ALL-IN-ONE**, a luxury sheer crinkly crepe with two-way s-l-r-a-f-c-h that gives knee action, and twice the wear of ordinary sheers.

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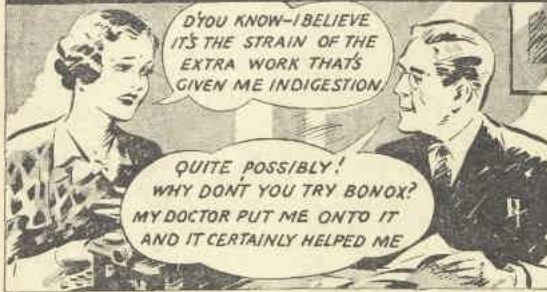
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TYPIST LEARNS ACCOUNTANT'S SECRET



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 PERTH, GIX-WD, every Tues., 8 p.m.

THE MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

Continued from Page 39

"To get on with the case, Mr. Standish," answered the Inspector tersely. "I don't know how or why that egg got there, but I do know that that man was murdered. Almost certainly the murderer flung the weapon out of the window, but it is just possible he did not. So my first move will be to search the baggage of the four people I have detained."

"Splendid," said Ronald quietly. "Have I your permission to wait here a little longer? There are one or two more points I would like to look into, and I will, of course, pass on anything I find to you."

With a faint smile the Inspector departed and Ronald turned to me.

"There's something very rum, Bob—very rum indeed about this affair. Apart from the egg, who shot the window? Did Goldberg, after Carter had left him? Did the murderer, either before or after he'd done it? Or is Carter lying? I don't think he is."

Ronald was talking half to himself.

"To place too much reliance on facts is dangerous, but I don't think he is. His evidence has the ring of truth. And then again—would he have left his gloves here if he'd done it?"

He went back into the compartment and stood staring round.

"Well, old boy," I said, "I admit it's very peculiar, as you say, but it seems to me we've got to accept it as a fact that Goldberg

was in possession of one raw egg. I mean, it isn't likely the murderer came with an egg in one hand and a gun in the other."

Ronald spun round and stared at me.

"Great Scott, Bob," he cried, "I believe—"

He broke off abruptly, and dashed into the next compartment, where he opened and shut the window several times, while I looked on in blank amazement. What on earth there was in my semi-jocular remark that had caused this activity, was beyond me, but I knew better than to ask. And then he returned to the scene of the murder, and kneeling down on the floor by the door he examined the sticky mess of shell and yolk on the carpet.

"Hopeless," he muttered, "hopeless; but—ah!"

He was carefully picking out a piece of shell, which he placed on the seat. The search continued; two other pieces were selected, which, after a further scrutiny, he roughly joined together.

He put the bits of shell into an empty matchbox, as there came the sound of people getting into the carriage.

"Perhaps you're right, Bob; we'll see," he said, slipping the box into his pocket.

Inspector Grantham was coming along the corridor, and with him was a man carrying a small black bag. A doctor obviously, but the thing that struck me at once was the expression of subdued triumph on the inspector's face.

"Here you are, doctor," he said. "And as soon as you've made your preliminary examination I'll have the body moved to a waiting-room."

THEN, as the doctor entered the compartment, he joined us in the corridor.

"I've found the revolver, Mr. Standish," he remarked complacently.

"You have, have you?" said Ronald. "Where?"

"In one of Carter's suit-cases."

"Was it loaded?"

"No, but there was a half-open packet of ammunition. And that's better than your raw egg, I'm thinking."

"How does he account for its being there?" demanded Ronald, ignoring the jibe.

"He doesn't. He simply says he was taking it down to the country with him."

"Which," said Ronald, "is probably the truth."

"Of course it is," agreed the inspector. "Carter admits having had a bad quarrel with him; Carter is in possession of a revolver and ammunition. Moreover, no sign of arms can be found on the other three people concerned. The thing is as plain as a pikestaff."

And I saw that Ronald looked worried.

"Too plain, Grantham," he said. "Altogether too plain. But if you're right there's only one place Carter ought to be sent to, and that's a lunatic asylum. The man must be crazy. Why on earth didn't he throw the gun out of the window?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"Like your raw egg, Mr. Standish, I can't tell you," he remarked. "Well, doctor?"

"Killed instantaneously, of course," said the other, joining us. "If you will have the body removed, Inspector, I will carry on at once."

The inspector bustled off, followed by the doctor, and Ronald turned to me.

"Bad, Bob; dashed bad," he said, and I have seldom seen him look so grave.

"You think Carter did it?" I asked. "I am as certain as I can be of anything that he didn't," he answered quietly. "But on the face of it, Carter's position is about as serious as it could well be."

And so Carter evidently realised. We found him in the custody of a policeman, and the instant he saw us he sprang to his feet.

WHO IS THE 9TH GIRL?



and why is she sought after?

● We all know at least one girl whose charms are never dimmed by "quiet spells. She is always bright, witty, serene and self-possessed—bright-eyed, vivacious and alert—witty and clever in conversation—her spirit never seems to droop!

● Yes! It is easy to tell that "starch" woman who has learned to avoid the dangers of that exhausting pain and tinnitus—the intelligent girl who relies on Myzone!

● There used not to be anything you could do about it. But to-day, already forty-four thousand have found that Myzone's marvelous new "miraculous" active principle can drive all such pain. And even when most severe or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea for drink of water brings complete relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists say this is now the safest way to relieve pain without "doping" themselves. Get a box of Myzone—today!—at every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!



Disfiguring Skin Outbreaks

NOW BANISHED BY NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Skin specialists have now traced the real cause of pimples, blackheads and other complexion imperfections to self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon. Due to inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food waste left over from digestion is not passed out of the body. Instead, it encrusts on the colon walls and there decays. Violent poisons and bacteria, and irritating acids, seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the face, neck and other parts of the body. These poisons break down the "alkaline reserve" of the blood. It becomes "acidic" and in an endeavour to free itself from these poisons (which should have been got rid of through the kidneys and bowels) it forces them through the pores of the skin. This results in open pores, pimples, blotches and other disfiguring and embarrassing facial blemishes.

You cannot clear your complexion of pimples and blotches until you check the cause—self-poisoning. You must remove the decaying encrustations of food waste from the colon walls. Normal bowel movements do not do this—the walls become sluggish. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, as drink warm water and 'Colo-septic' every morning. This simple scientific plan cleanses the colon, tones up the colon walls giving them back their power of normal movement. 'Colo-septic' neutralises acidosis of the blood. With the restoration of blood alkalinity, pimples dry up, open pores close in and the complexion regains its clearness and freshness. 'Colo-septic' also stimulates the action of the kidneys, thus aiding the elimination of body poisons through these natural channels. 'Colo-septic' overcomes those evils of self-poisoning in a simple, revolutionary yet scientific way. Get 'Colo-septic' from your chemist to-day. Individual size, 2/9; Economy size, 5/6.

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- ALWAYS MAKE TEA THIS WAY.**
1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA.
 2. Boil fresh water.
 3. Warm clean teapot.
 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and an extra one for the pot.
 5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea.
 6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

Please turn to Page 43

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Did You Know—

That Margaret Dalrymple is among the most inveterate "walkers-into-town"? She lives at Double Bay and rarely weakens even in the most boisterous weather.

Air-minded Family

ANDREW MACARTHUR ONSLOW was the recipient of many good and farewell wishes at week-end parties prior to his departure this week for England. He intends to take to aerial activities very seriously on the other side. He has been keen on flying for a long time.

Brother Edward has been flying hither and thither since acquiring his pilot's certificate, and, in fact, the whole family is very air-minded.

"Old School Tie"

THE old school tie of the Geelong College will wander in strange countries with Leo Young, the only Australian member travelling off to the other side with the de Basil Company.

Leo, handsome and a fine athlete, was coping with legal tomes when he came over-ballet-minded and decided on an intensive course of lessons with Leon Wolzиковsky.

To join the company he became the ballet master's dresser, but has acquired so much foot dexterity that he is now promoted to the corps. He took part in "Russian Tales," the new ballet for this season, presented on Saturday night.

Ray Moni's marriage to Gurney Sale, of Queensland and Boweral, will take place at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, on June 23. Margaret Wilson and Paddy Moni are to be bridesmaids.

Introduced to Mother

JOANNA TUCKER was presented to her own mother at the Coronation Ball given by the Country Women's Association at Camden on Friday night. Hazel Benness, president of the Camden Younger Set, made the proper introductions, which caused quite a ripple of amusement.

There were five other "debs," Kathleen Hynes, Margaret Summers, Doreen Burnell, Ruth Sidman, and Frances Meagher.

Committee members were very agitated when they heard that the polo was transferred from Cobbitty to Kyeemagh, but their fears were groundless, as a number of players motored parties to the ball at the finish of their day's play.

A very curly coiffure is being affected by Mrs. Eric Sheller. Four flat curls are arranged on her forehead and a further row a little higher on her head.

Red Was Popular

RED was by far the most popular color for the frocks worn at the annual dance arranged by the nursing staff of the Scottish Hospital during the week. Maybe the wearers thought it would lend an air of warmth to the evening, which was distinctly chilly as to temperature but not in geniality. Matron Blackmore played bridge for the greater part of the night, but trod a measure round about supper time.

Mrs. Ben Edye was there wearing a charming ermine cape over a black-and-white ensemble. Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Lovell, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer Holloway, Dr. Hodgson, and Mr. and Mrs. John Charley were among the throng.

Supervising Alterations

HERE is much building activity on Tom a'Beckett's property at Wagga. Tom's fiancée, Hilary Lawrence, is having the time of her life supervising the extensive alterations that are being made to the old homestead. Hilary, you see, is an architect, so is able to propound her views to builders and contractors with the right air of authority.

Cheery Visitor

JEAN DOUGLAS, a cheery visitor from Queensland, has had a fine time up-country, where she was the guest of the Pat Arnotts at Coolah. She attended four picnic race meetings in the district, and spent the rest of the time on horseback, demonstrating how she would win races herself, form and opportunity permitting.

The Colin Greys, of Mosman, will entertain Jean before she makes for the north again.

Imposing Array

GEORG SCHNEEVOIGT, who has swept musical Australia with his inspiring interpretation of famous composers, like all great people, is very modest.

When prevailed upon to wear his marvellous and imposing array of decorations at his last concert in Melbourne the great conductor said: "I do not like to look like one Christmas tree."

But he wore them, and the Order of the White Rose, bestowed on him by his own country, stood out from all the rest, eight in all.



MRS. CHARLES INMAN, of Kent Road, Rose Bay, who will spend the next few months in Queensland. She will stay in her home town, Toowoomba, for part of the time, and also visit Maroochydown, a favorite fishing resort.



Tropical Home

AFTER holidays in Sydney Ken Dalrymple Hay is on board the Malaita en route to his tropical home at Banika, British Solomon Islands. The Malaita hastened to the scene of the recent volcanic upheavals in Rabaul with supplies and medical aid, so Ken will probably be a few days out in his schedule.

His wife, formerly Sylvia Conroy, is staying on a little longer, and motored off to Bathurst last week to be the guest of Mrs. Walter Stack at Mirreewa.

Fewer "Debs"

SEEMS to be something of a falling-off in the Adelaide debutante crop. At the recent University Ball, which is always an important social occasion in the South Australian capital, only four buds made their bow to the Governor and Lady Dugan.

One year that particular ball sported forty-eight, and there has always been a fair number at the other big dances of the season.

Mrs. Josef Roismann, wife of the first violinist of the Budapest Quartet, likes an unusual touch to her dress accessories. A favored belt is of Javanese carved silver, made into square panels joined by links.

Care-free Musicians

THE old-fashioned tradition of solemn and probably long-haired musicians met with a terrible blow at the Jubilee Celebrations of the Musical Association at David Jones' on Monday night. Our best-known artists frolicked in a most care-free fashion, and pianists Frank Hutchens and Lindley Evans went so far as to disport themselves in garments of pale blue and pale pink respectively.

Most sirenous were the hostess duties of Josephine Bell, Marjorie Hesse and Phyllis MacDonald, who entertained one hundred guests. Just imagine introducing them to each other!

From the Far North comes the news of the engagement of Betty Walker, of Torrens Creek, Queensland, and John Rice, of Prairie Vale, in the same district. John's people are well known in the Albury district.

Two Young Matrons

MRS. CLAUDE DONKIN, formerly Bea White, and her husband are motoring to Queensland for the Sale-Moni wedding this month. The visitors will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Earwaker at Wooloowin station.

Mrs. Donkin was bridesmaid to her hostess a few short years ago, so the young matrons will have much to chat about on sunny mornings on wide verandahs. She has to make the acquaintance, too, of young Master Julian Earwaker.

July Wedding

ANNETTE POWER, of Meibourne, who makes so many trips to Sydney with her mother, and who recently announced her engagement to Frank Lambe, of this city, is planning a July wedding. A trip to Europe is scheduled for a honeymoon tour.

Frank is connected with the immense Vestey interests, and it is on a ship belonging to this firm that the travellers will leave for the other side.

The Dowager Lady Swaythling, well known in Sydney, wore a white gown and white fox furs to receive guests at a recent reception of overseas visitors at Dartmouth House, headquarters of the English Speaking Union.

On the Move

THE Rogerson family, of Pikedale, Stanthorpe, are very much on the move. Mrs. Rogerson is in town and has a flat at Park Lane Mansions. Her elder daughter, Mrs. Norman Pope, and granddaughter Joan are at Manly, and bachelor son John, who invariably comes down to the Hotel Australia for all the big doings in Sydney, has gone off on world-wide travels. His journeys will take him to America coming and going.

Have You Noticed—

The very lovely earrings worn by Mrs. Spencer Holloway? They were made in Venice and are diamond in shape, with these gems radiating from an inner circle.

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(It's the thread all experts use!)

100 YARDS REELS
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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Why Not a Clinic for Bringing Up Baby Jockeys?

By BETTY GEE

Of course you've heard about the shortage of good lightweight jockeys, the babies who are to succeed Messrs. Munro, Bartle, McCarten, and Co. when they retire!

The A.J.C. is really worried about it, but it takes a girl to think of a way out. What about a clinic for baby jockeys?

CATCH them young is my idea. Well, it isn't my idea really. I got it from the Truby King articles on bringing up baby. Why can't we have a clinic for bringing up baby jockeys?

It seems a good idea to me. Now, what would the clinic look like? Let me construct it for you. It would be a nice airy room papered with £1000 cheques of jockeys winning fees, just as a sort of encouragement to the youngsters.

There would be soft radio music interspersed with hints on reducing—there's nothing like getting in early—and little rocking horses for the baby burdie jockeys to learn the gentle art of falling off at the right moment.

Yes, something's got to be done. Everybody's been talk-

ing about the shortage of apprentice jockeys and lightweight riders. Suggestions have been made about raising the limit from 6st. 7lb. to 7st. 7lb. so that there'd be enough riders to go round in a field where the handicapper weighted 15 horses at 6.7.

Well, of course, I suppose that's all ethical. But I've never seen them short of a jockey yet.

At least I've never seen them start a race with one horse or more lacking a jockey, because they couldn't get riders for them, so I suppose they must get them from somewhere.

It would be real funny, though, wouldn't it, if they were without a jockey, and the owner insisted on starting his horse, jockey or no jockey, and then ran him without a rider? And what would they do if he won?

Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, you came to look over the baby-jockey clinic, didn't you. Yes, I drop into reminiscence sometimes. But excuse me.

Getting "Atmosphere"

WHOSER picture is that? Oh, that's Billy Duncan, a Victorian jockey. Merely a post-impressionist. We didn't raise him here, you know. Self-made, and not modelled on our pattern at all. Not at all. Won a couple of Melbourne Cups on Peter Pan and Nightwatch, but he had no style. Oh, no, not one of ours.

Our idea is, of course, to bring them quickly through the elementary stages. A jockey doesn't become apprenticed until he is 14 years old. Getting on in years then, you know.

Here you see them acquiring the atmosphere. That old horse there doesn't mind. They climb his legs, but what does he care? Those little toddlers creep all over him when he lies down for a snatch of sleep. It's real funny to see them when he suddenly gets up. Drop off like hail, or hang on like grim death. That shows us the type of jockeys they are going to be.

This is the Turkish Bath. Nobody under 3½ years allowed in here.

Here's the smoking room, and that's a cocktail bar. There's the Daily Telegraph "Turf Guide" Library. Nobody under five permitted within those precincts. We put them through their educational tests there. ABC? No. Form Guide tests.

Who are they? Oh, that's just some of the youths playing handball. It won't be long before they submit to the stewards' riding tests to become apprentices under the Racing Rules.

Jockeys Ready Made

THE what? Oh, the beards? Oh, yes, we let them grow beards, and moustaches. Well, if we didn't they'd get up to some other mischief, you know. Boys will be men. Yes, they're the next batch ready for race-riding. They ride in impromptu races at Randwick—sort of track gallops with the colors up and all, and started by the barrier—and if they come through all right they get their pass from the Stipes.

Oh, yes, they shave off their whiskers before then, but they're still as old in the head, without the trimmings.

Yes, there they all go. The finished product. Each with his own set of wasting methods, 10,000 cigarettes each, a bank-



BETTY GEE advocates a clinic for baby jockeys, and suggests that they be taken out daily for an airing.

ing account simply yawning for entries, and an Argus eye that can see a winning mount 50 miles off.

We turn out a crop of them every year. Little old men, ready-made, with the wisdom of Solomon, and the shrivelled physique of Nebuchadnezzar.

There's a lot to be said for a clinic for baby jockeys. Every good English stable has a man, a sort of overseer, to rear its crop of apprentices. In Australia it's left to women. And you see the result. The only good Baby Apprentice Jockey we've had since Jimmy Munro 15 years ago is little Maxie Papworth.

Good-bye To RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, & GOUT



I have a simple but WONDERFUL PRODUCT for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a grain nor medicine, but a tropical plant called **MEVEVA**. A serum is made of the tiny leaf which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FAST! AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all parts of the world have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of MEVEVA each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the ure acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

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THE MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

Continued from Page 40

"LOOK here, sir," he cried to Ronald, "I don't know who you gentlemen are, but I assume you're something to do with the police. Well, all I can tell you is that I swear before Heaven I had no more to do with the death of Samuel Goldberg than you had. I often take a revolver with me when I go down to stay with my uncle. I'm a very keen shot, and putting at rabbits is marvellous practice."

"I believe you, Carter," said Ronald, holding out his hand. "But there's no good blinding yourself to the fact that a combination of circumstances has put you in a very awkward corner."

Carter's expression, which had cleared at Ronald's first words, clouded again.

The inspector was coming along the platform with a puzzled frown. "Well, Mr. Carter," he said, "I must apologise."

"What do you mean?" Carter almost shouted.

"The bullet doesn't fit your revolver."

For a moment or two there was dead silence. Then Ronald stepped up to Carter and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Congratulations," he said. "Well out of a nasty position."

"Thanks," said Carter quietly. "I don't want to go through an-



"MANY A golfer has been credited with a perfect lie, but we can't say as much for the fisherman."

other half-hour like that again. I don't blame you in the slightest degree, Inspector; it must have looked a cert to you. But you can imagine my feelings, knowing I hadn't done it."

"I apologise again," said the Inspector. "But, dash it," he burst out, "who did? Well, it will be a question of searching the line till we find the revolver that that bullet does fit."

"You never will," remarked Ronald, lighting a cigarette.

"Why not?" demanded Grantham.

"Because it isn't there."

"I suppose you're going to tell me next that Goldberg wasn't shot at all," said the Inspector sarcastically.

"No, not that. But once again I am going to suggest to you that you consider in all its aspects the extraordinary phenomenon of the raw egg."

"Any other points?" asked the Inspector, impressed in spite of himself.

"Two," said Ronald. "First—the strange fact that the window was open when Carter's interview with Goldberg finished, and was shut when the body was found. Second—that Carter is certainly not the only person in the world who owes Goldberg money."

"Dash it!" exploded Grantham. "I believe you know who did it."

"No, I don't," said Ronald emphatically. "Moreover, it is quite possible I never shall. But we'll see."

Once again congratulations, Carter, on a lucky escape. If that bullet had fitted your gun you would have been in the soup. Come on, Bob: here's our train coming. I've just got time to ask the guard of the express one question.

And the only remark he made to me the whole way up to London added considerably to my mental confusion.

"Well done, Bob," he said. "You solved it in masterly fashion."

"I solved it!" I spluttered.

"Of course you did, old boy. When you said the murderer had an egg in one hand and a revolver in the other."

For the next few days I did not see him at all. The newspapers, naturally, were full of the case, and interviews were published with all four of the other occupants of the carriage. In fact, "The Mystery of the Slip-Coach" appealed immensely to the man in the street, owing to the strange circumstances of the crime.

"You mark my words," said a man one day to me, "young Carter did it, and he's a mighty deep 'un. Shall I tell you how? He had a second revolver. D'you get me? The gun he shot Goldberg with he bunged out of the window, leaving the other one to be found."

The trouble was that in spite of an army of searchers no trace of another gun could be found.

Another source of information from which the police had hoped to derive some help proved of no assistance. The people in the other train, who had first seen the body, could say nothing which threw any more light on matters.

And then one morning I got a phone message from Ronald, asking me to go round to his rooms. He was not in when I got there, but, somewhat to my surprise, I found Inspector Grantham.

"Morning, Mr. Miller," he said gloomily. "I hope Mr. Standish has found out something, for this case isn't doing me any good."

"I know he doesn't think it was Carter," I said.

"Then who could it have been?" he cried. "But I can't arrest him. We haven't a shred of evidence. If only we could find the gun it was done with."

The door opened and Ronald entered.

"COME in, Mr. Meredith," he said, nodding to us. "Here are the other two gentlemen who I know will be interested in our little venture."

A morose-looking individual entered as he was speaking, who contemplated us suspiciously.

"You remember, Bob," Ronald went on, "our ideas about a chicken farm. Well—I've found the very spot, and Mr. Meredith is quite willing to sell."

"Give me my figure, and you can have it to-morrow," said the newcomer. "Not that it isn't a good proposition: it is. But I haven't the money to run it. I'll have a drop of Scotch, thank you."

I glanced at the Inspector as Ronald filled a glass, but his face was impassive. Only the faintest of winks showed that he realised something was up, but I knew he was as much in the dark as I was.

"Here's how," said Meredith, and drained his drink. "Well, gentlemen, do we talk business?"

"No time like the present," said Ronald cheerfully, ringing the bell. "Take away that empty glass, will you, Sayers," he told his man, "and bring in some more clean ones. Now, Mr. Meredith, I understand Hatchways is for sale, and that the price you are asking is fifteen hundred pounds?"

"That is correct," agreed the other, his eyes sparkling greedily. "And it is not mortgaged or encumbered in any way?"

"No: the property is quite clear," the door opened, and Sayers came in carrying some more glasses. And as he put them down I saw him nod to Ronald.

"Have you had to borrow any money on the place, Mr. Meredith?" continued Ronald.

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Standish, but I don't see that that has anything to do with you," said Meredith truculently.

"You didn't borrow, for instance, from Samuel Goldberg, who has recently been murdered?"

Meredith gave me unaccountable start. Then he pulled himself together.

"Never heard of the man till I saw his death in the paper."

"Strange," said Ronald quietly. "He was a complete stranger to you, maybe?"

"Absolute."

Please turn to Page 44



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promotes smooth, natural bowel action and completely relieves constipation. You will have no difficulty in persuading even the most sensitive child to take NYAL FIGSEN. It acts softly, yet it never over acts. NYAL FIGSEN should have a permanent place in every medicine chest because it is as good for adults as it is for children. NYAL FIGSEN — the medically approved laxative — is sold by all chemists at 1/3d. a tin.

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NYAL FIGSEN

THE MYSTERY of the SLIP-COACH

Continued from Page 43

"**T**HEN why, Meredith, did you throw that egg through his open window in the Downwater express as his carriage came level with yours?"

Meredith lurched to his feet and tried to bluster. But there was sick fear in his face and Grantham moved towards the door.

"It's a cursed lie," he said thickly.

"Oh no, it isn't," answered Ronald sternly. "On the shell of the egg you threw are fingerprints; on the glass you've just drunk from are fingerprints. And those fingerprints are identical. There's your man, Grantham. He murdered Samuel Goldberg by shooting him through the head from the other train."

For a moment there was silence, and then with a roar of rage Meredith whipped a revolver out of his pocket. But he was too late. Grantham was on him like a flash.

"And that is the gun, inspector," continued Ronald calmly, "that I told you you would not find on the permanent way."

"I wish to Heaven you'd elucide, old boy," I said a few minutes later, "for it's the smartest thing I've ever known."

Ronald filled his pipe thoughtfully.

"You may remember, Bob," he said, "that after your illuminating remark I went into the next compartment and started monkeying about with the window. Now, there are two main types of fittings in trains. The more common has a long strap, and with that sort, when the strap has been pulled to the full extent, an outward push on the bottom of the window is necessary to keep it shut. The other type has no strap, but a slot in the top sash which, when pulled up to the full extent, automatically remains there. And that was the type used in the slip-coach."

"You may also remember how I harped on the raw egg. I could not place it, Bob; every instinct in me rebelled against the thought that Goldberg carried one raw egg with him. Then you made the remark about the murderer carrying it. Once again it was incredible if the murderer was in the carriage. He wouldn't come in, plaster an egg on the door, and then shoot Goldberg. But, supposing the murderer hadn't been in the carriage—what then? For a considerable time another train had been running parallel with the express, and at about the same speed. Supposing a man in that other train had seen Goldberg sitting in his compartment, and to attract his attention had thrown an egg through the open window, what would be Goldberg's reaction? He would get up to shut the window, to prevent more eggs following. Supposing that then the egg-thrower shot him through the brain. Now you and I have seen men killed instantaneously in France, and if you cast your mind back you will remember that quite a number threw up their arms and fell backwards. What would have happened if Goldberg's fingers had been in the notch of the window? Just what did happen in this case; he shut the window with his last convulsive jerk, thereby making it appear impossible for him to have been shot from anywhere except inside the carriage, which was, of course, an incredible piece of luck for the murderer."

"So on that hypothesis I started. You heard me say to Grantham that I might never find the man who did it, and but for luck which now turned against him I never should have. My starting point, naturally, was the other train and its occupants. Now the last station at which it had stopped, before the murder had been committed, was Peddington, so there I repaired. I made inquiries with the utmost caution, because it was essential that nothing should get into the papers if we weren't going to alarm our bird, whoever he was. And after talking to the stationmaster and getting in touch with the guard of the train, facts began to accumulate, though it was a slow business.

"The first thing I found out was that the train was comparatively empty—so empty that the guard

was able to ascertain how many compartments had only one occupant. There were only three to his certain knowledge; one with a woman, two each with a man. More than that he could not say, except that the woman was very old.

"**N**OW came the wearisome search. I eliminated the woman, and concentrated on the men. I went to every station after Peddington at which the train stopped, and got in touch with ticket collectors. It was still an absolute toss-up if I could spot my man. If it was someone carrying a few eggs in a paper bag it was hopeless. And then came an astounding stroke of luck. The collector at Marlinham—four stations beyond Peddington—remembered a man who got out there with a basket of eggs and who asked the way to some farm.

"Bob, I was getting warm. Off to the farm I went, and found that a man called Meredith, who owned a chicken farm called Hatchways, not far from Peddington itself, had been there. And now I knew I'd got him. You remember the letters on the broken 'shell'—'atch' and 'ways.' He was my bird, but he was still a long way from the net."

"So back to Peddington, where I posed as a man with a certain amount of money who was interested in chicken farming. And I soon met Master Meredith, who thought he had found a sucker. Further inquiries revealed the fact that he was in bad financial straits, and was only too ready to sell. Further inquiries also revealed the very significant and unusual fact that he always carried a Colt revolver in his pocket wherever he went—a habit, he said, he got into while out west. So I staged the little performance this morning. Marshall, from the Yard, the fingerprint expert, and Meredith saw the chance of getting rid of the man to whom he owed money in such a way that no suspicion could fall on him. And when Goldberg shut the window as he died, Meredith must have thought himself absolutely safe. Which," he concluded, "he would have been if he'd thrown a banana and not an egg."

(Copyright).



MY LUCKY ACCIDENT

"Quite by accident I recently made a wonderful discovery. It happened like this. For years I have suffered from sleeplessness. Hour after hour I used to lie awake, tossing from side to side. Sleep just wouldn't come. Then one day after a tooth extraction, my dentist gave me two Esterin Tablets. I went home, and to my amazement, enjoyed a perfect night's rest. Even after an unnerving tooth extraction, my nerves were steadied. I was soon sound asleep."

This is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from users of Nyal Esterin. Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervous unrest, pain, or mental disturbance—troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly, because it acts directly on these nerve centres. It contains a newly developed ingredient, Esterin Compound, which calms the nerves and soothes away pain. Your chemist sells and recommends Nyal Esterin. 1/3d. tin. Now obtainable in large size, containing 30 tablets at 2/- per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Esterin to The Nyal Company, 433DD, Glebe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
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ADDRESS _____ W.W.12/9/37

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

CREATE SOURNESS, GAS AND PAIN. HOW TO TREAT.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sour, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any chemist some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.



MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather or Foul
From Morning to Night

You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips... stays with you through dining, dancing and sports... comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing. Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping... helps to make mouths lovely. Avoid imitations.

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry
SIZES:—Large—Popular.

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel's soft compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating water-proof Michel cosmétique.



Which Type Are You?

By EVELYN

Try these styles of coiffure and make-up if you are like one of these beauties



A BLONDE, the fresh, English type, equally at home out-of-doors, on the tennis court, or in the ballroom. Make the most of your type by preserving a glowing freshness. Shampoo your hair frequently. Avoid strong colors for make-up; use a rose rouge and lipstick and light cream powder.



A MEDIUM brunette with good features, but a rather sallow complexion. Choose a warm, lively make-up. Deep cream powder with a pink tint, bright lipstick, medium rouge, brown eye-shadow. Hair should be neat and glossy, dressed in little curls and waves close to head.



SWEET SEVENTEEN and a rather roguish Peter Pan type. Wear your hair in a youthful style, with soft curls and a bang. Use a light almond or rose lotion powder foundation, no rouge—let your natural color show through, rachel powder, and soft, mid-rose lipstick. For evening a brighter lipstick and blue eye-shadow.



IF A YOUNG modern—blonde, sophisticated, like above, you can wear a fairly strong make-up, deep peach powder, vivid lipstick, a little mandarin rouge and blue or green eye-shadow. Keep your hair smooth in soft, loose waves that follow the contour of the head.



ABOVE: If the serene, poised type with brown hair, clear skin and clear-cut features, emphasise your charm with a neat, but sophisticated, coiffure, smooth on top, brushed backwards off the face in close curls or waves. Use deep cream powder, very little rouge, medium lipstick with orange tint, and brown eye-shadow.

LEFT: A little brown mouse type—petite and dark. You can be gay with your make-up. Use deep cream powder with ochre tint, raspberry-red lipstick, and little raspberry rouge, blue or brown eye-shadow. Dress your hair simply, and use a henna rinse when shampooing to give it warm glints.



Popular

Have You Found this Secret of Popularity?
 . . . Sunny Hair that Friends Admire

NOW the fame of this "professional" way to wash hair has spread from Hollywood! . . . You, too, will be delighted at the new silky-clean appearance of your hair after a single shampoo with this luxurious "cocoanut foam."

You feel the difference instantly its rich, active lather starts to foam through your hair . . . And you see the difference in the way your waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp, and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress.

Colinated Shampoo is specially created to achieve that real "beauty-salon" cleansing . . . to completely dissolve, and carry off in one quick rinse, every trace of dust, dandruff, scalp acid and oily-film . . . And to give hair that vital, rich sheen.

• BLONDES — This new-style Colinated reveals true gold tints—prevents "straw."

• BRUNETTES — Discover pretty new highlights.

Enough for 14 shampoos in each bottle.

All Chemists, and at Toilet Counters.

★ Now—Treat Your Hair to a "professional" BEAUTY-WASH



COOKERY Competition for all HOUSEWIVES

Prizes For Best Recipes

If you have a really good recipe, why not enter it in our weekly recipe competition?

FIRST prize awarded each week is £1, while consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every other recipe published.

Here are the prize-winning recipes for this week:

HARLEQUIN PUDDING

Two cups self-raising flour, 4oz. almonds blanched and finely chopped, 1 cup brown sugar, juice of half a lemon, 1 teaspoon salt, milk to mix, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 large cooking apples peeled and finely chopped.

Sift flour and salt into a basin, add sufficient milk to make a nice smooth dough, turn on to floured board, roll lightly and cut into pieces to fill an 8-inch tin. Grease pan with melted butter, place a layer of paste in pan and brush over with melted butter. Have ready in a basin the almonds, raisins, apples, sugar, and lemon juice. Put layer of this mixture on the paste and cover with another layer of paste, brush over with melted butter and continue until all the paste is used. Brush top layer with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven about 45 minutes. Serve hot with custard sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. S. Batley, Canaga, via Chinchilla, Qld.

SPICED MUTTON

One pound leg chops, 4oz. celery, 1oz. dripping, 1 teaspoon chutney, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint stock, 4oz. onions, 1/2 teaspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon allspice, 1oz. ground rice, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1 tablespoon sultanas.

Cut meat into neat pieces and sprinkle with spices. Brown meat and onions in hot fat. Add ground rice and stir well.

Add gradually the liquid and celery. Simmer slowly till tender, about an hour and a half. Halt an hour before serving and add salt. Five minutes before serving add chutney.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakkelo, 29 Herbert St., St. Plymouth, S.A.

CAKE PASTRY

Three tablespoons sugar, 1lb. butter, 1 egg, 1 cup flour (self-raising) to which pinch of salt has been added.

Cream sugar and butter; add egg, then sift in flour. A little more flour may be added if not quite firm enough to roll. Place on well-floured board and roll out thinly. Cut into circles and make any of the following:

Walnut biscuits: Place pastry on well-greased tin slices and cook in hot oven for 15 minutes. When cool, jam with jam. Spread icing on top, and place walnut in centre.

Mushrooms: Cook pastry in patty tin, also pieces of scrap pastry cut to represent stalks. When cool, place 1/2 teaspoon jam in centre of tart, cover with butter icing or muck cream (tinted a pale pink), place stalk in centre. Sprinkle coconut round edge of icing.

Custard Tarts: Cook pastry in patty tin, first placing a teaspoon of jam in centre and covering with a dessertspoon of the following mixture:

One cup coconut, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg. Mix all together.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Hazel Martin, 15 Morrison Rd., Gladsville, N.S.W.

OX-TAIL MOULD

One ox tail, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 onion, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1/2 teaspoon mixed herbs, a few cloves, a little flour, pepper, and salt.

Trim fat from ox tail and cut into joints. Put butter in saucepan and shake over fire until light brown. Drop ox tail lightly in flour, put in butter, and cook for 10 minutes. Add a little water, the vinegar, onion, cloves, herbs, pepper, and

salt. The liquid should just cover the meat. Add more water as it boils away. Reduce heat, and let simmer till meat leaves the bones. Remove bones, butter a mould and line with slices of hard-boiled egg. Put in meat and as much stock as mould will hold. Let cool. Turn out like a jelly and serve with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Amy Gravenmaker, Kaloora, Brundah St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

MOCK BRAIN FRITTERS

One tablespoon dripping, 1 cup rolled oats, 2 cups water, a little chopped onion, lemon juice, pepper and salt.

Fry onion in dripping, add boiling water, then oats, boil 20 minutes, spread in a dish to cool, cut into squares, and roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Squeeze on a little lemon juice and fry a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. James Jack, c/o. Post Office, Denmark, W.A.

TOPHEN TOTTE

Three eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, 1lb. cream cheese, short paste, vanilla, white breadcrumbs.

Roll out paste 1/2-inch thick, and line bottom of a round high cast tin; sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Pass cream cheese through sieve, cream yolks of three eggs with sugar and beat 15 minutes. Have to taste. Stir cheese into egg mixture. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour this mixture on to pastry to reach half-way up the tin; cover top with a trella of paste. Bake 45 minutes. Serve tepid; just before sending to the table, sprinkle with sifted icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to A. K. Fisher, 5 Princess Avenue, Malvern East, Vic.

GOBLIN TRIFLE

Left-over rice pudding, cold custard sauce, "hundreds and thousands," strawberry jam, cream, and a few ratafias.

Allow 2 tablespoons of rice pudding, 2 teaspoons jam, 1 gill custard sauce, 2 ratafias per person.

Place a layer of jam on bottom of a glass dish. Spread rice pudding on top, then pour custard over. When set, cover with whipped cream and decorate with ratafias and "hundreds and thousands," or, if preferred, chopped nuts and cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Barry, 41 Mavro St., Benteleigh, Vic.



If YOU have a special recipe that you love to make, send it in to us. It may win a cash prize for you, and prove of interest to other housewives.

THIS WEEK

PINEAPPLE RECIPES

Here are six delightful ways of serving that luscious tropical fruit, pineapple—each one different and all to be highly recommended.

Each week in this section our cookery expert selects a special subject from readers' recipes and a prize of 2/6 is awarded for each recipe published.

So send in your favorite now. It may be worth 2/6 to you!

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

One teaspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 egg whites.

Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons of water. Boil remaining water for few minutes with sugar. The juice and pulp of pineapple should be scalded. Add some gelatine to hot syrup and stir until dissolved. Add pineapple juice and crushed fruit, and allow to cool. Add lemon juice, pour into a basin and chill thoroughly—about half an hour. Remove from refrigerator, and beat until light and frothy. Return to refrigerator, and freeze one hour. Then add unbeaten egg whites and beat mixture until very light. Put back into refrigerator until ready to serve.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Howard, care 215 King William St., Adelaide.

PINEAPPLE TRIFLE

Eight sponge fingers, 1oz. crystallized cherries, 5oz. ratafias, 1 pineapple, 2oz. marshmallows, 1/2 cup of custard, cream.

Split cakes in half and spread with apricot or raspberry jam. Cut in equal-sized slices and place in bottom of a glass dish. Moisten with sherry or fruit juice. Now pour over all the cold custard (previously made and set to cool). Arrange sliced pineapple on top, ratafias around edge of dish. Cover with layer of slightly beaten cream and decorate with cherries and marshmallows.

2/6 to Mrs. M. McDougall, 138 Karrabin Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE SHORT CAKE AND FILLING

Quarter-pound butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten egg, then sift in self-raising flour. Roll out. Put half in sandwich tin, then put in filling and cover with other half, and bake in moderate oven for one hour.

Filling: Beat 1 1/2 tablespoons of butter, 1 1/2

tablespoons sugar, add 1 1/2 tablespoons milk gradually, then add one dessertspoon boiling water. Beat this well for a few minutes, then add 1 grated pineapple, free of juice, and beat before putting on cake.

2/6 to Mrs. L. P. Harris, Barter St., Gympie, Qld.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE PUDDING

One tin pineapple, 1 pkt. pineapple jelly, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 pint milk.

Strain juice off pineapple, add enough water to make 1/2 pint, boil and pour over jelly and stir till dissolved. Make a custard with milk, egg yolks, and sugar, adding 1 teaspoon cornflour to prevent curdling. Put jelly and custard aside to cool.

Cut pineapple into small pieces. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat jelly and custard together (when cool), then add all to pineapple, stirring well. Cover and leave in tin chest or refrigerator overnight. This makes sufficient for 8 people.

2/6 to Miss L. McPhan, Kaulwal P.O., via Wyong, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE PIE

One pineapple, 1/2 cup stoned prunes, 4oz. sugar, cornflour, short paste.

Crush pineapple, cover with water, add prunes, and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Strain and return liquid to fire, thicken with cornflour blended with a little cold water. Cook for a few minutes, then add the cooked prunes and pineapple. When cool, fill pastry shell with mixture and cook in moderate oven till paste is golden brown.

2/6 to Mrs. V. L. Baxter, Flinders St., Monro, Qld.

CRYSTALLIZED PINEAPPLE

Remove hard centre from pineapple, and cut rings into cubes of desired size. Prepare a syrup by boiling 2lb. cane sugar and 1 pint of water. Then put fruit into syrup and boil up. Remove all scum. Take pan from fire, and pour contents into basin. Leave till next day, then pour off syrup and boil till it threads. Pour over the fruit, and allow to stand overnight.

Sprinkle the process for four days, and on the fifth day hold the syrup to the "crack." Dip the fruit into it and drain on a sieve in a warm place. Sprinkle with fine sugar. Pack carefully and keep in a cool, dry place.

2/6 to Mrs. H. White, care 16 Ross St., 3th Brisbane.

Corn Flakes are extra delicious

—that's how
the entire
Symonds
Family votes
in Kellogg's
Blindfold
Test



Votes "Yes"
"CORN FLAKES WILL DO ME."
They're a real man's breakfast with plenty of flavour," says Mr. L. Symonds of 1 Carter Street, as he makes Kellogg's sensational blindfold test with his family.



Votes "YES".
ALWAYS FRESH.
Corn Flakes are extra delicious and that Warrane inner sealed wrapper keeps them always fresh," says Mrs. Symonds.

Nearly every time you pick up a paper you see one of these Kellogg's advertisements showing an Australian family making Kellogg's amazing Blindfold Test. Every person, in each of these families, tastes four breakfast foods whilst blindfolded. Every family to make the test has picked Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Corn Flakes are extra delicious because they are the only flakes made with corn—and corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain. Kellogg's get all this EXTRA RICH flavour into each of those big crackly Corn Flakes. You'll love them.

• Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.



When You ENTERTAIN at Dinner

How to Serve Formal and Informal Meals . . . Menus and Some Useful Recipes

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Dinner parties can be the most delightful affairs. Whether formal or informal, there is a happy intimacy about dining with friends that no other function can rival.



It is no longer necessary to plan an elaborate menu for a dinner party. For family dinners, two or three courses are sufficient; when entertaining friends, four or five are quite enough.

Only in the case of a banquet should you think of serving more than five courses.

There are several points to remember when planning dinner menus.

- (1) Don't start with a cream soup if any dish is to be served with a cream sauce later in the menu.
- (2) Don't begin with grapefruit or melon if you intend to have fruit dessert.
- (3) Don't start with hors d'oeuvre if you have a savory to conclude.
- (4) Serve hot dishes hot, and cold ones cold.
- (5) If the first course is cold, simplify service by having it arranged on the table before dinner is announced.

(6) Do not serve the same or similar food in any two courses. For example, if oyster soup is served do not serve oysters in any other course.

The order of service for a full course dinner is:

- (1) Hors d'oeuvre. (2) Soup. (3) Fish. (4) Entree. (5) Joint or poultry. (6) Savory entremet. (7) Sweets. (8) Cheese entremet. Black coffee, dessert.

Here are some suggested dinner menus. It is not necessary to follow them exactly—they are given more as a guide to help you in compiling your own menus.

Menu 1.

- Oyster Cocktail, Soup Royal, Fish Mousse, Roast Chicken, Sauté Potatoes, Bread sauce, Cauliflower and Sauce, Hot Cabinet Pudding, Wine Sauce, Black Coffee, Cheese and Biscuits.

FOR A SUCCESSFUL dinner party the table appointments and setting must be attractive even if quite simple. The setting above includes cream place mats with glass service in ruby-red and white crystal.

Menu 2.

- Grapefruit, Cream of Asparagus, Scalloped Whitebait, Roast Duck and Orange Salad, Baked Potatoes, Peas, Sheldon Cream, Black Coffee, Cheese Cream.

Menu 3.

- Angels on Horseback, Tapioca Cream Soup, Fish Chesterfield and Anchovy Sauce, Roast Squab and Brown Gravy, Rolls of Bacon, Baked Potatoes, Beans, Chocolate Soufflé and Sauce, Black Coffee, Welsh Rarebit.

Menu 4.

- Bonne Bouche Sardines, Kidney Soup, Steamed Fillets of Whiting and Tartare Sauce, Scallops of Veal a la Louise, Roast Sirloin, Yorkshire Pudding, Baked Potatoes, Peas, Asparagus a la Maitre D'Hotel, Viennoise Pudding and Brandy Sauce, Apple Fleur and Cream, Black Coffee, Cheese Canapes.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Six oysters, 2oz. bacon or ham, 6 rounds bread, anchovy puree, parsley, cayenne, lemon juice. Cut bread and bacon into rounds about 1½ inches across. Wet fry till golden brown, dry fry the bacon. Put oysters on a plate, sprinkle with lemon juice and cayenne. Cover with a plate, place in the oven for a few minutes to plump them. Spread the anchovy puree on each crouton, place round of bacon on, then the oyster on top, sprinkle with very finely-chopped parsley. Serve at once very hot on small plates.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Sixteen oysters, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, lemon juice, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon oyster liquor. Beard the oysters and plump them. Mix sauces, liquor, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Put 4 oysters into each glass, pour over the liquid, three-quarters filling glass. Serve at once.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS

One tin asparagus, 1½ pints white stock, onion, celery, turnip, 2oz. butter, 1½oz. plain flour, 6 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne. Cut tops off asparagus and put aside. Cut stalks into small pieces with other vegetables. Put into saucepan with stock and boil till soft. Rub through fine sieve. Melt butter in clean saucepan. Add flour. Stir till free from lumps. Cook for 1 minute, add puree, and stir till it

boils. Add cream or milk, salt and cayenne. Heat the tops in boiling water, drain, and place in soup bowls. Pour hot soup over and serve at once.

STEAMED FISH AND TARTARE SAUCE

Three whiting, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, little water, tartare sauce. Fillet fish, cut in halves, and lay on greased swiss roll tin, add a little water. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Make tartare sauce. When fish is cooked, lift on to a hot dish. Pour sauce over and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once, garnished with slices of lemon.

FISH CHESTERFIELD

Two whiting, 1 pint prawns, 1oz. butter, 1oz. plain flour, 1 gill fish stock, 1 tablespoon cream, salt, cayenne, yolk of egg, 3 tablespoons sherry, parsley, egg-glazing, bread-crumbs, frying fat, tartare sauce, lemon. Fillet fish and wash and dry; lay out flat. Season with lemon, salt, and cayenne. Roll round a piece of potato. Secure with small skewer. Roll in buttered paper. Put sherry and stock into a saucepan, add the fish carefully. Cook slowly for 10 minutes. Lift out and drain. Remove paper and potato. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, stock (in which fish was cooked), add to it the cream, chopped prawns, and yolk of egg. When fish is cold, fill with the mixture, dip in flour and egg-glazing, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain well. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with lemon and friend parsley and the tartare sauce.

TAPIOCA CREAM SOUP

Three pints stock, 2oz. tapioca, salt, cayenne, yolks 2 eggs, 1½ gills milk. Put stock on to boil, then add tapioca and cook slowly till clear. Beat yolks of eggs well, add milk, slightly cool soup and pour gradually on to the egg mixture. Return to a saucepan and reheat without boiling, otherwise the eggs will curdle. Serve in a hot soup tureen.

SHELDON CREAM

One pint thick cream, 1 lemon, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 stale sponge cake. Put cream and sugar in double saucepan and boil for 5 minutes; pour into basin, and, when as cool as new milk, add lemon juice; stir well. Let remain undisturbed till cold. Cut sponge cake into slices ¼ inch thick, place in a glass dish with some of the cream between the slices and plenty over and around, whip a little fresh cream, sweeten and flavor. Garnish with whipped cream, sprinkle with nuts if liked, and chopped cherries. The first part of this dish should be prepared the day before using.

DEVILLED ALMONDS

Half pound Jordan almonds, 1lb. butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 level teaspoon cayenne.

Blanch almonds and dry thoroughly in oven. Melt butter and when hot add almonds, fry till a golden brown, stirring all the time. Drain on paper, then shake in the well-mixed salt and cayenne until thoroughly coated. Serve in small dishes.

Children simply LOVE

this COPHA SPANISH PUDDING



HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE IT

Line a greased basin with short pastry and fill with the following mixture:—
2 ozs. Copha Short Pastry (uncooked);
4 ozs. Cake Crumbs; 2 ozs. Brown Sugar; 2 teaspoons Rum; 4 ozs. Sultanas or Currants; 2 ozs. Candied Peel; 2 ozs. Stewed Dates; 2 ozs. Crystallized Cherries; Pinch Nutmeg; 2 ozs. Pure Copha (melted). Chop the fruit finely and rub all ingredients together to a doughy consistency. The 2 ozs. of uncooked pastry in this mixture holds the fruit, etc., together. Place in the basin, cover with a thin layer of short pastry and boil for one hour.

COPHA

100% VEGETABLE SHORTENING
for all your Cooking

TWO FREE COOKERY BOOKS
Ask your grocer for a copy of the Ask your grocer for a copy of the Ask your grocer for a copy of the Copha Recipe Book—it offers you scores of out-of-the-ordinary recipes—gets a new interest to cooking—Also ask for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Book—it shows you how to cook vegetables without losing any of their health-giving mineral value. If unsatisfiable at your grocer's, these booklets are free and post free from: Copha Department, Box 2001 E.L., G.P.O., Sydney.

SERVING Wines with DINNER

Correct wines to serve with various courses and specific wines for certain dishes.

ALTHOUGH the custom of serving wines with dinner is so old it is lost in antiquity, the Australian wine industry is a comparatively new one.

It has, however, progressed so well and become of such importance in this country that Australian wines now compare most favorably with overseas products. In fact, some of our wines are said to be the best in the world.

This is not surprising after all, for where is there a climate so favorable for growing grapes as in this sunny country, where fruit ripens full, luscious, and rich in juice?

- The correct wines to serve at dinner are:
- Hors d'oeuvre.—Dry sherry cooled to 50 degrees.
 - Oysters.—Chablis, champagne.
 - Soup.—Fruit sherry or Madeira.
 - Turtle Soup.—Madeira.
 - Fish.—Sherry, hock, chablis cooled to 45 deg., Moselle.
 - Entrees.—Claret, not cold, but room temperature.
 - Joints.—Champagne, sparkling hock or sparkling Burgundy.
 - Roast Beef or Mutton.—White or red wine.
 - Pork.—Moselle, chablis.
 - Boiled Mutton.—Burgundy, claret.

Wine Guide in Rhyme

DRINK sherry always with your soup,
And chablis with your fish.
Take claret if the entree's red,
What more could palate wish?
Or if the entree should be white,
Use chablis once again.
With poultry you have sparkling hock,
Or possibly champagne.
With game comes bottled Burgundy,
And you'll feel fine and dandy.
When port you've taken with your sweets,
And with your coffee, brandy.

TEMPERATURES OF WINES

All white wines, still or sparkling, should be cold; i.e. colder than temperature of average cellar. Whenever necessary, place white wine (sparkling or still) in ice pail. Do not leave in too long, and never put ice in the wine.



MEASUREMENTS are taken to obtain the correct width between the eyebrows.

THE WIDTH between the eyebrows should be the same as that between the eyes.

THE VERTICAL distance between corner of brow and eye is also measured.

SHOWING that brows dropped too low at the outer end age and harden the face.



THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Lessons in Make-Up

Some Methods from Hollywood that Will Make You More Beautiful

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

WE have to thank the make-up artists in the film studios for teaching us many of the clever tricks with cosmetics that turn ugly ducklings into beautiful swans.

AFTER years of experimenting, they have made all sorts of interesting discoveries—little tricks that alter the general appearance of the face—clever subterfuges for camouflaging defects and emphasising good points.

At the same time the make-up artist aims to keep his work—facial make-up—as natural looking as possible, both for the screen and for street wear. Although Nature makes few mistakes as far as the face is concerned, Nature can be improved upon. Take the eyebrows, for instance.

A straight end to the eyebrow adds width to the face, while an arched eyebrow helps to enlarge the appearance of a small eye.

Eyebrows that are too heavy over-balance the face. Those that are too thin, especially if they are plucked to a single almost invisible line, give the wearer a silly look.

Eyebrows should be plucked in a line that follows their natural curve and neither too thick nor too thin. They should also be brushed once or twice a day to keep them from straggling.

If you study the pictures on this page you will learn something about Hollywood make-up tricks.

In this case the artist is experimenting with make-up for a young girl, and after showing you some wrong methods then illustrates the correct make-up, not only for this girl, but for all young girls with similar shaped faces and features.

In one picture he shows that a brow dropped too low at the outer end ages and hardens the face.

To determine the correct shape, measurements are made with callipers. Normally the width between the eyes is equal to the length of the eye.

Accordingly, this width between the eyes is used to determine the exact spot right above the inside corner of the eye where the brow should begin.

The width between the brows has been made the same as the width between the eyes.

This means that the space between the eyes, the vertical distance from the inner corner of the eye to the point where the brow begins, and the width between the brows are all of the same measurement.

Height of Arch

THE height of the arch has been determined by taking the distance from the centre of the eye to the nose.

This method used for film work may sound very complicated. Nevertheless, while you would hardly go to the extent of measuring your face with callipers, the method will give you some idea how to determine the proper shape and height of your own brows.

The shape and expression of the mouth can also be altered by skillful make-up.

As the pictures again illustrate the upper lip dropped shorter than the lower lip gives the face a weak expression. A full lower lip and a too broadly spread bow in the upper lip are other faults commonly made by young girls and which give a displeasing expression to the face.

An exaggerated upper lip with the curves of the bow too close together produces dropped lines at the corners of the mouth which add age and hardness to the expression.

The only way to obtain the lines that suits your face best is to experiment. First dip the tip of an orange wood stick in the lipsalve (in a coloring that suits you) and draw the contour of the shape of the mouth you desire. Do this

THE interesting series of pictures on this page, showing the wrong and right methods of applying make-up in the case of a young girl, were specially compiled for The Australian Women's Weekly by one of Hollywood's leading make-up experts, Jack Dawn. His methods aim to flatter the face and yet retain a natural appearance.

ABOVE: Showing make-up correctly applied for a young girl, in this instance, Cecilia Parker, of M.G.M. films.



AN exaggerated upper lip with curves of bow too close together give dropped lines at corners of the mouth, which age the face.



AN upper lip dropped too low with curves widely spaced gives a weak expression.



ANOTHER common fault is making the lower lip too full, which gives a displeasing expression.

Joan Crawford improved her appearance and personality out of sight when she changed her mouth make-up from that of a doll-like curving bow to broad full lines.

Smooth Line-Free Skin QUICKLY



— by rousing that faulty UNDER SKIN

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! But lines, blackheads, blemishes draw criticism! When they come—it's a sign that under your skin glands and cells and fibres are losing vigor. You can rouse them—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. . . Wipe it off! Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that faulty under-skin. Color livens. Skin is smoother. Soon blackheads are fewer. Lines soften. Your skin is firm, young.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Powder goes on beautifully.



Where skin age begins. Tiny glands, cells, fibres underneath make outer skin young or old. When they fail—skin dries, gets lined!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day, with your 10 stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's New Face Powder, Check shade wanted, Rosette (Rosette), Light Cream, Rose Cream (Natural), Salmire (Dull Natural), Rose Blanche (Dull Natural), Dark Rosette (Rosette). P.O. BOX 61X, MELB.

Name _____ Address _____

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2CH—Every Monday, 9 p.m.

4BE-AK—Every Monday, 9 p.m.

6IX-WB—Every Monday, 9 p.m.

Refinement

Evan Williams Shampoo

Australian Agents: R. G. TURNLEY & SON, Melbourne.
Agents for N.S.W.: TURNLEY'S LTD., 48 Market St., Sydney.

PLANNING a Small GARDEN



ONE OF THE MAIN FEATURES of either small or large gardens is a good even lawn. Australian couch is good, buffalo is excellent where the soil is sandy, while English mixed lawns are best in very cold districts where frosts are heavy. In the picture above, Don Ameche, a 20th Century-Fox star, is shown tending the lawn in his garden, one of his favorite occupations.

Grow well-selected roses, gay annuals in season, and a few perennials. And do not forget to find room for our lovely native flowers. —Says THE OLD GARDENER.

MANY young couples who have been married this month, June, the most popular time of the year for weddings, will also be going into new homes and looking forward to planning little gardens.

So this week I want to chat about the general arrangement of a new garden. For small homes a nice lawn should be provided for in the front, with an unconventional winding path up to the house. Have attractive flowering shrubs, a few well-selected roses, a splash of color with annuals in season, a perennial plant here and there.

The back portion can be kept neat with a well-made lawn, too, especially where the drying area is to be. Make a garden bed about three feet wide around the fence, and a similar bed near the back door.

In these beds plant azaleas, hydrangeas, tree begonias, a crataegus and cotoneaster, that give a profusion of red berries, so welcome and attractive during the autumn months when flowers are becoming scarce.

Evergreens
MAKE a point of having an evergreen shrub here and there so that your garden always looks fresh during the winter. Too many deciduous plants give a drab, greasy appearance. A border of violets also helps to brighten the garden with their evergreen foliage.

Always find room around your home surroundings for native flowers. The brown boronia, so heavily and sweetly perfumed, brings a reminder of the Australian bush to your home. The waratah, Christmas bush, native rose, pink boronia, and many other beautiful Australian flowers are worthy of a place in our gardens. Many of us go to a great deal of trouble growing annuals, perennials, trees and shrubs from other countries and neglect our own beautiful native flora.

In the planning of larger gardens, care should be taken to provide for natural settings, winding paths, twisting here and there through the grounds, so placed that one comes onto a charming patch of color unexpectedly.

One of the main features for small gardens is a good even lawn—in large grounds big sweeping lawns with a gradual slope and rise kept perfectly green are lovely.

Best Lawn

THE best lawn is made from Australian couch. For nine months of the year this grass will always look attractive, can be easily kept cut, and never fails to attract.

Many different varieties of grasses have been tried in Australia, but none compares with the couch.

Buffalo serves its purpose, of course, in many places, such as on banks where the soil is very sandy or loose. This type of grass has a tendency to hold the soil together, and for steep banks can very easily be mowed with the scythe. Sandy ground near the seashore also lends itself to the buffalo.

But in very cold districts, for instance, when frosts are very heavy, the English mixed lawn grass seed should be sown. There are several mixtures suitable for different districts on the market.

In making a lawn trench well, and have plenty of manure on hand to mix with the soil when digging. Failing this, a good dressing of blood and bonemeal is beneficial. Superphosphate and blood and bone mixed in equal proportions is a splendid mixture. There is nothing more refreshing to the eye than a well-made lawn with an even, green appearance. A lawn well made in time and labor saved, and the general care and arrangement during the growing period should be thorough.

A final word: Keep weeds down by hand weeding carefully, and see that the lawn has a constant supply of water through the hot weather.

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly every Sunday afternoon at 4.30 from Station 2GB, Sydney.

Stop thinking "I wish I weren't so FAT"

IF UGLY FAT IS SPOILING YOUR LIFE . . . READ THIS:



Thousands of women have written us praising BonKora. They tell us how it has rid them of ugly fat without starving or strenuous exercise. How it has made them feel better, brought them new energy and vitality. How it has made them look years younger, restored their youthful figures, helped them wear dresses many sizes smaller, and brought back new joy in living. You'll start to feel better the day you start the BonKora treatment. Many women have lost 5 pounds the first week. Hundreds have lost from 10 to 60 pounds in one to six months.

NO STARVING!
Eat Plenty of Foods Listed in Package

BonKora is an effective method of reducing in all cases of obesity due to the usual ordinary causes such as a toxic condition, constipation, indigestion in eating or drinking. Remember, nine women out of ten lose fat easily because it is an admitted medical fact that 90 per cent. of the cases of overweight are due to these ordinary causes. Give BonKora a chance to do for you what it has done for thousands of other weight women.

BONKORA and ORANGE JUICE

By taking two teaspoonsful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE three times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly, but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

These photos sent us by Mrs. M. A. Prater (full address on request).

FREE SAMPLE
MAIL THIS COUPON
SCHAEFFER & CO., Box 2082 L,
G.P.O., SYDNEY.
Please send FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.
Name
Address
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 5/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.
W.W. 12/8/37

BONKORA AT ALL CHEMISTS

"ONE ILLNESS ON TOP OF ANOTHER" until he was given Bemax!

Good news for anxious parents of weakly children! A food that really increases children's weight, really gives the protection against coughs and colds, really improves their appetite. There's no need to accept this statement without proof. Here is the proof—one of many letters written by grateful parents.

"I am enclosing a photo of my two-year-old son, as I feel that it is only fair for you to be able to see what a healthy little chap he is, thanks to your wonderful food."

"A year ago he was stricken down with pneumonia, and since then he has had one illness on top of another, including whooping cough. I tried everything possible to build him up, but he kept losing weight until the doctor advised me to put him on Bemax, which I did, and to my delight he gained one and a half pounds in one week, and has gained steadily since, and now tips the scale at 2 st. 7 lbs., and I have never known him to be so contented and good tempered."

"I have recommended it to several of my friends, and they are all delighted with the results."

Why did Bemax help this little boy? Why will it help you and your children? The answer is simple. Bemax gives you Vitamin Vitality, because no other food contains anything like the quantity of Vitamins that Bemax does. That is why you notice such a wonderful improvement soon after taking Bemax. Try a tin to-day.

BEMAX
gives you Vitamin Vitality
From Chemists and Stores.
3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM
Steele
Does it quickly . . . in one operation . . . and more easily than ever. Steele restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.

Pimples invite Blood-Poisoning AND Ugly Skin Diseases

Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. Use this simple unfailling Cuticura treatment to-day—to prevent blood-poisoning, to eradicate the beginnings of a torturing, itching, disfiguring eruption or skin disease.

Cuticura
THE WONDER HEALER AND SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC
KILLS GERMS
DRAWS OUT POISONS
CLEARs THE SKIN

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs and poisonous matter which keep the disease active; it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. Facial pimples and rashes vanish as if by magic.

Austracura
OINTMENT AND SOAP
Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
CUTICURA TALCUM specially medicated with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

Twelve Distinct Herbs

Proven for 70 years

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a Natural Corrective for Disordered Stomachs.

Irritability, Sleeplessness, Nerve Troubles, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation and Loss of Appetite and energy are symptoms of a Stagnant Liver and Disordered Stomach.

Tone up the Liver — restore the Stomach to its normal healthy condition — with a regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup and all your troubles will quickly vanish. Mother Seigel's Syrup has been an unequalled corrective for Stomach and Liver Disorders for more than 70 years. Countless thousands rely solely on this world famous remedy. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts — found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup — which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

SIMPLIFIES HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

Polish the porcelain of your bath-room and kitchen, the brassware of dining-room or lounge, brighten silks and lacers and restore silver to dazzling brilliancy — with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. Your wash is snow-white, your silver and brass are restored to their original lustre. Keep it handy always! And remember it is most economical, being three times the strength of other ammonias.



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

How to Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels, you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost.

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. bottle of Fermint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 4 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. An improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing should become easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., should gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which may often be overcome by this efficacious treatment. If nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh there must be many who whose hearing may be restored by this simple home treatment. Get Fermint from your chemist to-day.

Kill Ugly FAT

WITH

Enjola-Orange Formula

Instead of a fat, ugly figure have an attractive slim one. Wear smart clothes, eat heartily, enjoy life, and feel good — you can do it if you take ENJOLA in Orange Juice. Watch fat go from your body as the AMAZING ENJOLA-Orange Formula melts the cause of overweight. No hybrid, no fruits, just the richest dose of Enjola. Reduce Toxin in a wine glass of Orange Juice and the fat will soon depart. The combination of Enjola with Orange Juice has an amazing tonic effect, enabling this remarkable treatment to burn up 11 pounds. Best of all your new slimness remains. Chemist sell Enjola, 8/6 or 16/6, 7/6 from Enjola's Compound, P.O. Sydney. Enjola SLIMS FAST but SAFE

Trim and Cosy... A KNITTED CARDIGAN

An unusually smart design in an exciting new raised pattern

Made in waistcoat style in front, this cardigan, with its long sleeves and high-fitting neck, would be ideal for cold weather wear.

Materials: 11oz. of 4-ply wool, 2 No. 10 needles, 1 spare needle, 12 wooden button moulds, crochet hook. Measurements: Bust, 35 inches; length to underarm seam, 14 inches; length of sleeve along seam, 18 inches.

Tension: 30 stitches and 40 rows to 4 inches. Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl.

BACK

Commence at lower edge by casting on 114 stitches which should measure 15 inches. Work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 8. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were purl.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

9th Row: K. 2, * p. 2, slip the next 2 stitches onto a spare needle and allow them to lie to the front of work, p. 2, k. the 2 stitches from the spare needle, p. 2, slip the next 2 stitches onto a spare needle and allow them to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the 2 stitches from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: K. 2, p. 4, * k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 6. Repeat from *.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat the 11th and 12th rows 7 times.

17th Row: K. 2, * p. 2, slip the next 2 purl stitches onto a spare needle and allow them to lie to the back of work, k. 2, p. the 2 stitches



KNIT THIS SMART CARDIGAN for cosy wear on colder days. The new raised design is interesting but quite simple to do from the instructions given here.

6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, 27th, 30th, and 32nd rows: Widen by 1 stitch on the centre edge.

38th, 39th and 40th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

Knit 7 rows in pattern.

Increase 1 stitch on the outer edge in the next row and every following 8th row until there are 75 stitches on the needle. When work measures 14 inches, shape armholes.

Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows at armhole edge. Work even until armhole measures 5 inches, cast off 3 stitches at neck edge, and 4 stitches at armhole edge. Repeat these 2 rows 4 times.

Decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 3 rows at neck edge, and continue to cast off 4 stitches at beginning of every row at armhole edge until all stitches have been worked off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the left, reversing the increasing and decreasing and making 10 buttonholes at equal intervals. To make buttonholes knit 6 stitches, cast off 4 stitches, knit in pattern to end.

In the next row cast on the 4 stitches that were cast off in the previous row.

SLEEVES

Commence at lower edge by casting on 60 stitches, knit in the same pattern as the back, increasing 1 stitch each end of the needle in the 10th row and every following 7th row until there are 96 stitches on the needle. When sleeve measures 18 inches shape top, cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 22 stitches remain. Work even on these 22 stitches for 5 inches. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 132 stitches which should measure 17½ inches. Knit 28 rows in pattern.

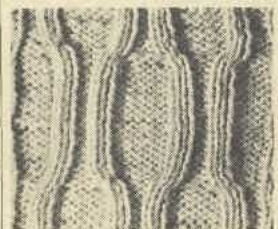
6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, and 28th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on each side.

POCKETS

Cast on 28 stitches which measure 2½ inches. Commencing with the 7th row cast off 2 stitches on each side, until all stitches have been worked off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves, placing seam to seam, sew straight part of sleeve at top to back and front of the shoulders. Stitch cast off edge of collar to neck line, sew on pockets as shown in illustration. Crochet covers for buttons and sew on.



A CLOSE-UP of the raised design used in making the cardigan.

from the spare needle, p. 2, slip the next 2 knit stitches onto a spare needle and allow them to lie to the front of work, p. 2, k. the 2 stitches from the spare needle. Repeat from *.

23rd Row: Same as 2nd row.

24th Row: Same as 1st row.

30th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Repeat the 23rd and 30th rows 3 times, so that you have knit 39 rows.

Now repeat the pattern from the 1st to 36th row.

38th, 39th and 40th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 40th row the back measures 4 inches and the waist has been reached.

Knit 7 rows in pattern. Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the next row, and every following 8th row until there are 132 stitches on the needle. When work measures 14 inches shape armholes.

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 16 rows.

Work until armhole measures 5 inches.

Cast off 4 stitches at the beginning of every row until 28 stitches remain. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

As may be seen in the photograph, the lower part of the centre edge is diagonal. Commence at the lower edge by casting on 54 stitches which should measure 7 inches and work in pattern.



Lovely Lashes.

Perfect Eyebrows.

GROW LASHES AND BROWS IN 30 DAYS

Perfect eyebrows and long, silken eyelashes make all the difference in the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive.

Study YOUR eyes now. Your mirror will show them as they are to-day, yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly pencilled eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eye-Lash Grower.

PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN.

No matter how scant your Eye-lashes, how indistinct your Eye-brows, this Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results Evident in One Week.

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe and in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-Lash Grower will be refunded in full.

All Le Charme preparations are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and beauty salons—Eyelash Grower, 1/6; Eyelash Cosmetic (with brush and comb), black or brown, 4/6; Eyebrow Lash (blue, brown, grey, green, silver-grey), 1/6; Eyebrow pencil (black or brown), 2/6. Or write direct to Box 22111, G.P.O., Sydney, adding 3d. for postage.



Your dress problems answered FREE!



By Madame ELLA BLAU

celebrated Viennese Fashion Expert under engagement to the distributors of

Gutermann's Sewing Silks

EVERY woman has problems in connection with dress. For instance, do you really know what materials, colours or styles will make the most of your personality? Madame Ella Blau has spent years in the study of fashion. She was associated in London with the Queen's dress-maker, Norman Hartnell. She has designed, and made, glamorous gowns for social leaders, theatrical and film stars. Now, this experience is at your disposal. Whatever your problem, Madame Ella Blau will solve it for you in a strictly confidential, personal letter.

Mail Your Problem To-day for Prompt Reply

This advisory service is free. All we ask you to do is to send 6d in stamps, to cover cost of stationery, postage and typing. THIS ALSO ENTITLES YOU TO A FREE MONTHLY COPY OF "THE DRESSMAKER," an exclusive fashion publication. Write to-day, state your age, weight, measurements and colouring. Address your letter, Madame Ella Blau, Bureau of Dress and Personality, 18 York St., Sydney, and enclose 6d in stamps.

Frocks fit better sewn with SILK

Nowadays, when so many frocks are tight-fitting and cut on the bias, it is essential that you choose a pliant sewing thread. As the world's leading dressmakers have proved, pure silk is best. Gutermann's Sewing Silks are the purest you can buy... 54 times as elastic as cotton. Seams sewn with Gutermann's Pure Silk thread retain their shape indefinitely.

For Everything you sew—Choose

Gutermann's Sewing Silks

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

New, Attractive Winter Designs for the Home Dressmaker



DRESSY STYLE
WW1633.—Delightful afternoon frock with white pique waist effect, and broad shoulders. Sizes: 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

DEBUTANTE GOWN

WW1636.—Classically draped for the young debutante. The pleated shoulder effect and full swing skirt are very smart. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



CHIC SUIT
WW1631.—One of the newest winter suits, with cutaway neck and buttoned front. Sizes: 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW LINES

WW1632.—Smart afternoon frock, with cowl front and high waist effect. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW1637.—A very charming spectator sports frock with cross-over front effect, and pleated front. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BUSINESS MODE

WW1638.—Attractive, unusual business style. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



FOR 10 TO 16 YEARS

WW1634.—Attractive winter mode for the little one 10-16 years of age. Material required: 3 to 3 5/8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DRESSING-GOWN

WW1635.—A remnant will suffice to make this charming dressing-gown for the little girl aged 2-10 years. Material required: 1 1/8 to 1 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

DELIGHTFUL WINTER MODES

Patterns Cost 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three smart new winter outfits. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain pattern fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. stamp, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1: 4 1/2 yards. For No. 2: 3 1/2 yards. For No. 3: 3 1/2 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 2884, G.P.O.
 BRISBANE.—Box 4092, G.P.O.
 MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
 NEWCASTLE.—Box 81, G.P.O.
 PERTH.—Box 4516, G.P.O.
 SYDNEY.—Box 4207, G.P.O.
 If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Patterns Coupon, 12/6/37.



Mrs Parr wanted Proof



DON'T TALK NONSENSE!
WHO EVER HEARD OF
GETTING CLOTHES WHITE
WITH ONLY 2 MINUTES
BOIL? I'LL GO ON WASHING
MY OWN WAY, THANK YOU!

I'LL BET YOU
WON'T...
BECAUSE
I'M GOING
TO SHOW
YOU THE
NEW WAY!



NEW RINSOL 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD CONVERTS DIE-HARDS!

When reform sweeps the country, some are always left behind. But once women see the amazing speed and the wonderful results of the new Rinsol 2-minute boil, they can't change their washing method quickly enough. The new short-cut Rinsol method cuts down boiling time by about half an hour—saves you all that much gas or wood or electricity! It puts an end to hard rubbing, and you've finished hours earlier, yet the clothes are brilliantly white. Don't be the last to give up the old-fashioned methods. Follow

the Rinsol 2-minute boil method as shown to Mrs. Parr, and save time, work, and money on a brilliant white wash! **BE SURE TO USE RINSOL—NOTHING ELSE WILL DO.** The Rinsol 2-minute boil will succeed with nothing else but Rinsol. It takes the special extra rich Rinsol suds to roll out all the dirt during the 2-minutes actual boiling time. Ordinary soaps need to be rubbed on the garment, but Rinsol suds work by themselves.

SILKS—WOOLLENS WASHED PERFECTLY IN LUKEWARM RINSOL SUDS

A few minutes run-through in rich LUKEWARM Rinsol suds freshens up colours, silks and woollens and leaves them like new. No harmful rubbing is needed because the Rinsol suds are extra rich as well as extra mild. Always rinse thoroughly.

Rinsol
FOR THE FAMILY WASH

A LEVER PRODUCT

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS Guarding Against a Common Complaint

By MARY TRUBY KING

Constipation is at the root of almost every ailment. It is very necessary, therefore, that it should be prevented from birth.

If it does make an appearance, it should be arrested and cured at the very earliest possible moment. Persons who live sedentary lives are the worst sufferers.

In constipation, the system becomes clogged with impure matter which circulates and poisons the blood. This gives rise to anaemia, sick headache, foul breath, nausea, sallow and spotted complexion, furred tongue, disturbed circulation of pure blood to the brain, and a feeling of weariness.

It is encouraging to know that the regular, systematic observance of a few simple rules for healthy living will completely cure the most obstinate case. No part of the following treatment should be omitted.

On rising, sip a cup of hot water, and another on retiring for the night. Take a cold bath or cold shower every morning, followed by a few minutes' brisk exercise. (If suffering from any form of heart trouble, the water should be tepid, not cold.)

Do not wear any constricting bands round the waist, as this hinders free peristaltic movement. Dress warmly and comfortably.

Live in the open air as much as possible. A brisk walk of about two miles a day is essential. Sleep on an open porch if possible. Failing this, keep the bedroom windows and door open. Bedclothes should be warm and light and the bed placed out of draughts. Generally speaking, seven to eight hours of sleep every night is recommended.

Take only three meals a day, at regular intervals, the heaviest meal at mid-day, if possible. If thirsty between meals, drink hot or cold water or orange or lemon drinks. Eat slowly, masticating thoroughly, and leave fluids to the end of meals.

When making your porridge, use one part of bran to five parts of oatmeal. The bran should be added when the porridge is nearly cooked. Raw, juicy fruit (apples, pears, oranges, grapes, etc.) are invaluable.

Green vegetables should be included in the daily diet, also salads

composed of tomato, cress, grated carrot, etc., with a simple dressing.

A little honey should be taken daily on wholemeal bread with butter.

Stewed fruit, baked apples, figs, dates, raisins are also beneficial.

Lead a well-ordered, regular life, as far as business and social duties will allow. Try to keep free of worry.

Make a habit of going to the toilet every morning just after breakfast. In very obstinate cases, 5 to 10 drops of cascara in a little water may be required twice daily. Cascara taken in this way acts as a tonic, and is of value in some cases of liver complaint. Reduce the dose gradually as the condition improves.

The following laxative fruit mixture may be all that is needed:

- Laxative Fruit Mixture for Expectant and Actual Mothers**
- 2 ounces raisins.
 - 2 ounces stoned dates.
 - 2 ounces figs.
 - 2 ounces prunes.
 - 2 ounces shelled walnuts.

Mince, Mix together. Add 1½ dessertspoons of glycerine and 2 level teaspoons of powdered senna (procured from all chemists). Stir well. Keep in a screw-top jar.

DOSE: Take one teaspoon every night, reducing to half a teaspoon when action is normal. Then (when making up a fresh supply) gradually reduce the senna to nil.

This is a most excellent cure for constipation, especially when accompanied by systematic observance of the health rules given above.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist for a bottle of Buckley's Canadian Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of this sardly cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll bear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help—if not justly satisfied—money back.

AT CHEMISTS—2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's
CANADIOL MIXTURE
Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD
Sheffield, ENGLAND
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT!

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A Doctor

PATIENT: What are the causes of conjunctivitis? Is it contagious?

CONJUNCTIVITIS, an inflammatory condition of the membrane lining the eyelids, common to all ages, may occur at any time during the year, but it is specially prevalent in the spring and autumn. The lids may become red and congested, and there may be a discharge.

As to the causes, there are many—exposure to wind and dust, even reading under a poor light has been held to cause conjunctival irritation.

Epidemics of conjunctivitis occur. This is because the discharge in conjunctivitis is contagious, especially if it contains much pus. The greatest care should be exercised regarding the handkerchiefs and towels used by a patient.

The condition usually clears up in a few days, and in mild cases even without treatment. However, a boracic acid solution which can be obtained at any chemist's (five grains of boracic acid to one ounce of distilled water) should be dropped in each corner of the lid three times a day. Bathing with the same solution and using a special eye-bath for the purpose is also to be recommended.

Breathe this for CATARRH

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced formula of a noted specialist, it is sold by all chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a constantly true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment to-day, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/9, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your chemist for Clysmac, or write to Sanatoc Chemical Co., Box 1059H, G.P.O., Sydney.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. To many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d. sent for postage to Devoet, "A," Mrs. Clifford, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

Now I know why smart women use this cream

My complexion flatters me as never before

How surprised and delighted you will be when you see how the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream improves your complexion. Just spread a thin film of this cream over your face. See how velvety it makes your skin. See what a perfect powder base it is... and what a smooth finish it lends to your make-up, preserving it for hours. But it does a lot more than that. Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. And here is a little secret for you. Perfect Vanishing Cream conceals skin blemishes and other little imperfections that sometimes mar a beautiful skin. Keep your complexion looking its loveliest by the daily use of Perfect Vanishing Cream.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL

Tyrolean Outfit

A fascinating set, including vest, scarf, hat-band and belt worked in bright colors.

PATTERNS for making outfit can be obtained from our Needlework Department, together with transfer for worked Tyrolean motifs.

The prices are:— Paper patterns for making the four articles, in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, or 40-inch bust, 1/6 the set. Transfer with sufficient Tyrolean motifs for working set, 1/6.

The designs may be worked in either wool or stranded thread, in any bright colors, but preference should be given to scarlet, white, emerald-green, yellow, brown, and black.

The motifs are filled in with satin-stitch, buttonholing, chain-stitch, and stem-stitch.

The figures are filled in, faces, hands, and legs are satin-stitched in a pink-beige tone.

The boy's hat is worked in green satin-stitch with a white feather, white blouse, green braces, brown trousers, filled in with rows of stem-stitching. Green satin-stitched socks with white tops and black boots.

To finish the edges of the set turn back a 1-inch hem all round and work over this in plain blanket-stitch, or grouped blanket-stitch, which consists of three stitches in a cluster, then a 1-inch space, then a single small stitch, and another 1-inch space, followed by three stitches, and so on.



SMART TYROLEAN OUTFIT designed to add gaiety to the winter wardrobe. Patterns for making vest, scarf, belt and hat-band, and transfer for embroidery, can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Needlework Notions

SHOWING PORTION of the Tyrolean transfer, which contains sufficient motifs for working the Tyrolean outfit. The transfer costs 1/6 from our Needlework Department.

USEFUL DUSTER BAG

ALREADY made up in best quality crash and stamped with design for working in bright colors, this bag, size 13 by 16 inches, can be obtained for 2/6 posted, at our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on Pattern Page).

WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN

Use these dainty cocktail mats and serviettes

THEY are ideal for protecting polished furniture and delicate frocks from wine stains, and, in addition, add a touch of distinction to the serving of refreshments.

The mats and serviettes are obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped, ready for working.

The prices are:—
In pure linen in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow, mats, size 3 by 3 inches, price, 6d each; serviettes, size 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

The smaller mats are designed to slip over the foot of the glass. The front and back pieces are scalloped together, leaving one side open for the glass to be slipped in.

Buttonhole around the centre where the stem of the glass will fit, and buttonhole round the slit.

The rooster may be outlined or filled in.

On green mats, scallop the edges in green, and work the rooster in black with scarlet comb and wattles.

You can dispense with GLASSES

This? or This?

Here is a typical letter from an Eye Culture user:—
"Well, I have to say many thanks for your course, it has certainly done wonders for me. My eyes are as fit as can be, and I can sew or read for any length of time day or night, without any discomfort whatsoever, and believe me, I am most grateful, and never fail to tell my friends of the Culture when I hear anything about them having eye trouble."—Mc. C. Inverell.

Consultation costs nothing, call or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope giving particulars of your eye trouble to—
EYE CULTURE, c/o IRVINE LTD.
No. 1 St. James Bldg., 107 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA3167.

EYE CULTURE

Means Better Eyesight Without Glasses

The Best Toothbrush money can buy

Tek

with a New TUMBLER

2/-

Tek is better shape. No other toothbrush cleans so efficiently, for no other gets where Tek gets. Back of the front teeth; that's where tarter forms, but Tek reaches there easily; searches out every crevice, leaves every tooth clean and safe. Tek has better bristles too; bristles that give harder, longer wear.

Buy Tek. 2/- with the new better Tumbler.

Tek toothbrush

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Mollusc, Etc.

COLOR HARMONY in the HOME!

Clever use of soft or vivid tones—the secret of charm in interior decoration

...By...

OUR HOME DECORATOR

WHY are some rooms more pleasing than others for no apparent reason? Why does this room seem restful and friendly to you, another full of life and interest, and others depressing or irritating? Nearly always color is the answer—or, rather, the way color has been used.

PROPERLY used, color can transform almost any room, no matter how new or how old it may be, into instant beauty and charm.

In fact, the possibilities—the exciting, endless numbers of color schemes that can be obtained, and how color can change the character or atmosphere of a room—offer vast opportunities for adventures in room decoration, for turning shabby rooms into lovelier places.

Is your living-room awkward and stiff? Then try some dull rose damask at the windows, jade-green on a couch, and rose, leaf-green and ivory patterned fabric on a chair and see if the room doesn't take on a new friendliness.

Curtains of Gold

OR perhaps you have a room that is very dark. Try curtains of gold or walls of maize and see how this tone brings sunshine into the room.

Perhaps you love blue. Then hang shimmering yards of it at the windows of your bedroom and repeat the note in your bedspread.

An excellent example of the magic of color is shown in the picture on this page, of an entrance hall. This was originally decorated in an old-fashioned manner, the house being one of the older type.

The picture railing was removed first of all and the walls and ceiling were done over entirely in cream.

Even the staircase and the balustrading, which is of cedar, were painted over in the same color.

The plain all-over carpeting on the floor and the staircase is a soft green tone which harmonises perfectly with the cream walls.

Dark Brown

THE furnishings, the table, the Queen Anne mirror, and carved chest, are in dark brown wood.

But the highlight in this hall is in the brilliant color note provided by the chair-coverings, which are of vivid coral brocade—a really beautiful tone which is complementary to the green in the carpet and gives interest, distinction and charm to this interior.

The brocade used on these chairs has, by the way, an interesting history. It was originally a pair of curtains



A CHARMING entrance hall transformed with the clever use of color from an old-fashioned interior into a room of beauty and charm. Cream walls, soft, green carpet, and touches of vivid coral make for perfect color harmony.

which were picked up for 5/- in the Caledonian Market, London, by the present owner, who saw the possibilities in their vivid color. The curtains were dry-cleaned and then used to cover the backs and seats of the chairs.

Finishing touches in this hall are supplied by the little china horses in jade-green, an exquisite Chinese vase, a brilliant Chinese tapestry on the wall in the hall beyond, and by the lovely coral dahlias in a brass bowl on the table.

Although practically the whole color range is at your disposal for room decorating, certain basic rules should be kept in mind.

The purpose for which the room is used, its general character and type of furnishings, and whether it is well lighted or on the dark side, indicate that some colors are better than others.

For instance, if you are choosing a wallpaper for a very light room, choose it in a light similar to that in which it will be used. If you want a patterned paper (although these are not so popular now, plain colors usually being safer), avoid a pattern with much contrast in it or of a heavy design. Turn the paper about to get all angles in relation to the light, as some dyes are glossy and when looking towards a window the pattern will disappear, leaving only the glossy parts.

Painting Walls

IF painting walls, remember it is easier to make them darker than lighter after the first coat is on. Generally it is safe to start with a good white groundwork, as tints look cleaner when painted over white.

For floors, avoid grey, and if you have all-over carpet have it a shade darker than the walls. Avoid such combinations as rose carpet with blue walls, or golden-brown carpet with blue walls, both of which result in a muddy effect.

For surrounds, have a harmonising color. If stained almost black and glossy, incorporate a little red or blue or predominating color in the

room in the stain. Use bright rugs with dark surrounds.

As a general rule, light rooms are generally best treated in a modern manner. Do not overcrowd with furniture. Dark rooms take a lot of furniture better.

Successful color schemes are sometimes carried out in one color, relief being provided with some parts matt, others eggshell, some glossy; such as walls matt, woodwork glossy, and so on.

To soften an overlight room use a pelmet with a softening fringe at the windows, and have straight curtains with geometric pattern rather than flowering designs.

Dark rooms are not to be despised. They are often more restful and make good backgrounds for color schemes. They allow more contrast in shades, as the subdued light merges them.

Be careful if using light shades in a dark room; they will often look muddy if there is not enough light to show them. White walls become grey in a dark room. Pale blue looks cold and sad. Green is disappointing. Pink is better, especially if orange in tone, while yellow is best of all, especially if golden.

As a general rule dark rooms look best when treated in dark but bright colors, such as gold. Glossy surfaces are good, as they reflect light. Ceilings can be yellow, pale orange, or pink—these tones resist gloom longest.

The middle tones are useful in dark rooms, especially if brilliant, while deeper tones give rich sombreness with suggestion of warmth and comfort.

Gay, New CHAIR COVERS

Try making them at home yourself. It is not difficult if you work carefully.

Quite often a room can be rejuvenated with new chair covers, which can be made quite easily and cheaply at home, from a variety of different fabrics.

If you have not made loose covers before, choose a perfectly plain fabric or a cretonne with a simple design, preferably one with an all-over

design that has no up or down in the pattern. This will make the work easier for you.

Cretonnes for making loose covers are usually obtainable in two widths,

36 inches and 48 inches. Generally it is advisable to use the narrower except when making covers for large sofas.

Some people prefer to use paper patterns for cutting the material, but usually it is easier to pin the material directly on to the chair, not using a pattern at all. If the material is an expensive one cut out a lining first in cheap cotton and if the cover is thin this lining may be stitched in with it.

In taking measurements find the aggregate length of the several pieces which make up the cover and this, with what is needed for the fringe, is the length of the cretonne needed.

Small pieces such as the sides of cushions and arms will probably come out of the sides of these lengths. If you intend to have a plain or pleated valance allow sufficient extra material.

For a plain fringe allow a few inches for hem and heading. A gathered valance will need to be half as wide again.

When the material has a decided motif or design in the pattern the motif must be centred as nearly as possible in the middle of the back of the chair, on each arm and in the middle of the cushion.

How To Make It

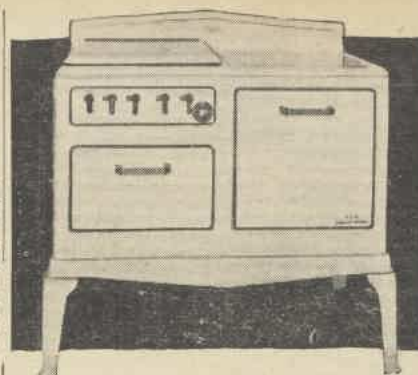
THE ordinary armchair cover will need no joins other than seams cut in 36-inch cretonne, and the measurements will be as follows:—

1. Height of the inside back (seat to top of chair). Be sure to push measure well down at the seat as far as it will go to allow for plenty of "play."
2. Height of back outside.
3. Length of seat (allow plenty of length at back).
4. Length of side piece and arm outside.
5. Length and height of arm inside.
6. Size and shape of front piece or arm.
7. Allowance for fringe.

The style of the chair should govern the style of the cover. It may be straight to the ground or with a gathered or pleated valance or with "show wood" chairs where the legs are not covered the cover is turned underneath and tied in place below the seat with tapes sewn underneath at each corner.

To get a correct fit cut each part of the cover double, as each side of the chair is the counterpart of the other. Place the material on the chair double. The centre of the cretonne is pinned to the centre of the chair back, which will ensure that the patterns are properly placed. When the piece is cut the cretonne is opened out and pinned securely to the chair with plenty of pins. At the front corner the material should be pleated neatly and folded back square at the back corners.

The whole cover is pinned together



Streamlined Gas Range

STREAMLINED ranges are the latest. When not in use they are completely covered in. Elevated oven and separate grilling compartment are both fitted with handy drop doors. New type gas burners are fitted with self light device and heat of the oven is governed by thermostatic control.

and tacked firmly and tried on as a whole before machining. It is generally necessary to leave an opening in an inconspicuous position such as the centre-back or side, making it neat with a false piece and fastening with press studs.

From the pieces left over cut cross-way pieces about 1 1/2 inches wide to cover the piping cord and pipe the

seams with this, unless you prefer to have the seams piped with a contrasting color. The piping cord should be washed and shrunk before using, otherwise it may shrink when the covers are laundered and spoil their appearance.

The ordinary sized armchair needs about 7 to 8 yards of 36-inch cretonne and a sofa 10 yards.

DISPLAY of WOMEN'S WORK

The high standard of the exhibits and the amazing variety in the Exhibition of Women's Industries and Children's Handicrafts now on display at Grace Bros., Broadway, Sydney, are attracting hundreds of visitors.

THE exhibition is an annual one, and this year more than four thousand entries have been received from all over Australia, New Zealand, Norfolk Island and Papua, for competition in one or more of the 34 sections for women and 66 sections for children.

The needlework sections cover all classes of work, hand-made bedspreads in embroidery, wool and cotton, crochet and patchwork, crocheted and embroidered cloths, centes, d'oylers, covers and other linens, tatting, point lace, cushions, and knitting of every description.

The children's sections covering pastel drawings, toy making, woodwork, metal work, mechanical drawing, book-binding, and wood-carving reveal a surprising excellence.

For an exquisite bedspread in cut-work on white linen and finished with a deep crochet edge, Mrs. D. Hooper won first prize in her section.

An amazing spread in patch work carried out in mosaic tiled effect, each tiny tile-shaped piece of colored print being hand-sewn, is another prize-winner. A spread in ecru linen embroidered all over in tapestry designs in cross-stitch also took a prize,

while an old-time cot quilt knitted in a fancy pattern in white cotton was commended by the judges.

In another needlework section—Set of six white handkerchiefs—the work of the prize-winners, first, Miss F. Eggers, and second, Miss N. Bailey, is so exquisitely fine it is difficult to believe it could have been done by hand.

Pencil craft exhibits are very beautiful, a table centre in a blue Chinese dragon design being exceptionally lovely.

Toy Novelties

THERE is an interesting range of dressing jackets and gowns in the knitting. There are dozens of pale pink 2-ply lacy wool types, but the most outstanding is the first prize-winner which is closely knitted on fine needles in 3-ply rose-pink wool, the work of Miss J. E. Campbell.

A battle cruiser made entirely from empty matchboxes won first prize in toy-making section from odds and ends, for Master B. Bird, Master J. Tobin took first prize for a splendid suitcase made of polished wood. Master R. Carrigg took first prize for his drawing in the mechanical drawing section, of a steam stop valve, and Miss J. White, first prize for her pastel drawing of a monoplane in the sky.

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO ARRANGE SUMMER and XMAS HOLIDAYS

Boats book up early; accommodation is snapped up at hotels and guest houses, and all but the wise ones who plan ahead are disappointed.

LET YOUR OWN BUREAU ASSIST AND ADVISE YOU NOW BOOKING.

Sydney for XMAS

Special holidays including fares (boat, train, or car), all accommodation, and wonderful sightseeing on land and on harbor.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

Tasmania for XMAS

Special Xmas parties from all States now being arranged. List your name early. Price on application, including all fares, amazing sightseeing, and accommodation.

No matter where you wish to go, let us help and advise you. HOLIDAYS ARRANGED EVERYWHERE—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. TEL. MA4496

For the first Time in Australia!!

GRACE BROS. INTRODUCE 'LESCO' PERFORATED DESIGNS



The Latest Art Needlework Notion

First in Australia with the very latest Art Needlework Notion! "Lesco" perforated designs for traced embroidery work are a practical improvement on Paper Transfers.

The perforated designs on special paper may be purchased with Tracing Liquid and Paste.

HUNDREDS OF TRACINGS MAY BE MADE FROM EACH PERFORATED DESIGN

The method is extremely simple and effective, and there are many hundreds of designs from which to choose.

SPECIAL PRICE, COMPLETE OUTFIT WITH ONE DESIGN



EXTRA DESIGNS, EACH 1/- Perforations may also be made from customers' own designs at a slightly increased cost.

Special FREE OFFER

The first 500 Customers to purchase a "Lesco" Outfit will receive FREE A PURE IRISH LINEN TABLE CENTRE with hem-stitched edge for crochet.

SEE THE SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION in the Art Needlework Department, Ground Floor, 4-Storey Building.

GRACE BROS. Pty. Ltd. Broadway . . . SYDNEY . . . Phone M 6506

CATARRH and COLDS

—yield to Tiger Salve

Catarrh is NOT the deeprooted, immovable affliction that so many people believe it to be. Treat it with Tiger Salve persistently, and pleasing results will definitely follow. Tiger Salve is a sure, steady deterrent to catarrh and colds—it is not an overnight miracle-worker, but consistently used will steadily clear up the most stubborn catarrhal nasal condition. There is nothing in Tiger Salve to harm or irritate the most sensitive skin or membrane tissue—in fact this pain-soothing preparation is so pure that it can be taken internally.

Why suffer a half-choked catarrh-ridden existence any longer—get a tin of Tiger Salve from your chemist or store to-day, and to-morrow you will be on the road to buoyant, clear-breathing health. Tiger Salve is the ideal healing preparation for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Cuts, and Scratches—soothing the throbbing discomfort away—warding off infection and healing QUICKLY and SURELY.

Keep a tin handy—it's useful.
2/- everywhere.



TIGER SALVE

2GB presents

GUESS WHAT?

Are you good at riddles? Do you like solving problems and brain teasers? Then get out your pencils and pads and listen in to this new radio question box, each Tuesday evening at 9.15. It's entertainment for the whole family.

THE HISTORY OF SONG

Eileen Boyd, Sydney's favourite contralto, returns to this grand story book of song through the ages. The story is told by Albert Russell, and the songs are sung as solos and duets by Reg. Morgan and Eileen Boyd. Each Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.

The Favourite Station

2GB

TELLS A Story With HIS FEET Tap-Dancing Used To Obtain Sound Effects

There is a story told of a woman who took her daughter to a radio talent quest, and when asked what the aspirant did, replied, "Tap Dancing."

Strange as it may seem, Noel Judd, 2GB's young announcer, makes a tap dance a regular feature of the early morning session on 2GB, and there is every indication that listeners like the novelty.

WHENEVER Jimmy Sampson and his Hill-Billy Boys appear on the air, they always invite Noel, who assists Jack Davey in the early morning, to give a tap dance.

With his nimble feet dancing upon a two-foot square board he is able to send over the microphone vivid sound impressions of galloping horses, of stampeding cattle, or of an old wagon rolling along, according to the demands of the music.

"I first became interested in dancing," Noel explains, "when I was a child of seven. I had two little girl friends who were learning to dance. They rather looked down on me for not being able to dance, so it became a point of honor with me to prove my male superiority by learning all the steps they knew and inventing a few of my own.

"People seem to think that dancing is effeminate. The feats performed by the male dancers of the Russian Ballet should answer that. As for tap-dancing, I can assure you that to give a good performance you must be in the pink of condition both physically and mentally. It is certainly strenuous enough.

"Anyway," he asks, "why shouldn't men dance? Nobody suggests that writing books, painting pictures or



NOEL JUDD, tap-dancing specialist of 2GB.

and happiness is equally well portrayed by flowing soliloquies or demonstrative vigor. Everybody knows the expressions, 'He danced with anger,' or 'He leapt with joy.'

As for the tapping part of the dance, Noel points out that this, too, is a natural means of expression.

A man will drum on his desk with a pencil to express annoyance, indecision or bewilderment, or he will execute a "tum-tiddy-um-tum" when he is pleased. Tap-dancing, therefore, combines two natural means of expression.

His Own Technique

"I admit that my dancing would not always meet with the approval of the purist," he says, "for I have never learned from an expert. I have developed my own technique from a careful study of the negro origins of the art, and I think I can at least claim to be a connoisseur."

Noel Judd has already devised a dance of his own, "The Express Train," in which he portrays not only the hiss and roar, but the mechanical energy and drive of a train setting out on its journey.

He is also working on a new idea. One of these days he hopes to construct a giant xylophone upon which the dancer will be able to play his own music as he dances. The expense of building such an instrument has necessarily delayed his experiments, but recently he was interested to see a similar idea carried out on the talkies. In place of the xylophone, however, the director had constructed a giant typewriter upon which the dancer typed a message.

Such things, of course, are only novelties. To Noel Judd tap-dancing is primarily a hobby and a means of self-expression, and secondarily, a means of entertaining his friends, or, if needs be, an audience, both over the air and on the stage.

Sydney Singer Weds German Business Man

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Angela Parselles, the Sydney soprano who sang at Covent Garden last year and was one of the "voices" in the film version of "Pagliacci," was married recently to Mr. Hans Tronser, managing director of a German tractor company.

ONLY her sister and a few friends were present at Hampstead Town Hall for the ceremony. Angela sang at the New Victoria that evening, and three days later her bridegroom left on a business trip to Australia.

Angela knew Hans in Australia, and many months later met him by accident in a London teashop. Dur-

ing her six-months' engagement she spent a month visiting famous centres of music in her husband's country.

"Hans wants me to continue with my singing career," Mrs. Tronser told me. "He is making his trip to Australia as brief as possible. I don't think I am likely to go back for some time. I have hopes of working in British films as a singer."

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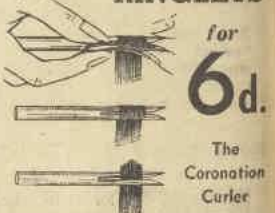
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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 6

MEG said: "I didn't call you up first, Mimi— She sounded embarrassed."

Because we hadn't time," interrupted Molly briskly. "And why on earth should we?"

Oh, it's being done," said Mimi sweetly—even among friends."

She paused long enough to be sure that her mother at least was answered. Then she motioned them into the room.

Alan came forward easily. "How do you do, Mrs. Davis? Hello, Mrs. Swift!"

How do you do, Mr. Wythe," said Molly, glaring. Meg shook heads with him.

Sit down, granny," begged Mimi, in her hospitable tones.

Other, I think that chair by the table will hold together."

It was Molly, however, who sat down in the chair by the table. Meg sat on the couch. Mimi stood

with her hands linked loosely before her in an attitude of waiting.

Alan looked about him for his hat and coat. "Think I'll be running along, Mimi."

"Oh, must you?" said Mimi politely. "Do call me again, soon, won't you?"

"And how is Elizabeth?" asked Molly pointedly.

"Fine, thanks," said Alan.

Meg said, "Mimi, I think the room is charming. You've really done it awfully well. Where did you find the Gauguin print?"

"You mean that negro woman?" said Molly coldly. She stared through her glasses at the wall above the couch.

"Shop on Madison Avenue," said Mimi. "Dad gave it to me."

"How lucky you are to be next to a vacant lot, Mimi," said Meg.

"Almost as good as being on the Park." She got up and went over to the window.

"Well, good-bye," said Alan, unable to conceal his desire to be off. Nervousness showed in him.

Mimi went with him to the door, followed him onto the landing even. "See you soon?" she insisted, defiant of who heard her.

Alan didn't answer. He frowned at her warningly, crushed her hand in his without a word, and went down the stairs. Mimi went back into the room and closed the door behind her, stood with her back against it, waiting.

MEG, turning from the window and looking at her thought, "When you say someone has his back against the wall, it isn't just a phrase."

She could have cried for the fighter sore beset in Mimi's eyes. For the old lioness in the chair by the table waiting to attack.

"The fighting Mary," thought Meg, "has skipped a generation. She's in my mother, and in my child—but she's not in me. Why did I let myself be dragged into this?"

"Well, Mimi," said Molly grimly. The battle was joined.

"Well!" said Mimi, unstirring, hard as flint.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said Molly. She regarded her granddaughter with contempt and fury evenly blended.

"Think so?" said Mimi coolly.

Molly said, "How far has this gone? Don't stand there like a wooden Indian with that stubborn grin on your face. You know very

bottom of the sea before she had poisoned Molly's mind.

"Yes—let's hear it!" said Molly. Mimi crossed the room swiftly. She stood at bay before her grandmother, included her mother in one embittered glance. "This is what I mean," she said with appalling clearness: "Alan and I have known each other for a long time—"

"Come to the point," said Molly contemptuously. "You're in love with him."

"YES—I'm in love with him," said Mimi proudly, "and he's in love with me. It was that way with us before Elizabeth ever went after him, and she knew it. Now he's not happy. Their marriage is a flop." (Hadn't he told her so in that very room, not an hour before?)

"And what do you propose to do about Mr. Wythe's unhappy marriage?" asked Molly, chillier than a glacier.

"Break it up," said Mimi. Molly for once sat frozen speechless.

"So help me," said Mimi, "that's what I'm going to do." She might never have known what it meant to be sweet or soft. She was all one consuming flame.

Meg turned away, heartsick.

"And when you have—broken it up?" asked Molly, terrible in disgust and scorn.

Please turn to Page 58



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That arrest the day.
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I could write like you—
And be happy then.

—Yvonne Webb.

well what I mean. How long have you been carrying on behind our backs with a married man?"

"Mother," said Meg imploringly. "don't talk to her like that!"

"I'll talk to her the way she deserves," said Molly, implacable. "I asked you a question, Mimi."

"I heard you," said Mimi, "but you won't like the answer. The answer is—none of your business."

"You don't deny anything, I notice," said Molly.

"The only thing I deny," said Mimi, "is your right to interfere. You're an old woman—"

Meg cried out as if she had been the one stabbed. "Mimi—don't!"

"True enough, as far as it goes," said Molly curtly. "Let her finish."

"I'm young," said Mimi, her eyes green fire in a colorless face. "You can't tell me where I'm going, and you can't scare me with things they used to scare you with. Married man!" She laughed. "Alan!" The laugh died. "He's no more married than I am."

(Who had said that? In a taxi-cab—on a rainy night. Jimmy Kilmartin, of course. Panny—Kilmartin, of all people, putting a weapon into her hands. The last thing he'd have done if he'd known.)

"Mimi, darling," said Meg, "you're excited. I think you don't quite realise what you're saying."

"Don't be a fool," said Molly. "She's always known what she was saying and what she was doing from the time she knew anything at all."

"That's right," said Mimi before Meg could command her voice. "I did and I do. And if you'll just make up your mind to that," she added, looking straight into Molly's eyes, "it'll be easier all round—because neither you nor anybody else is going to stop me."

"What do you mean?" said Meg faintly. For a moment actual nausea assailed her. Fear clutched coldly at her vitals. If only she could have talked first to Mimi alone—if only Molly were not now so cruelly antagonising the child—if only Judy had been at the

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 57

SONG CLASSICS

"The Man Who Would Turn Lover"

From the Italian by Alessandro Scarlatti. 1659-1725.

THE man who would turn lover, the man who would turn lover, Should gravely think it o'er, should gravely think it o'er, The man who would turn lover, should gravely think it o'er, Should gravely think it o'er, A quivering flame is passion, 'Tis lit in careless fashion, But burns for evermore, for evermore, But burns for evermore, for evermore, for evermore.

Scarlatti was born in 1659, at Trapani, on the western coast of Sicily. His career as a successful operatic composer began in Naples, when he was only twenty years old. He speedily gained so high a reputation that he became the protegee of Queen Christina of Sweden, who appointed him her maestro di cappella, a position he held until 1684.

MIMI said, "There's ch a thing as divorce and re-arrange. Alan's happiness means ore to me than anything in the rld."
"Except yourself," Molly re-inded her.
Mimi agreed at once. "Except yourself. The two go together. You ouldn't understand about that, n the wife Alan should have had, n the wife he's going to have, ad it might interest you to know at this little talk has helped me see that."
Molly said slowly, with suffering r the first time in her voice, ou are a cruel woman, Mimi."
Mimi said, "I'm your grand-ughter."
The buzzer on the door rang, imi said, "That would be dad," e moved to answer.
"Your father?" said Molly, out-ged.
Mimi turned, stood for one in-ant like a swordsman poised, aring icily. "This is my apart-ent," she said—nothing more, om the landing she called own, as she had called to Molly d Meg. "Hello there—come on!" Coming back into the room, e said: "He's got Kilmartin with

him. The perfect mob scene." As if she had put on a mask over her blazing, battling self of only a few moments before, her mouth smiled and her eyes shone. When Swift walked into the room she put her hand through his arm, laughing. "You know these two girls, I believe."

"Pleasant surprise," said Swift. He nodded to Meg, then to Molly. "Your first visit, isn't it, Mrs. Davys?"

"And last," said Molly concisely. "Oh, well," said Swift, "we're none of us so young as we were, of course. I expect you found the stairs a bit trying."

Kilmartin, when he had spoken to Molly, went over to Meg, sitting once again on the couch, and dropped down beside her. "What's up?" he inquired in a lowered voice. "You look all in." He glanced at Molly, sitting stonily withdrawn; at Mimi, helping her father with glasses and ice. "Nice setup," he muttered abstractedly. "Been having a battle, eh?"

Meg said, "I didn't know you and Vivian were friends." Not

that she minded Kilmartin's knowing what had been happening, but because she knew Molly was listening.

"Happened to run into him on the street," said Kilmartin. "He said he was on his way up here and invited me to come along." Still in an undertone, he added casually: "I like the guy, Meg." Meg's smile was ready. "Most people do, I fancy."

KILMARTIN got up and went over to Mimi. She was about to replenish the small bowl of ice. The icebox stood in a closetlike space off the main room. He followed her out. "Here, let me crack it." Behind them Meg began to talk pleasantly—as if there were no such thing as discord in life—of the relative merits of soda and plain water.

Kilmartin said to Mimi, "What've you been doing to your grandmother, you rat?" His grin was frankly ribald. "She looks as if she could bite a nail in two." "Maybe that's what she's been

trying," said Mimi. "I suppose it wouldn't occur to you to attend to your own affairs, would it?"

"Not so long as there's a keyhole left," he assured her solemnly. "You haven't by any chance been stepping out with another woman's husband lately?"

Color rose over Mimi's astounded and furious face in a scorching wave. Kilmartin had been speaking at a venture only. Whenever he saw Mimi he remembered that night in the Wythes' apartment and what he had said to her in the taxi taking her home. He laughed now to find himself making a bull's-eye where he had expected merely to nick the edge of the target.

"Give me that!" said Mimi, husky with anger. She took the bowl of ice away from him and went back into the room. Molly was standing near the door. Meg was beside her, drawing on her gloves.

Vivian Swift was saying blandly, "So nice to have seen you, Mrs. Davys." But to Meg he was saying nothing at all. He had the grace mostly to be silent with Meg.

In the days directly following that afternoon in Mimi's room, quiet prevailed among the three Marys, but only the ominous quiet which falls as a tropical storm passes, perhaps to be shattered again even more cruelly when upon its own trail the storm returns.

Meg did not, when Mimi came home from New York, speak to her again of Alan. She thought too much had already been said on that score, and to dangerous effect. Mimi had accused her grandmother of helping her make up her mind, and it might very well have been so. Always danger in opposition where youth is concerned. Meg thought: "If mother hadn't opposed it so dreadfully when I fell in love with Vivian, I might never have married him." But she knew that wasn't true. From the moment he had decided he wanted her, her marriage to Vivian had been as inevitable as their parting later on. She had had to learn. She had had to go through the mill. Not a unique destiny. Only life itself could have taught her. Then why did she want to save Mimi—against Mimi's will—from salutary processes of trial and error? Only because a mother was that sort of fool. All the experience in the world made her no wiser. "Let her alone!" counselled Meg's mind.

TAKE her by the hand," pleaded Meg's heart. In the end she brought herself to seem quiescent.

There was, however, another result of the Mimi and Alan affair which, beginning in sleepless midnights, grew daily clearer to Meg's consciousness. If Mimi refused to be bound by any code or convention, if it was Mimi's avowed purpose and determination to go her own road, have her own way regardless of what her mother or her grandmother or anyone else might urge to the contrary, why should Meg, on her side, be either bound or coerced by any views of Mimi's regarding Meg? It had been mostly Mimi's scorn, Mimi's cruel, deliberate ridicule, which had stood between Meg and Brook Avery. There was nothing in Meg's own heart which found his feeling for her or hers for him incongruous. She had only let Mimi make it appear so—in which, she now felt, she had been both blind and cowardly. If she were not to be allowed to judge for Mimi, why should Mimi be allowed to judge for her? At long last, Meg came to the conclusion that one generation can never in the nature of things decide with any fairness for any other—either predecessor or successor. On that eventually she acted.

There was a little restaurant in the East Fifties where Avery had sometimes taken her to luncheon. Toward the end of December she wrote him a note and asked him to meet her there on a certain day.

He had been out of town on business for his firm, so it happened that she had not seen him in almost a fortnight, in the course of which Christmas had come and gone. He had sent her a very beautiful old malachite inkstand and a great bunch of English violets. The flowers had helped her through an otherwise trying day. Molly and Mimi were by then observing an armed neu-

trality, and the house in Connecticut was by no means the place of peace and rest it had once seemed.

"I do so much want to talk to you," Meg wrote Avery, "but if you're busy, say so."

HE called her on the telephone the day he got her note, saying that he had missed her and was only just back in town again. He would meet her for luncheon on the day she named—of course.

When the time came Meg reached the little restaurant ahead of him. She did not mind it gave her time to sit down at their special table, pull off her gloves, steady her disquieted nerves. There had been an awkward moment at breakfast when Mimi had said she'd like to lunch in town with Meg that day and go to a matinee. Meg had said she was lunching with Avery. Mimi had curled a lip in silence. Not much, but enough to show Meg that resentment and opposition still smouldered.

In a moment or so more, Avery came in, tall and quiet, stopping on his way down the room to speak to a couple of men who signalled him from a table against the wall.

When he came to Meg and sat down facing her, his eyes alone were eloquent. All he said was, "This is awfully good of you. Let's order and get it over with, shall we?"

Meg watched him in silence, flushed with happiness returning. When the waiter had gone she said, "Brook, it seems a long time since I've seen you."

He smiled slowly. "Much too long a time for me. I didn't know you'd noticed." They talked for a while of extraneous things. He had been in Chicago for Christmas. He had had a wife she sent him there. "Except for that," he said, "a very tame day." He had dined at night with an old friend of his father's, the rector of a small church.

Somehow Meg couldn't remember that he had ever spoken of his father—or of any of his people. She began to question him. Where were they? In England, of course? "Why of course?" he answered. "My father's been living in China the last dozen or so years. He's in what he calls the China trade. I've of a brother in Australia. We're pretty well scattered, as a matter of fact."

"Your mother is in China, too?" said Meg.

"My mother died when I was four years old."

Old beyond his years—that was it, of course. That was the answer to him—one of the answers. A little boy growing up in a motherless world. Having early to shift for himself among careless and clumsy grown-ups. Learning to keep his own counsel, lay his own plans, rely from the start on just his own small strength—no wonder he had come to be the mature man he was at twenty-nine.

He said abruptly: "What's that lovely look about you? I won't have you being a mother to me, you know."

Please turn to Page 59

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THE Four MARYS

THEY were having new and potatoes. "What sort of Christmas did you have?" said Avery. "I hope Mimi behaved herself."

He really wanted to know. He asked anxiously to hear. Anxious for Meg's peace of mind. She said herself telling him all that had happened before Christmas. "I came out, for all her intended solitude, in a low-voiced hurrying stream of words."

"She frightened me so, Brook. Of course, I tell myself that if other hadn't been so dictatorial with her—but then Mimi was impossible."

"I should say so. Quite. D'you think she was just letting off steam, or is she really going after you?"

Meg said: "I don't know. She never tells me anything now. As for her grandmother—they're rarely on speaking terms. Mimi's in New York a good deal. Far too much—but there is nothing I can do about it. She has the vote and her father encourages her to use it."

"Helpless against that combine, aren't you? Of course. I can see." He sat watching her, frown-

ing intently. "I knew there was something wrong the moment I laid eyes on you."

"Sorry," said Meg. "I thought I was looking rather nice."

She had worn a new frock into town that morning—grey homespun, with a vagabondish grey felt shading her eyes. But they were unhappy eyes and she knew it. Now she lifted them mutely to his face.

"What is it you want me to do?" said Avery, answering her look, not her speech. The waiter came at that moment and removed the plates. Avery ordered coffee as usual, nothing else. When the waiter had gone he said: "Whatever it is, you've only to say. You've known that for some time now."

"Is it—still true?" said Meg. She spoke rather low, tracing patterns on the tablecloth with the tip of a forefinger.

"Did you expect me to change in a fortnight?"

"No, Brook—not really."

"You know me better than that—don't you?"

"Yes—I do."

"Then what—short of wringing Mimi's neck? I might even run to that," he added grimly.

Meg laughed. "I'm not thinking of Mimi now. I'm thinking of myself."

"High time, I should say."

"Brook, I want to get away for a bit. Get clean away from the whole stupid mess."

"Where?" he inquired succinctly. He sat now with his hands linked before him on the table, and looked steadily into her face.

"England," said Meg. "I took all her courage." She flushed deeply. "England and perhaps Ireland. I'm working on a novel—I hadn't told you. I began it in an odd sort of way—without really intending to—Thanksgiving night. Part of the scene is over there. I've never seen it, you know. Although it's my mother's and my grandmother's country. And so I thought—"

Avery stopped her with a steady touch on the still nervously moving finger. "Are you by any chance coming to the fact that I told you weeks ago I should be sailing on the tenth for Southampton? Don't be so frightened. I told you then you'd better go along."

"That's what I'm coming to," said Meg. She drew a long breath of relief. "If you don't mind, I think I will, Brook."

The waiter was returning with coffee. Avery said swiftly and quietly, "I'll see about tickets and all that for you."

"I can take four weeks away from the office." Suddenly she thought of her mother. "That is, if I can manage to get away from home intact."

"All you've got to do is to make your decision and stick to it," said Avery. His deep eyes were glowing.

"Simple, isn't it?" said Meg. She thought with secret laughter, tinged in spite of herself with a consciousness of secret guilt, that the process of changing the pattern was much simpler than she had expected it to be. At least for the moment it seemed to her so.

In Meg's house the week between Christmas and New Year's Day passed slowly. Mimi spent most days of it in town, coming home with a closed and sullen look which told nothing, but strongly indicated some corroding inner dissatisfaction.

Meg went into New York every day, saw Avery twice for luncheon. The first time he told her that he was making reservations for her on the boat on which he himself was sailing. The second time he put her ticket into her hands. He had managed—it was not too difficult that time of year—to get her a cabin to herself on the deck above his own.

"I think you'll like England," he said, pocketing with a nod of thanks the cheque which she handed him in return. Only his eyes, deeply tender on her excited face, belied his reticent utterance.

Meg said, "I was born loving England—and Ireland."

He laughed then, good-humoredly but meaning it. "Ireland—that's another thing."

"England speaking?" said Meg. "And Ireland," he assured her. They were quietly, absorbedly happy that week in each other. He said: "I suppose I mayn't see you New Year's Eve? You'll want to be with your mother?"

"I think I'd better," said Meg. "Mimi will be on a party somewhere, of course. If I'm not there mother'll be alone."

He told her: "I can wait. We've got plenty of New Year's Eves ahead."

THE strange thing that happened was that when New Year's Eve came around, Mimi sat at home. She explained it with casualness a trifle overdone. "Two or three parties I could have gone on—none of them very exciting. I'd rather stay home than be bored." Meg couldn't help noticing that once dinner was over, and as the time wore slowly towards midnight, Mimi sat or stood, walked restlessly from window to window, staring out at the snow-covered road, at ghostly trees, at a brooding and starless sky, never out of sound of the telephone.

Continued from Page 58

thought, about her mother that night, something consolatory for Mimi; for Meg, something warmly, almost nostalgically, affectionate. As one might cling the closer, feeling a journey impending. Perhaps as you got old a new year made you feel that way.

"Isn't this cosy?" said Molly twice in the course of the evening. She had had a roaring fire built in the sitting-room. There were flowers about, red roses Meg had brought out from town and shaggy small white chrysanthemums, a splendid fern or two which Molly herself looked after, watering them every morning directly after breakfast. "Turn on the radio, Mimi," said Molly. "There's dance music straight across the country beginning at 10.30." It was then past eleven.

Please turn to Page 60

MEG could not know if Molly also saw and drew her own conclusions from Mimi's painful abstractions. There was something rather touching, Meg

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MIMI went to the radio and turned it on. Jazz flooded the room. Mimi turned it down to a muted eerie shrieking of saxophones, pulsing of drums.
"That's better," said Molly.
Meg thought, "Mimi doesn't want it too loud." As if the telephone could not be heard above the music. If it rang.
At ten minutes to midnight Molly turned off the radio. She went into the dining-room and came back with a decanter of sherry and three glasses on a tray. "I thought we'd drink

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 59

a toast," she said. She set the tray down on the table and filled the glasses with a very nearly steady hand. "Now—just as it strikes—" She stood by the table waiting. Meg put an arm around Mimi's waist and drew her up to the table too. No one spoke. The clock on the mantelshelf ticked through the silence like a heart. Meg felt a faint continuous shivering in Mimi's slender body. The clock began to strike. Molly

lifted her glass. She stood with her back very straight, her silver head high. "To the three of us!" she said. "And may God bless us and take care of us—even when we're bad." She stopped, her sweet, thin old mouth quivering, and drank. Blinded with sudden tears, Meg followed suit. Mimi laughed—a small, unmirthful sound.
She stood looking at her grandmother for a moment without a word, then, less as a toast than in salute, she lifted her glass to Molly and emptied it.
"Do we break 'em after that?" she inquired before setting the glass down.
"I should say not," said Molly briskly. "That's the only rock crystal your mother's got." On the heels of her words the telephone rang sharp and high.
"I'll go," said Mimi, breathless. She ran, she did not walk. Her heels might have worn wings.
Molly looked at Meg and shook her head. No tremor about her mouth now. "She's been waiting for that all the evening."
"She's young, mother," said Meg. But she knew that to Molly's age it was a poor excuse.



AN AFTERNOON FROCK of navy-blue crepe roma is chosen by this popular Paramount player. The short, flaring sleeves and longer skirt, which dips in a flattering line at the back, are the highlights.

Lovable Myrna Loy tells you her Make-up Secret

"FOR perfect color harmony with my coloring, I choose Max Factor's Brunette Powder—Blonden Rouge—Vermilion Lipstick." Like other famous stars, she knows that you must accent your beauty with your own true Color Harmony Make-Up—the new make-up created for each individual type by Max Factor. You can use this make up too—for it's sold throughout Australia. Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of Rouge in your shade. Try your own Color Harmony Make-Up and see how it brings out your greatest allure.



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Max Factor's OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-up." I enclose stamps in amounts to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to **MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.** Fill in chart below with ✓

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| NAME | AGE | Complexion | EYES | HAIR | SKIN |
| | | Fair | Blue | BLONDE | Dry |
| | | | Grey | Light/Dark | Oily |
| | | | Hazel | BROWN/BLACK | Normal |
| ADDRESS | | Medium | Brown | Light/Dark | LIPS |
| | | | Black | BRUNETTE | Moist |
| CITY | | Ruddy | Light/Dark | Light/Dark | Dry |
| | | Olive | Light | RED/HEAD | AGE |
| STATE | | Sun Tan | Dark | Light/Dark | |

James & Anderson, Representatives for Australia, Sydney address: C4, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

MIMI came back into the room almost while they were speaking. She was very pale. A bright smile pitifully distorted her face. "For you, mother," she said, politely. "The Avery boy."
Meg went in utter silence, but she took Molly's look of incredulous amazement with her.
"Just to wish you a Happy New Year," Brook said when she spoke his name into the transmitter. "I wanted to be the first."
"You are—the very first," said Meg. She felt almost weak with happiness.
"All the best to you," he said—"always."
"And to you, too, Brook."
"Always?"
She dared fate and said it, "Yes—always."
He said, "I'll call you in town, to-morrow. Good-bye—darling." The word came over the wire very gently.

Meg stood with her eyes closed, hearing his voice for a moment or so after she had broken the connection. Then she went quietly back to her mother and daughter. She had not yet told them that in a little more than a week she was sailing. She thought now, "To-morrow, perhaps."
To-morrow, when it came, was a shining day—augury, perhaps, if one were looking for such. Of a shining year. The morning passed uneventfully. Flowers from this one and that, a handful of telegrams, a number of telephone messages. From Alan and Elizabeth a New Year's card with "Bonne Annee" in gold script above a charming little water-color of Notre Dame.
"Well, now we know Elizabeth's been to Paris, anyhow," said Molly dryly.
Neither Elizabeth nor Alan telephoned to offer any less formal greeting.

DINNER was at three. When it was over Mimi went for a long walk alone. She came back just at dusk, her face rosy with the cold, but her eyes still shadowed with unrest. Meg and Molly were in the sitting-room, Meg with a book, Molly comfortably knitting. She was making a powder-blue sweater in soft furry wool for Meg to wear with a black suit. The lamps were lit and the house was warm and quiet.
Two or three times in the course of the afternoon Meg had thought, "I'll have it out with mother now," but she had not been able quite to serve her courage to the sticking point. What she had to say was still unsaid. Mimi's being out had been, of course, a reason for waiting—Meg had thought as well get it all over with at once, endure Molly's inevitable disapproval and anger, Mimi's inevitable scorn, all in one harrowing outburst.
Now Mimi was home again, but still Meg sat silent. "You're not very brave, my girl," she thought ruefully.
It was Molly who, pleasantly unconscious of rendering assistance, gave her an opening.
"I see the Fosters are going to Italy. Sailing next week." The

Fosters were neighbors living in a great white house a bit up the road. "They'll spend the winter in Sorrento. I think the paper said—wherever that is."
"Somewhere near Naples," said Meg. She drove herself on, as well then as ever; after all, a woman of forty, making her own living, supporting the household, responsible really to no one—absurd and humiliating to be hesitating like a frightened schoolgirl. She said: "I haven't said anything about it because I had to be certain first that I could arrange it with the office, but—"

MOLLY had dropped her knitting and was looking at her keenly. Mimi, scarcely listening, sat staring moodily into the fire.
"Is anything wrong?" asked Molly alertly.
"Not in the least," said Meg. "I only wanted to tell you I'm sailing myself next week, that's all."
Mimi raised to a semblance of interest. "Bermuda or something?"
"England," said Meg, and sat with a finger between the pages of her book, waiting for repercussions. She had not long to wait.
"This time of year?" said Mimi. "You'll get rotten weather."
Molly said, "England!" Two syllables pregnant with disbelief. "I've always wanted to go there," said Meg.
"But why not wait till spring?" said Molly. Her handsome nostrils flared slightly as if scenting out a reason.
"Because I want to go now, mother."
Mimi, with a shrug that said she would have no part in the controversy, went back to her fire-gazing.
Molly demanded details. "What'll you do about clothes?" She went at some length into the limitations of Meg's wardrobe.
When she had done, Meg said, "I shall do very well with what I've got. It'll be no colder there than here."
"What are you crossing on? You'll need at least one new evening dress."
Meg said she couldn't be bothered with fittings. "I've got to leave my column done for four weeks ahead. It'll take all my time up to the day I leave."
"I never heard of such a thing," said Molly. "Where will you stop?"
"At an hotel," said Meg. She had not the least idea which hotel it would be.

To Be Continued

MISS MUFFET FOUND LIFE DULL **CAME HOME BORED & IRRITABLE**

WENT TO THE MOVIES ALONE **THEN SHE SAW "A GAY AD."**
IT NEVER HAPPENS T-TOME!
SHE WAS THRILLED!
NOW SHE'S GLAD SHE FOUND ROMANCE THE **TEDDIE GARRATT WAY!**

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YOU TOO, CAN HAVE THE GOOD TIMES THAT GO WITH POPULARITY!

THE MOVIE WORLD

June 12, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CALLING

Australia!

Here's Hot News From All the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

Matrimonial Tangle

SIXTEEN months ago Clark Gable and his wife Rhea separated, and ever since Hollywood has been wondering when the divorce would come. Now it seems Mrs. G. has said she has no intention of filing suit for divorce.

All of which would seem to remove the idea of Clark's wedding to Carole Lombard, with whom he has been seen constantly for the past year, and that, of course, might be Rhea's intention.

We don't think she's the type to hang on to Clark just for the sake of his name, and it may be that, knowing him pretty well, she wants to keep him from barging into another unsuccessful matrimonial adventure. Or maybe not, and who cares, anyway?

Another Musical

ENSENADA, that popular resort of the movie crowd in old Mexico, will be the background for a film now in preparation at Paramount.

The thing will be an elaborate musical revolving around life at the resort, and definitely set for work in it are Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs, a snappy young dance team. It's also said that producer Arthur Hornblow wants George Raft for the male lead, and we hope this means he'll be given another chance to show off his really grand dancing ability.

You probably remember his dance scenes with Carole Lombard in "Boiero" and "Rhumba."

George is a top-notch ballroom dancer—he once gave lessons in the art to the Prince of Wales—and it seems a shame to let this talent go to waste.

Still Invisible

RATHER than give up her well-known privacy, and make a personal appearance in court, Greta Garbo risked the loss of some \$100, the amount involved in the suit brought against her by David Schratter, German film producer.

It was expected that Garbo would appear to defend the suit. The large crowd that collected in the courtroom, and waited in vain for her to show up, were sorely disappointed. It was discovered that Miss Garbo last week gave a deposition in M.-G.-M. Studios in which she denied any knowledge of a debt to Schratter, who claims he loaned her the money 12 years ago.

Schratter's attorney was furious at her refusal to appear.

"There is no mystery surrounding that woman!" he shouted. "I don't see why she can't come into court like any other woman. Her failure to appear to-day makes her guilty of contempt."

He says he will yet succeed in bringing her to court.

Hurt Feelings

JEANETTE MacDONALD refuses to say another word about the details of her coming marriage to Gene Raymond. She and Gene have been so upset about printed reports to the effect that they are seeking publicity on their marriage that they are clamping down on the news.

We do know, though, that she will be given a "linen shower" by that group of charming women, the mothers of Ginger Rogers, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones and Anita Louise, who meet weekly. Jeanette should be the most flattered girl in Hollywood.

And we know, too, that Ginger Rogers will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding.

This English

When Luise Rainer read the statement that she was "mad about her husband, Clifford Odets," she flew into a rage.

"It's a lie!" she screamed. "Never since we marry I have been mad with my husband!"

A situation like this develops about once a day for Luise. She has yet to master the fine shadings of the English language, which accounts for her timidity. She is always fearful she will say the wrong thing. She often does.

Strike News

THAT red-haired Viennese aristocrat, Elissa Landi, notified her studio that she was determined not to accept a call for work which would necessitate her passing the picket lines while the studio workers were on strike. She is a member of the Screen Actors' Guild, and was the first player who did not attempt to enter the studio through the picket line.

Robert Montgomery is the president of the Guild.

Dots & Dashes

● Jean Harlow in hospital for ten days nursing four impacted wisdom teeth . . . Ouch!
● Comedian Martha Raye making a big mistake by going very temperamental, especially to the Press ● M.-G.-M. planning "Test Pilot" for the far future, with a knockout cast of Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy ● Freddie Bartholomew teaching algebra at M.-G.-M. studio school ● Joan Crawford buying a stock of spring hats, all crownless.

he is keeping everyone at the Teddington Studios, including Maurice Elvey, the director, in a state of good humor with his jokes and antics.

Chill Bouchier, who plays opposite him, says that it is grand to be acting with someone that you know can't let you down. "You've got to just glance at him to tell him what you are going to do and he always plays up to that."

Sir Seymour is a great favorite at the Garrick Club, where he is often the host at large luncheon and dinner parties, as both he and his wife, Ellaline Terriss, are fond of entertaining.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

LEON SCHLESINGER, CREATOR OF "PORKY THE PIG" ANIMATED CARTOONS, CANNOT DRAW.

JANE WYATT WAS SELECTED FOR THE CAST OF "LOST HORIZON" BECAUSE SHE HAD APPEARED ON THE STAGE IN "LOST HORIZONS" WHICH WAS DISCOVERED LATER TO BE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLAY.

WARNER BAXTER IS A HOT DOG FIEND. HE EATS HALF A DOZEN DAILY.

String-Pulling

READERS of the popular book, "Gone With The Wind," were given quite a jolt when news leaked out that Norma Shearer, of all people, might play the part of the heroine—a role entirely unsuitable for her. Now Norma announces she has given up the idea entirely.

However, it seems she and producer David Selznick, who owns the story, are still in a sense business partners, and maybe Norma will be able to pull strings at M.-G.-M. and get Selznick a loan of Clark Gable for the leading role, which would be just perfect for him.

Norma also has a large interest in M.-G.-M., and her late husband, Irving Thalberg, was that studio's production chief. That, and the fact that Selznick is the son-in-law of M.-G.-M.'s chief, Louis B. Mayer, should make it easy for him to arrange the Gable loan.

Crime Doesn't Pay

DID you know that all stars have two signatures—one for cheques and one for autographs, to prevent forgery? A chap landed in jail just the other day for forging Bob Young's name to a cheque. The snappy bank teller recognized it as the signature Bob uses exclusively for autographs.

Then, again, when a star is besieged by the autograph hounds, he has to hastily scribble his name on all sorts of papers that are shoved under his nose. If he used his legal signature he might get into all sorts of difficulties by signing scraps of paper with legal agreements, confessions and whatnot on them.

New Team?

BIG news in the line of musicals is that Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers may be teamed in Warners' "Hollywood Hotel." Warners are lending Roby Keeler to R.K.O., and, in return, they'll get Ginger for one picture.

At the moment it looks as though "Hollywood Hotel" is the one. Anyway it will be a very elaborate film, and the studio intends to go the limit on production and casting to make it really outstanding.

Sudden Sell-Out

HOLLYWOOD was definitely amazed when Doug Fairbanks announced in a formal little statement he had sold his half interest in the film, "Marco Polo," to Sam Goldwyn.

For a long, long time now Fairbanks, sen., has been telling of his plans to produce this film in conjunction with Goldwyn, and folks are wondering what caused the sudden end of plans.

Doug gives no particular reason, but he said the two had considerable disagreement over methods of production, and that Doug backed out rather than change his ideas. Anyway, he's still supposed to be a producer at United Artists, though what he's going to produce we couldn't say.

Stork Hovering

GAY little Joyce Kirby, Warner Bros. (England) star of "Mayfair Melody," is going to be a mother within the next few weeks.

For the time being her five-year contract is suspended, and she and her flying husband . . . a business man from Glasgow, who flies his own machine on all his business trips . . . are revelling in domesticity, and engaging their minds in such problems as the choice of coats and prams, play-dens, and high chairs.

Their home in Knightsbridge has been invaded by painters and paperhangers, transforming a sunny bedroom into a primrose and egg-shell blue nursery.

Inspired Bargaining

Very soon 20th Century-Fox will release a film titled "Cafe Metropole." The basic idea for this film came from the fertile brain of comedian Gregory Ratoff. He wanted to sell it to Fox Chief Zanuck for six thousand dollars. Zanuck offered ten thousand. Said Ratoff, "You want to give me ten thousand—so I want fifteen!" He got ten.



Sydney's Premier Hairdresser Offers—

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Your health, vitality and energy are extremely dependent upon the proper functioning of your kidneys. This is easy to understand when you learn that each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 40 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 2000 times an hour, night and day. Nature provides this method of removing acids, poisons and toxins from your blood.

Causes Many Ills

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Most people do not realize this, but the kidneys properly are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are revitalized, run-down, nervous, tired, and worn-out because of poorly functioning kidneys."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately a pint of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly, but surely, your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down and worn out.

Many other troublesome and painful symptoms are caused by Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Rheumatism, Swollen Joints, Crises Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching, Smarting and Aching.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in over fifty countries throughout the world think that the proper way to help kidney functions is with the modern, up-to-date Doctor's prescription, Cytex, because it is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the United States and British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys as a

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★AFTER THE THIN MAN

Bill Powell, Myrna Loy. (M.-G.-M.)

SEQUELS are funny and dangerous things: for every member of the public who is prepared to rave, there is another M.O.P. who moans pessimistically that "it is not nearly as good as the first one."

Well, as one who saw and enjoyed "The Thin Man," I can lay a hand upon my heart and say honestly that this follow-up pleased me just as much. It has one fault. You remember the dog in the first opus? Well, the same gag is pulled again this time—a bad piece of repeating; that kind of joke is only good once.

Apart from this, however, I don't cavil at anything in the picture. There is a lot more canine fun which is really first-class; entertainment, in the hands of Mr. Powell and Miss Loy, is ladled out plentifully. There is action in plenty; the mystery—of the who killed Cock Robin variety—is very ably handled; and the climax is a complete surprise. If this combination of qualities does not rank three stars as entertainment, I don't know what does.

The cast is excellent, with Bill and Myrna in roles admirably suited to them, and James Stewart putting in a most effective piece of work as the end—St. James; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- ★★★ Three stars—excellent.
- ★★ Two stars—good films.
- ★ One star—average films.
- No stars . . . no good.

single-headed, ruthless, cruel mountaineer; Miss Hutchinson carries off well her role as a girl torn between love and duty.

Brent plays the lawyer lover—a little too monochamally at times—and in a splendid supporting cast Guy Kibbee, Marcia Mae Jones, Robert McWade, and Margaret Hamilton stand out—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★MEN ARE NOT GODS

Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence. (United Artists.)

I'M going to allow myself the luxury of analysing this picture thoroughly, the reason being that it's an offering which could have been made very good, and by bad mis-handling on the story and directorial side has emerged just as fair entertainment.

First, the director has been unable to make up his mind into what mood to cast his picture: it commences in broadly comic vein, and ends on a highly emotional note. Again, while the comedy in the opening sequence is excellent, it is overplayed when, at a supper party, a couple of hundred feet further on, Miss Hopkins drinks champagne in an impossibly silly fashion, and gets raucous instead of funny.

Everything is supposed to build up to an overpowering love between Ann (Miriam Hopkins) and Edmond (Sebastian Shaw), a love so fierce that Edmond is prepared to murder his wife to gratify it. The director has fallen down here. At one moment Edmond is disinterested in Ann to the point of allowing weeks to elapse without making any effort to see her. But at their very next meeting (their second, by the way) he is proposing to her that they should, to use a fine old phrase, live in sin. Very unconvincing.

The highlight of the picture is the murder scene from "Othello," the play the theme of which is a sub-motif in this picture. This sequence is splendidly done.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG

Gertrude Michael, Ray Milland. (Paramount.)

A TOP-NOTCH little one-starrer built around a story of, literally, the diamond-cut-diamond pattern. In an effort to quit her criminal past, Sophie Lang, queen of jewel thieves, manages to have herself declared dead. She comes to life again, however, when (a) an immensely valuable diamond belonging to the old lady she is companionship is stolen, (b) she falls in love with a newspaper man, and (c) she is denounced to the police by the diamond thief, a polished elderly gentleman masquerading under the name of Crane. The last-mentioned is played by the late Sir Guy Standing.

The working out of all this is well handled both by the cast and the director. All told, an honest piece of entertainment.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★CRIME OVER LONDON

Paul Cavanagh, Margot Grahame. (United Artists.)

A QUITE entertaining crime picture in which Paul Cavanagh appears as Inspector Gary, of Scotland Yard, Joseph Cawthorne as Mr. Sherwood, and his double, the actor Riley, Margot Grahame as Pearl, a hanger-on of gangsters, and Basil Sydney as Joker Finnegan, the most venomous gangster of them all.

The plot, involving the kidnapping of old Mr. Sherwood and the substitution of his double, is well worked out, and the cast is quite competent to stand up to the demands of the story.

Those who like thrillers will find this to their taste. It has story value, action, and comedy.—Mayfair; showing.

★★★ THREE SMART GIRLS

Deanna Durbin, Charles Winninger. (Universal.)

FOR once, you can believe what the advertisements say; this picture is 100 per cent. entertainment, and 13-year-old Deanna Durbin is the screen discovery of the last couple of years.

This child is fresh, unspoiled, and thoroughly delightful. Without a hint of camera consciousness, she has everything to make her, just on this one picture, one of Hollywood's chief box-office figures. As for her voice, for one of her age it

Week's Best Releases

- "AFTER THE THIN MAN." (M.-G.-M.)
- "THREE SMART GIRLS." (Universal.)

I wouldn't discriminate. In different veins, both are first-rate entertainment.

is remarkable. Obviously far from being fully developed, it is yet more satisfying than one would believe possible in an adolescent. She has a good range, nice tone, and artistry.

The picture itself is as good a blend of song, idealism, sentiment, and comedy as one could wish for, and is presented by an excellent cast. Charles Winninger is splendid as the divorced father whose three daughters set out to prevent his second marriage; Nan Grey and Barbara Read are well suited as the two elder daughters; Ray Milland, Mischa Auer and John King are prominent in the ranks of the supporting males; Binnie Barnes is a convincing adventuress.

Take my advice, and make a point of seeing this offering.—Regent; showing.

★★★MOUNTAIN JUSTICE

George Brent, Josephine Hutchinson. (Warners.)

THIS picture is definitely above average, but the warning is sounded: It is a pretty grim offering, none of your sugar and spice and all things nice jobs of work.

Main events are staged in an unspecified mountain district in the southern U.S. Here, the inhabitants, Hill-Billies, are as backward and half-witted a lot as you could find anywhere, forming their conduct, in the main, on a misinterpretation of the Old Testament. When Ruth Harkins attempts to organise clinics to look after the health of the women and children of the district, she immediately becomes unpopular, but when she falls in love with the New York lawyer who has her father gaoled she is outcast. From this point on the film gathers dramatic volume, culminating in a trial scene which would be unbelievable did not the cables assure us every month or so that such things happen in the land of the stars and bars.

The main work in this offering falls on Robert Barratt and Josephine Hutchinson as Jeff Harkins and his daughter, Ruth. The former gives a magnificent portrayal of a crude,



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the best motion pictures.]

"The Good Earth" was recently previewed by Their Majesties the King and Queen at Windsor Castle.

It is a wonderful picture and fully deserves such a Royal honour.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spent one year in research and two years in actual production so that Pearl S. Buck's great novel might be faithfully pictured.

Many Hollywood stars were tested before Paul Muni and Luise Rainer were finally chosen for the roles of Wang and O-Lan.

It is one of the costliest pictures ever made.

It will be remembered ten years from now just as to-day we speak of such productions as "Birth of a Nation," "Ben Hur" and "Ten Commandments".

The motion picture of "The Good Earth" is a glorious reproduction of the novel. Line by line—page by page—chapter by chapter the screen unfolds magnificent drama.

The drama that Pearl S. Buck tore from the heart of a man, his women and his people.

It was directed by Sidney Franklin, who gave you "Smiles Through" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street".

The cast headed by Paul Muni and Luise Rainer includes also, Walter Connolly, Tilly Losch, Charles Grapewin, Jessie Ralph and thousands of others.

Very shortly "The Good Earth" will be given its Australian Premiere and to the city of Sydney will fall this signal honour.

In the meantime these odd facts regarding customs of the Orient will surely be of interest to you. When two men meet, each shakes his own hand, instead of the hand of the other. . . . It is polite to make a great noise while eating to indicate appreciation. . . . The Chinese do not hurry, but take life more quietly than we do. . . . They do not say "How do you do?" Instead they politely ask how many children you have, their age, health, etc. . . . They wear red for weddings, white for funerals. The men in formal dress wear skirts; and the women wear trousers. . . . Yours for entertainment, LEO of MGM.

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WB 30

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THREE YOUNG STARS



● In "Love Is News" Fox presents a trio of youthful players. Loretta Young (top right) is the veteran of the three, both Tyrone Power, jun., (top left) and Don Ameche (bottom left) being comparative newcomers.

★ Loretta and Tyrone are seen together (centre), while Walter Catlett (bottom right) represents the comic muse. In this scene he utilises a barroom floor as a draught-board.

THE CHILD STARS of HOLLYWOOD

What Does Future Hold For Them?

☆
By MARY OLIVIER ☆
☆

AN OLD RHYME FOR A NEW OCCASION

*Twinkle, twinkle, baby star,
Age will soon your future mar.
So reap your harvest while you may;
To-morrow dawns another day.*

CHILD stars of the movies. Hollywood has no greater problem nor parents a more constant worry than what to do about these youngsters whose very youth has given them world renown, whose increasing age will snatch it greedily away almost before fame has been firmly grasped in their baby hands.

Nothing is quite so utterly delightful or yet so touchingly pitiful as the baby film star. Lovely little things, pretty, cuddlesome, so astoundingly clever, they captivate the world as few adults can ever hope to do. But that babyish charm all too quickly departs, leaving behind a lanky girl or gawky youth, neither child nor adult.

IT is that period of adolescence marking the transition of the child into the adult that is Hollywood's principal concern. A producer discovers a brilliant prodigy and stars it. Time passes quickly in Hollywood, and, too soon, the years rob the attractive little darling of its youth and infant charm.

Baby feet want to climb into high-heeled shoes. Baby curls are set into sophisticated waves, and baby dresses are changed for smart and modish gowns which put the final seal on their childhood—often on their fame.

All too soon they are stepping out at night clubs, premieres, parties, and in no time Cupid has let fly another dart in his quaint, capricious way. What then of the child stars of 1937? What is in store for Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Billy Mauch, Sybil Jason, Freddie Bartholomew, Bobby Ereen, Bonita Granville, Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Edith

Fellowes and Mickey Rooney? In the spotlight of popularity to-day, to-morrow will dawn another era, one of uncertainty and possible obscurity.

One of two roads lies open to the babes of Hollywood. Either they are able to bridge the years of adolescence by appearing in occasional suitable roles, specially selected to suit their changing appearance, and, having crossed the dangerous chasm, settle into ingenue parts before maturing into adult stars, or they just fade into oblivion, like so many of their predecessors, joining the ranks of forgotten faces of filmdom.

Consider, if you will, some of the famous child stars of the past. Junior Durkin, Maurice Murphy, Baby Peggy, Wesley Barry, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan, Davey Lee, Baby Leroy. Where are they now? Who ever hears of Junior Durkin or Maurice Murphy? I'll wager the majority of readers have forgotten they ever existed. Yet they did, and they were quite important in their own little way.

Baby Marie Osborne was the Shirley Temple of her day. Folks gushed and gasped over this little bundle of loveliness with the same simpering sentimentality that they now expend on the princess of Hollywood. Fond mamma copied her clothes, reproduced her bow, modified their own offspring's lives on the then current rave of moviedom. Baby Marie's mother planned a sensational career for her girl-on and on to greater fame. So what?

Baby Marie is a big girl now, fifteen, sixteen or thereabouts. But whereabouts? Last time I saw her

she was sitting in a casting director's office, waiting to be put on the list of people applying for small parts and extra roles in a picture about to go into production. A star of yesterday—literally begging for a part to-day.

She is still attractive, not, of course, in the same babyish way. But the world has forgotten her very existence. Not even the casting director remembered her name. He was not of her time. If she ever comes back into pictures, and it is very doubtful that she will, it will be as an entirely different identity, possibly a different name. Baby Marie Osborne is dead!

Baby Peggy, one of the cleverest juvenile stars of the silent screen, is now doubling for Ginger Rogers.

Yet few children have enjoyed such widespread popularity as this young thing. Tiny, beautifully developed, smiling little girl, with her quaint Dutch bob and dancing eyes, Peggy represented babyhood at its most attractive.

Somewhat of the same type as Sybil Jason, the star was every bit as clever, and quite as adorable. I've seen her quite often around Hollywood lately. Gone is the Dutch bob, although the dancing eyes are still alive with the joy of living. But if it wasn't for the kindness of Ginger Rogers and her mother, who have known Peg since childhood, she probably wouldn't have a job to-day.

It was Mrs. Rogers who suggested to the studio that Peggy would make an admirable double for Ginger. Of the same build and height, she was ideal physically, but she had to become a blonde before she completely qualified for the position. With Ginger and Mrs. Rogers plumping hard on her behalf, Peggy hopes to break into pictures again. A small role in a recent film may give her the start she wants. We'll see.

Wesley Barry, more popular in his day than most of the children in current movies, is playing extra roles.

Wesley, my youthful idol, my favorite tomboy star—and possibly yours, too—with his freckles, his unruly hair, his fresh, boyish charm. Who could forget his

"Penrod" series, his cheeky grin, his youthful escapades? I couldn't, but hundreds, nay, thousands, of others have.

Barry is the one star I hate to see grow up. Even now in young manhood he still has his plenitude of freckles, his grin, the same twinkling eyes—everything except his fame, the thing that matters most.

Jackie Coogan, having reached his maturity, failed to make a comeback and is now starring on the stage. His young brother, Bobby, who fleetingly tasted fame, is still at school, and probably will never attempt to re-enter pictures.

The older Coogan would give anything to return to pictures, and some day I believe he will. Just 21, Jackie still looks no more than 16, and therefore is too young to take leading roles. He is too proud of his reputation to accept anything less. Although he is engaged to be married, directors still see him as "The Kid." It is going to take some time

and effort to live down his baby stardom.

Jackie Cooper skyrocketed to stardom in one picture, took the world by storm in several others, soon reached the awkward age, and is only now growing out of it to take occasional parts when they come his way. To these add Davey Lee, who grew too big a boy to climb onto Al Jolson's knee ("Sonny Boy"), and Baby Leroy, now four years old, no longer a baby—or a film star.

For one year, perhaps two, maybe three, but never more, they taste the bitter sweets of fame whilst parents gleefully gather in the shekels. A few of them, like Anne Shirley, Madge Evans, Anita Louise, and Johnny Downs, do survive the years, but they are far between.

Of the child stars who grow up to be adult movie stars the one lonely success story is that of Madge Evans. Madge has been on the screen since she was two years old. At 13 she

played opposite John Barrymore. Then a lapse of several years ensued while the little girl grew into a young woman, and Madge broke into films again more popular as an adult than ever as a child.

Anne Shirley, once known as Dawn O'Day, was a member of the original Hal Roach comedy gang. So were Johnny Downs and Betty Grable. All of these youngsters have gone through the intermediate stage where Hollywood did not want them. They have come back with how much success remains to be seen. But they HAVE come back.

Many other children have belonged to the gang since the original group, but not one of them has ever emerged from it to gain fame as an adult player. The present crop of kiddies have been members of the gang for about 12 months now and one can notice their growth with every succeeding picture. Soon they, too, will outgrow their usefulness and then

Straight Talk

● Nearly every screen writer in the world has sentimentalised over the screen's baby stars.

This story discusses them frankly: their present and their future. And the future, for most of them, is not too bright.

● **BILLY MAUCH**, costumed for "The Prince and the Pauper." Will his fate be that of so many other juvenile: glamor and money for a brief season, and then obscurity?





Shirley Facts

★

● **S H I R L E Y**
TEMPLE is now in her fourth year of stardom. . . . Her curls and genuine talent have made her, in this period, one of the greatest box-office attractions in the screen world. Outside of her screen salary, she has accumulated a fortune in royalties on Shirley dolls, frocks, and other commodities carrying her name.

●

fiddle to any other actor, and it seems almost impossible for her to continue much longer as a star in her own right.

Financially, anyway, her future is secure. Her yearly salary is nearly \$80,000. Royalties on commercial articles such as Shirley Temple frocks, coats, hats, shoes, pyjamas, gloves, toothbrushes, socks, slippers, dolls and a dozen other commodities earn her thousands more dollars a year. She is the screen's biggest box-office star, and her studio's greatest asset. Businessmen have found that her name on any marketable article is its most valuable selling point.

Wisely, the Temples have banked practically everything that Shirley has earned during her years of stardom. Quite comfortably off themselves, they have had no need to spend the thousands of dollars the studio has paid this little star, but have invested it in gilt-edged securities. Here is one little girl who will never want for anything, come what may.

Jane Withers, too, is getting to be a big girl now, and it becomes increasingly difficult to find stories for her.

Mrs. Withers is another mother who is quite concerned about her clever daughter. Jane has been a veritable gold mine to her parents during her term of popularity. In no time, however, she will grow too old for those mischievous roles which have made

new, Bonita Granville, Mickey Rooney, Dickie Moore, Sybil Jason, Douglas Scott and other youngsters the situation is less formidable. Selected only to fit into stories where a little child shall lead them, they will find themselves employed according to supply and demand.

In a way I feel terribly sorry for these children of Hollywood. The money they earn is poor compensation for the sacrifices they have to make in the cause of their profession. Uprooted from their normal baby lives, they are plunged into a world of strange things and stranger people. Their schoolrooms they exchange for a movie stage, their playmates for the heterogeneous mixture of people one finds within the sound-proof walls of a studio set. They say and do queer things according to the script. They grow wise beyond their years, often precocious beyond endurance.

No longer do they attend school in the usual way. Lessons must be sandwiched in between takes. One minute they are in the midst of a divorce wrangle, the next they are probing the classics or investigating the mysteries of Euclid.

Nor can they romp with the kids next door. Little movie stars must behave and be good. Little movie stars must keep within their own backyard. They must be guarded against ill health, accident and kidnappers. Wherever they go crowds follow. They enjoy no privacy whatsoever, no fun like other children, until the day when age robs them of their fame and frees them from those chains which have for so long shackled their childhood.

New Problems

EVEN then new problems confront these youngsters. Growing up in the environment of Hollywood, surrounded almost entirely by adults who speak half the languages under the sun, a child player scarcely knows any other world but that of the studios. How irksome then to settle into the normal routines of everyday life. That certain glamor surrounding the picture industry is hard to shake off. If its fascination thoroughly dazzles adults, what then must it do to an impressionable child? Every little thing that happens, every word spoken, must leave its mark on the youngster's life.

How can they be expected to go to school and be treated like other children when for years they have been regarded as something apart from all others, when for years they have been the pampered and petted darlings of the whole world? How can they be expected to obey their elders when, for as long as they can remember, everyone has rushed to do their bidding? How must they feel when they are obliged to give up their lovely clothes, their motor cars, their homes sometimes, and all the luxuries they have enjoyed while they were in the limelight and in the money?

Yet give them up they must, unless their parents have saved the money their children have made, and that seldom happens. Money is so easily earned in Hollywood that few people have any true appreciation of its value until it is too late. At the top of the tree to-day, to-morrow at the bottom, there are not many who provide for the rainy day, and when it comes it deals a staggering blow to the parents of many a youthful star.

Imagine, therefore, the reaction of a youngster who has had everything the world can offer, who has earned thousands of pounds a year in the most exciting, most interesting spot on the

face of the earth, settling down to the humdrum life of a stenographer, a hairdresser, a shop assistant, a waitress, even a domesticity! Or, in the case of boys, what a difference to find themselves behind a counter, selling insurance, pumping petrol, adding figures!

Stardom has given them everything, this life offers, has elevated them from obscurity, and made them the cynosure of all eyes; has raised them from poverty to affluence. It's rather tough on them, don't you think, to have to return to the modest circumstances from which they rose.

Yet such is the future of the majority of the child players of the screen, and Hollywood can do nothing about it!

the others, to be followed again and again by their successors.

Anita Louise, now 22 years old, can claim to be about the only living example of a child who, commencing in pictures at the age of three, has appeared constantly throughout the years in roles of increasing maturity and importance until now she rightly earns her place among the screen's leading actresses.

Mary Pickford, starring in pictures at the age of 13, had almost passed the dangerous period when she commenced. So had Ida Lupino, who made her debut at 15, Louise Henry, who was the same age when she appeared in "Alice in Wonderland," and Loretta Young, who was 18 at the time of her first film.

Now they are all firmly established as actresses capable of comparatively important and mature roles, whilst Loretta is a real sophisticate with one divorce to her credit and another marriage in the offing. Such a future as theirs may be in store for little Desirna Durbin, who is now fourteen and could be made to look more, but what of Shirley, Jane, Sybil, Freddie et al?

Shirley Temple's eighth birthday, celebrated recently, marked the commencement of her fourth year of stardom. Fortunately, she still has her baby looks and mannerisms, but those who observe closely can see her growing older with every picture. Her parents and the studio for which she works anticipate that she will be good

● THE best-known and most popular child in the world, Shirley Temple. At present this juvenile star is at the peak of her fame as a child star. How long can it last?

for at least another year of acting—possibly two—then, unless the producers can find suitable vehicles, she will go into temporary retirement whilst she develops into young womanhood. Come what may, however, the Temples intend that Shirley will go on acting in pictures. But just how, when, where and with whom is a secret only the future will disclose.

Says Mother Temple when asked what she is going to do about her famous child:

"I have thought that Shirley might remain in pictures until she is, perhaps, nine. If, however, I begin to feel that with an added year or two her popularity is decreasing, even only a very little, then I will instantly take her out of pictures. Her contract provides that I may do so, under those circumstances. I will not permit Shirley to remain in pictures, not only in fairness to her, but to the audiences who have so lovingly accepted her.

"It may be that, as she grows older, vehicles will be found to suit, completely, the growing Shirley. If that should be the case, then, of course, we plan an education which will parallel her development, and which she can acquire even though her screen career proceeds.

"Later a college education is definitely on her programme, no matter what turn her career takes. The studio educational system offers grade and high school work. If Shirley is

still in pictures when she is ready for college—which should be when she is about sixteen—then we will make some arrangements whereby she can proceed without interruption of her work into college studies. Perhaps we can do that by letting her take extension courses at a local university. Perhaps by putting her under the private tutorage of professors from accredited institutions.

"On the other hand, if her present career should be terminated when she is about nine, we plan to send her to a good girls' school. By the time she is ready for college we ought to know definitely towards what her interests are turning. Whether it is towards acting,

or perhaps towards art, or perhaps her ambitions might crystallise into being a wife and mother. Whatever her ambition may be, nothing will be put in her way to deflect or to influence her choice."

It is Mrs. Temple's opinion that if Shirley is out of pictures in a couple of years she will be in demand for public appearances. Perhaps the radio will offer her opportunities, a new field of endeavor while she is growing up. The stage is another possibility.

But whatever she decides to do it will be a terrific wrench for Shirley to retire from the screen. Four years of stardom have left an indelible mark on this child's life. She will never be satisfied, after the years of adoration, to play second

Parents Are Concerned

her famous. She has no pretensions to beauty which might carry her on to the ingenue class.

In a few years she might blossom forth again as a comedienne—and a good one, too, I think she'd make—but between now and then Jane is likely to find herself on the outer for a spell.

I mention these two particularly because they are the only youngsters on the screen at present for whom pictures are specially made, stories specially written, songs specially composed. The problem of their future is far greater than that of the others. For Billy Mauch, Freddie Bartholo-

Mary Pickford's Home May Be Film Museum

MARY PICKFORD isn't interested in the present Hollywood property boom.

The most famous and valuable piece of real estate in Hollywood is Pickfair, the palatial home that was, once the scene of the romantic marriage of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Although Mary has received almost fabulous offers for the property, she has refused to sell, and, it is said, intends ultimately to preserve the home as a motion picture museum, placing it in the care of some responsible civic organization. Exquisitely furnished in a restrained and beautiful style, Pickfair has an atmosphere of its own which somehow can't be imitated. As Mary herself says, it's part of the history of motion pictures. Which is true when you come to think of it.

GLAMOR VALUE of the STARS' HOUSES

By EVELYN ENDYNE

Unmistakable signs of a good, old-fashioned real-estate boom have broken out like a rash all over the face of Movieland—and more particularly the luminaries thereof.

Quite definitely the most popular topic of conversation at cocktail parties, at the studios, and down at Malibu is real estate values, and an architect's lines attract far more attention than those of the snappiest blonde.

HOLLYWOOD residents of long realised that real-estate some years' standing have investments are gilt-edged.

Former homes of movie stars increase from 10 to 20 per cent. in value when the "For Sale" sign goes up.

If Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public learn that—for example—Clark Gable's old home is up for sale or rent, the agent has a tough job keeping out the prospective customers. Well, just imagine for yourself the thrill of saying, "Yes, my dear, this is the very room that Clark slept in!" Why, it's worth a few thousand dollars extra just to watch the look of envy on your friends' faces when you say that.

Likewise, the home of a star in a certain district attracts the movie-struck like flies to the fly-paper. Just try to get a house anywhere near Greta Garbo's exclusive home!

It can't be done! Fortunate possessors of such places give themselves more airs than royalty. Let a star build a home in an undeveloped area, and in no time at all houses are springing up like mushrooms. Yes, there's real money in real estate, but where formerly the operators garnered all the profits, to-day the stars themselves are getting in on the ground floor.

Rich Old-timers

CERTAIN of the old-timers of those dim pre-talkie days, like Ruth Roland, Norma Talmadge, Conrad Nagel, Dick Barthelmess and Betty Compson, woke up to this years ago, and now, though they seldom if ever appear on the screen, they are still as wealthy as any of the reigning favorites. Ruth Roland is the queen of them all. Ever since she was "Queen of the Serials," she has been buying estate, and now she controls more than two million dollars' worth of property.

The current boom has taken investors out of Hollywood proper to the broad San Fernando valley, where, over the past two or three years, screen personalities have been acquiring gentlemen-farmer estates of varying sizes. To-day, it's almost impossible to get ground there, for small-lot subdividers have capitalised on the Hollywood invasion—and in such businesses not a few stars were silent partners, garnering tidy harvests.

Profits on Sales

NOT only are the stars investing in property and opening up new areas, but many of them are making good money selling their palatial Beverly Hills homes.

Bill Powell made a very handsome profit when he disposed of his 22-room mansion, and Jean Harlow did likewise when she put her lovely home, with its marble swimming-bath and spacious gardens, on the market.

Bing Crosby sold his home at a good profit, built another, and is now advertising yet another home. In addition, he owns a large ranch near San Diego, where he will breed racing ponies.

One of the most ambitious realtors is Len Catrillo. Owner of an apartment house site, and a just completed multiple-family building costing 150,000 dollars, he has plans for a resort, patterned after the style of Agua Caliente, to cost over half a million dollars.

The reason for this activity is not hard to find. The career of a movie star does not last long, and is most expensive. Many stars have put big sums in trust funds to provide for the future, but this does not yield such a return as real estate, with its oft-times big profits.

A second reason lies in the fact that to rent a home or even a flat—or apartment, as Hollywood has it—costs a star far more than an average person. Agents boost the prices sky-high when they learn their prospective customer is a celebrity.

Few of the stars are proof against the prevailing enthusiasm, and even Mae West, who has strenuously declared she will never own property in Hollywood, and lived in rented apartments since she has been there, has succumbed. One of the few stand-outs of note is Carole Lombard, who invests her all in trust funds.



After Dark

Poise, dignity and charm — essential to "after dark" occasions — depend so much on correct accessories To complete a distinguished ensemble you must choose form-fitting Hand-cut Lingerie and exquisitely clear Ultra Dull Sheer Stockings by Prestige

ULTRA-DULL SHEER STOCKINGS AND HAND-CUT LINGERIE

by **Prestige**

WITH a KISS

Continued from Page 16

THE scarlet kyak was heading straight for the island. A few more strokes of the paddle, and it would dive headlong into the current that streamed over the submerged rocks.

She ran to the water's edge, shouting into a wind which caught her words and flung them back over her own shoulder towards Spain. She waved her arms wildly, and a brown arm rose from the kyak, and imperturbably returned her waving.

"Oh, go back!" screamed Alison, uselessly. "Please go back!"

Suddenly, like a playful porpoise, the kyak buckled and dived straight down. Overhead, the gulls screamed, swooping low, rising again straight upward, and Alison, watching, felt faint and dizzy. A brown arm gleamed for an instant above the surface; a dark head rose and sank. Exactly like a porpoise, rolling and playing in the sea, the scarlet kyak was visible from time to time as the current pulled it and tossed it. There was nothing that Alison could do but wait, wait and watch, while a human life was battered away upon those rocks.

He was making valiantly for the island; the wind and the current were aiding him in that, flinging him roughly forward, sucking him under. Alison waded out until the water reached her armpits, and stood, her feet firmly wedged against the rocks on the bottom. She could feel the sea rising about her body, pushing back past her resisting strength towards the shore. Then the swimmer was flung heavily against her, flung straight into her outstretched arms, and she caught him tightly.

crooking one muscular young arm about his neck, and stumbled backward, before the sea could draw him down again. Afterwards, neither Matt nor Alison could remember whether he had staggered, leaning against her, to the shore, or whether she had literally carried him from the sea. He insisted, afterwards, that he had been conscious in that moment when she caught him to her; he swore that he remembered her, like a nymph out of mythology, standing breast-deep in the surging water, with her blonde hair flying back from her pale face, drawing him to her with wet, shivering arms. But when she had gained the shore and dropped to her knees, he was completely unconscious, apparently without life, bruised and bleeding.

Still breathless with fright and excitement and physical exertion, she knelt beside him. There was a deep gash over one of his closed eyes, and his face was scratched; his chest—he was dressed only in bathing trunks—was bruised and cut in a dozen places, and his legs streamed with blood and sea water.

She got a napkin from her basket and dipped it in the sea, commenced, at first timidly, and then with increasing confidence, to bathe away the blood. The gash on his temple was the deepest, and she tried to stanch the bleeding. She had no other cloth, and finally she made a pad of the napkin and bound his head tightly about with a torn length from her scarlet cape, lifting him up as though he were an enormous doll.

Then she sat back on her heels and looked at him, her eyes wide, her lips parted, and Matt Cooper, opening his own eyes slowly, saw her so, and stared back for a full minute before he spoke.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she echoed, shyly. Lord, she was pretty, thought Matt. It was worth the ride. "Nice gentle current, you have out here," he murmured.

"It's frightfully strong," she contradicted, wide-eyed. "You can't get to this island in a boat."

"Yes, I found that out," he agreed, dryly. He smiled. "But I got here!"

"Yes," she admitted, and added, "You can't get back until low tide."

"How perfectly dandy!" said Matt, his eyes noting the delicate color of her cheeks, the gentle curves of her young body. And Janet's crowd called her a Little Horror, a Prig-in-a-Poke! Were they blind? She was laughing, softly. "What?" he demanded.

HER mouth trembled with amusement. "I was thinking of my grandmother." He waited, eyes on her face. "You see—" She hesitated.

"Why think of your grandmother at a moment like this?" he persisted.

"I live with her," said Alison. "Over there. She—she's going to be scandalised."

"Swell!" said Matt. "Splendid! I dote on scandalising people's grandmothers. I've given up years and years to scandalising my own grandmother, and it's about time I began on someone else's."

She laughed again, looking at him wonderingly. "You know, I came out here for the express purpose of calling on you, Miss Alison Aiden," he told her.

Her eyes widened. "But—" "I saw you riding, this morning. Then I saw you on the breakwater."

She was flushed, and her voice was breathless. "But—didn't anyone tell you—that it was dangerous?"

"Sure. Isn't being with you worth a little danger?"

Her eyes were incredulous, delighted. "It's—it's like a story!" she exclaimed. "When you came out of the sea, I thought of Odysseus—do you remember when the daughter of Alcinoos, Nausicaa, found him, and took him home?"

Matt shook his head. "No. Tell me about it."

"She was washing clothes with her maids," said Alison, obediently.

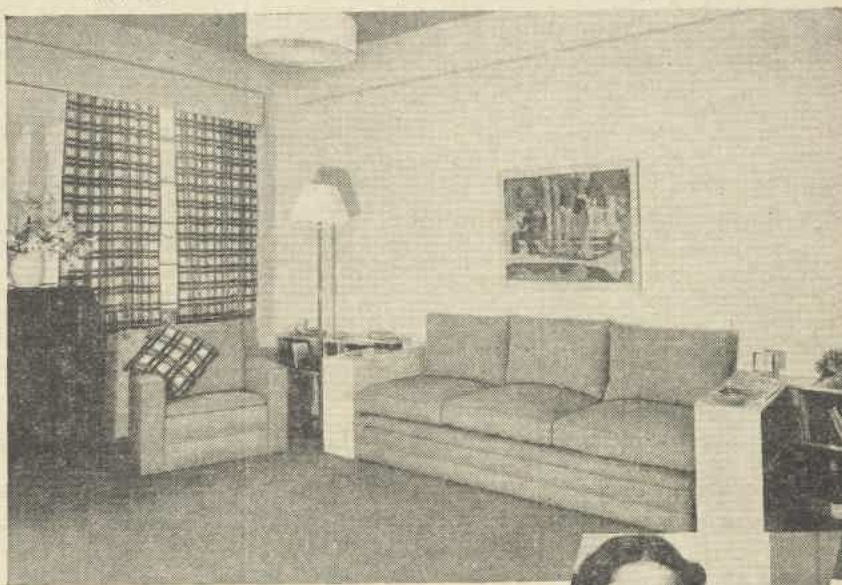
"I'm so glad you left your maids at home," interrupted Matt.



MOLLY GREY

You can have a Room like this!

Molly Grey, well-known Interior Decorator of David Jones', Sydney, has done her own flat in cool restful cream colors, accented with smart French glazed china in a green plaid at the windows. Painted book cases form the ends of the settee and continue along the walls, and a walnut desk is placed near the windows. The vivid modern print and bowls of flowers bring additional color to a room full of personality and charm.



"There's no time wasted with Taubmans 'Dulux'." says Miss N. Wotton of Mans Street. "I put it on right over the old paint and it covered it in one coat. And I love all the smart new colors."



"I never held a paint brush until I used Dynamol," says Mrs. A. Nightingale of Henry Street. "Now I've dynamolled lots of my furniture and it looks just as 'professional' as anything you will see in the shops."

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"Blue Salsph looks so cool on a bathroom floor. And the family can splash about without harming its lovely, permanent finish," says Mrs. E. H. Stroll of "Strimble", Lock Street. Use Salsph also on paths, steps, hearth—on stone or brick work.

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Anne Stewart, clever young decorator, has written a book, "The Colorful Home", in which she tells you how to choose color schemes, how to "do over" old rooms, how to paint walls, woodwork, furniture and accessories. This book is a wealth of information on everything to do with home decoration—and Taubmans Limited will send you a copy free of charge. Post this coupon today—you'll receive this beautiful big book by return mail!

Dear Miss Stewart, I enclose 3d. to cover posting and handling. Name: Address:

Spoilers of Good Looks

FAT, SPOTTY FACE, DULL EYES.

Whatever your looks, remember that attractiveness is more due to fitness and health than to beauty of features. Pimples are ugly, and so is unhealthy fat. When your eyes are dull, breath bad and you suffer sick headache and depression you cease to be fit and attractive.

The bringer of these troubles is usually constipation. Congested bowels and liver accumulate digestive wastes which gradually seep into and contaminate the blood stream. Clear away these poisons by taking Pinkettes and you dispense the regular, banish unhealthy fat tissue, sick headache, and bilious attacks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe, laxative ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, and stir the liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why relief and cutting fast, Dr. Leonard's Vaseline, a harmless salve, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaseline has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaseline with this guarantee.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you bloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. That's Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, immediate size 1/2. Repeat a substitute.

YOUR FUTURE!

What... Are my 1937 Prospects? What... Lottery shall I be lucky in? What... is my lucky number and day? Send P.N. 2-6 Full Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for Reading by World Famous "NARGEE" Astrologer and Numerologist.

Dept. W, Box 4615V, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, over 2UW at 10.20 a.m. 3AW at 11 a.m. 4BK-4K at 10.45 a.m. 5AD-MU-PI at 11.30 a.m.



Can You Still do this?

KNEES straight, hands flat on the floor! Twenty times on getting out of bed—that's Grandpa Kruschen's morning exercise!

What? You can't get down to it? Your knees creak, your back won't bend far enough, you feel dizzy? Come, come, you should do what Grandpa does—take Kruschen every morning. It's the "little daily dose" that keeps Grandpa fit, his joints loose, his limbs supple, his muscles springy. Start to-day with Kruschen. Take the "little daily dose," and in a few weeks you'll be "jumping over the moon!"

The "Little Daily Dose" is the Secret of Health

It is the pace of life that makes us grow old before our time. Rushing after buses, trams, trains; constantly on the go, whether at work or at play. We bolt our food, we do not always eat what is good for us. In short, we lead an unnatural existence. Under such conditions, it is not surprising that our liver, kidneys and bowels become sluggish and allow poisons to accumulate.

As a result, common complaints such as indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and lumbago begin to bother us, or we start to put on ugly, unnecessary fat.

If we lived a natural life, all body

poisons would be got rid of every day through the eliminating organs. That is just what the "little daily dose" of Kruschen ensures for you. It helps the liver, kidneys and bowels to do their work regularly and efficiently every day with the result that poisons and harmful waste products are punctually eliminated before they can do any harm. And that is the whole secret of good health.

Read how Mrs. L.P. found this out for herself, and now feels sixteen years younger, through taking Kruschen regularly:—

Stiffness Gone—As Active as 16 Years Ago

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for three months. I had tried several things before, but all to no avail. Then it occurred to me to try the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen Salts. Since then, I have been able to get up in the morning without the least fatigue, and do my housework cheerfully. I feel no more pain in my back or my legs, my circulation has improved, and my face is no longer flushed.

It is wonderful. My limbs are not a bit stiff now, and at 51 years of age I feel as active as I did sixteen years ago. I shall go on taking Kruschen, for I feel much better for it."—(Mrs.) L.P.



Kruschen Salts

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

Put An End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all the time if you follow this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin. Thus joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened, and foot comfort is yours. Zam-Buk is equally good for chilblains on the hands.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. (of all chemists & stores)



"I had as many as twelve broken chilblains on one foot at once and lost work with them. But regular use of Zam-Buk soon brings me free from chilblains, and I no longer dread the winter months."—Miss M. H. Smith.

"Five years I endured the misery and pain of bunions. I could not bear the pressure of my shoe. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief; in fact, I do not mind if anyone reads on my feet now."—Mr. A. Lock.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

HER eyes dropped to the sand, confused.

"Look at me!" he ordered, sharply, and she looked up, her lips parted in a smile at his contradiction, and for a long moment they did not stir, merely sat, leaning towards one another, staring. Then, from the western side of the island, came a call, thin and drawn out, blown back to them on the wind.

"Matt! Ma-a-att!"

Their hands, which had somehow come together during that long, strange look, dropped apart, as they jumped to their feet. Off-shore, safe from the water boiling about the rocks, a small white yacht was circling. Alison Alden and Matt Cooper stared at the three people on her deck.

"Are you all right?" It was the witty Bill McArthur calling; Matt recognised him, and Janet, and Janet's father.

"O.K.!" he shouted back.

Bill made a megaphone of his hands. "You'll have to wait for low tide and wait back. We can't get any closer!"

"O.K.!" Matt shouted, again.

As the boat swung about, he could see that Janet and Bill were laughing; more wit, he presumed. He turned and looked at Alison, soberly.

"How long before the tide drops?" he demanded.

She looked up at the sun. "It isn't noon. I don't think we can possibly cross the breakwater before five." She shivered. Oh, what Grandmother would say when she saw them returning together across the rocks! She tossed her head. It was not her fault that he was here! Her eyes lifted to his face. "Your name's Matt?"

"Matt Cooper," he answered. And for once in his life, Mr. Matt Cooper had better watch his step, he was thinking. This girl—this child—was something special, and should be treated as such. "Got anything to eat in your basket?" he inquired.

She nodded, but did not move. "Why did you tell me not to look at you?" she asked.

He laughed. Innocent or sophisticated, the feminine mind was apt to go directly to the main issue. "If you don't know, I won't tell you," he retorted, lightly. She was standing close to him, looking questioningly up into his face with her clear, violet-blue eyes.

"Maybe I know," she said. She had no experience of men, no experience of coquetry, but a smile was slowly curving her lips, and her heart was pounding.

He glared at her. "Go away—brat! Innocent, was she? Sheltered from this rough world? Her smile was half mockery, half invitation. "Oh, all right," said Matt Cooper. "You're asking for it!" His arm went about her shoulders and he pulled her roughly against him, kissed her unresisting mouth. "Now get me something to eat, you little fool!" he said.

THE sun was hung low over the village of Hendonport, to their west, as Alison and Matt Cooper picked their way across the tumbled breakwater.

"Look, Matt!" said Alison.

Ahead, on the upper terrace of the Alden place, a group of people was watching their progress.

"Oh, Lord!" said Matt. He had expected to face Alison's grandmother, but this was a whole reception committee.

Alison laughed, gaily. "What a funny-looking pair we are!" she cried. Matt, in black bathing trunks and a scarlet headband, bruised and scratched and herself, wind-blown and dishevelled, her cloak torn, and without her sandals which had somehow become lost.

Matt Cooper bit his lip. He wondered just what he had let himself in for. The prince awakening the sleeping beauty always married her—and as Janet had said, undoubtedly many a prince had lived to regret that fatal kiss. He looked at Alison, and she smiled radiantly.

"I believe you're afraid of Grandmother!" she accused him.

"Aren't you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not how."

Oh, Lord! thought Matt. Not now! Grandmother Alden would probably meet him with a shotgun! He shrugged. Good heavens, a man does not have to

WITH a KISS

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marry a girl just because he has been alone with her for five hours! It wasn't as though he had kept her there deliberately; there had been no choice. She was humming to herself; if only she didn't look so radiant! He had been a fool to kiss her...

The group on the terrace became distinguishable. Janet, laughing, alert with curiosity and amusement, Bill McArthur, the wit, a portly, male figure that was beyond doubt the Bishop—and Grandmother Alden. Matt was painfully aware of his appearance in the eyes of the Bishop and the old lady.

Janet's voice was the first to reach them. "Well, Matt Cooper, I certainly never expected to see you alive again!"

His gaze drifted past her, drawn irresistibly to the face of Grandmother Alden. What a face! What a woman! Her calm eyes seemed to clothe him in full afternoon dress; her very posture, as she sat, stiffly erect, yet somehow graceful, gave unquestioning formality to the scene. He thought of the story of Queen Victoria and Eugenie and the chairs; where Britain's ruler sat, there would be a seat... and when Grandmother Alden looked upon a young man, he would be clothed.

ALISON seemed to have no realisation of the ludicrousness of the situation, as she presented him. "Grandmother, may I introduce Mr. Cooper?"

"How do you do, Mr. Cooper?" said Grandmother pleasantly. "Mr. Cooper—Bishop Blakeman."

"What's the address for, Matt?" Janet interrupted, her eyes glinting. "Been playing pirate?"

Alison looked at her reproachfully. "He has a dreadful cut on his temple," she said. She turned, with a charming, rather proprietary little smile. "You must go to a doctor, right away, Matt."

Matt Cooper saw them all, saw the quick, amused look that flashed between Bill and Janet, saw the Bishop's eyebrows quiver.

saw Grandmother Alden's changing face.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Alden saved my life," he said, addressing the group. "I was unconscious when she pulled me out of the water."

Grandmother Alden rose and stood, her full-skirted, black dress sweeping the grass. "I was very glad that Alison was there to help you," she told Matt. "Won't you come to the house now, and let us send for Dr. Carroll to attend you?"

IT was not necessary, Matt answered, he thought that he had better go home and bathe and dress. He was glad to have met her—and the Bishop, he turned to Alison. "I can't thank you," he said. "I—"

Of them all, Alison alone seemed perfectly natural. "Silly!" she retorted. "Why should you?" She was smiling up at him, like a child. "Please have a doctor look at your head, Matt!"

"I will," he promised, and somehow wrested his eyes from her shining ones, and followed Bill and Janet to the car.

Janet sprawled on the seat, helpless with laughter. "Oh, Matt—Matt! If you could have yourself bowing to the old lady—and shaking hands with the Bishop—in that costume! Like a cannibal about to be baptised! I'd had a camera, nothing could have stopped me from taking a snap!"

"Oh, shut up!" Matt said. "At least, wait until we're out of earshot!"

"That Alden girl ought to wear a bathing-suit all the time," said Bill. "I had no idea she was so pretty."

"You must promise me to go to a doctor, Matt!" Janet mimicked Alison's soft voice. "You got a pretty well, didn't you, old boy?" "Oh, shut up!" said Matt, again.

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LUNG TROUBLE

Sufferer makes complete recovery

Six years ago a patient wrote the following: "It is three months since I commenced using Membrosus at the Sanatorium and I now have very much pleasure in telling you that my treatment has cured me. My doctor has lately examined me and sent some opinion to Sydney. He showed me the result. There was not a trace of T.B. in it. The doctor was surprised at the quick recovery I have made and was very interested when my husband told him that Membrosus did it."

That person is still well to-day, there never having been a recurrence of the disease. It is only one of the many outstanding reports we receive from tubercular persons who have suffered from the dread scourge but, after using Membrosus, find that THE RACKING COUGH SOON BECOMES EARLIER, MUCUS IS EASILY DISLODGED, THEY ARE ABLE TO SLEEP UNDISTURBED, THE APPETITE IMPROVES, STRENGTH AND WEIGHT ARE GAINED, THEY ARE ABLE TO WALK AND WORK WITHOUT FATIGUE OR DISTRESS and a new outlook upon life is obtained.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

"No one knows the agony I suffered; the needle was the only relief. I spent weeks at the time in hospital, it leaving me very weak. After only one week's treatment of Membrosus the Asthma left me and I have not had an attack since."

"I do wish everybody who suffered could hear about Membrosus."

Cases of up to sixty years' standing have effected complete recovery within 2 to 4 months without any treatment after using Membrosus. Do you wish to be able to LIE DOWN AND SLEEP AT NIGHT WITHOUT FEAR OF ATTACK, FOR THE MUCUS TO BE BROUGHT AWAY EASILY, FOR THE WHEEZING AND COUGH TO STOP, FOR THAT THROTTLE-BINDING FEELING TO DISAPPEAR, TO BE ABLE TO BREATHE FREELY, TO LOSE THAT SHORTNESS OF BREATH AND WALK UP A HILL WITHOUT DISTRESS, FOR THE ATTACKS TO BECOME LESS FREQUENT AND THEN DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER? Membrosus Dry Inhalation can give you that relief. Remember, it is different.

CATARRH, HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE

WITHOUT OPERATION

"I had frightful pains over the eyes and in the cheek, my throat was always choked with disgusting mucus. I was never free. Operations made me worse and no one would have anything to do with me. To make matters worse a new symptom developed. Headache began and running from the nose—it was awful. I was given some Membrosus, but I had been disappointed so often and did not get it for a while until I was desperate, so burnt some tablets. Lots of mucus came away, but I was disappointed, until about two weeks after I started when the relief was wonderful. I continued to improve, and in 3 months only used 2 packages a day, and in 6 months I was quite cured. I will never stop praising Membrosus."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

A DIFFERENT DRY INHALATION

Membrosus treatment does not contain any drugs, harmful or habit forming, no Menthol which only clears the passages temporarily. It is a vital cell food which enters the blood stream, going right through the body, eliminating germs and poisons from the system. Membrosus can help you, also.

For particulars send a stamped, addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to "Membrosus," c/o Irvine, Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. MA3167

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JANET giggled. The old lady will probably send her family solicitor around in the morning. Maybe you'd better leave your lo-night, Matt. I don't see how you're going to get out of marrying her!

Matt Cooper was not amused, and he showed it.

"Matt!" Janet put her hand on his arm. "Darling, don't look so sore. It's all right. As a matter of fact, I practically told the old lady that we were engaged."

Matt looked at her, at her brown eyes, half laughing, half serious. "Oh, you did, did you?" he inquired. "Well, well—"

"Between the devil and the deep blue sea, eh, Cooper?" Bill McArthur said, grinning.

"Is that nice, Bill?" Janet demanded, reproachfully. She turned back to Matt. "You're all right, fella, so long as you didn't kiss her or anything."

It was inconceivable that a young man of his experience and sophistication should blush, yet that was exactly what Matt Cooper did. He could feel the color surge up over his cheeks to his hair. Janet looked at him oddly, and then looked away, biting her lip.

"Do you want to stop at the doctor's now, or after you're dressed?"

she asked, in a flat, unlaughing voice.

So far as Janet Drake was concerned, the subject of Alison Alden was closed, but it was not so easily closed as that. At the yacht club, that evening, all the younger set of Hendonport had heard the story, and wanted to hear it again from the lips of the hero. Matt, in white flannels and dark coat, with a bandage romantically snowy below his dark hair, was the lion of the night.

But he was a reluctant lion, a lion who needed prodding and stirring to roar. He did not understand himself; perhaps it was the steady aching of his head—the doctor had taken four stitches in the wound—which made him stupid, almost taciturn. It was a good story; it had been a good story centuries before, when minstrels first sang it in echoing stone halls, the story of the young man who reached the enchanted princess. Bill McArthur, who had been there, added to it; Alison Alden, he maintained stoutly, was a knockout. The grapes might be beyond reach, but they were not sour. With her weird, Boston-young-girl clothes stripped

from her, in a bathing suit, the girl was not so dusty. The light of a crusader burned in Bill McArthur's eyes; Matt watched the beacon flash from him to other young men.

"Matt, you feel awful—I can tell," Janet said, resting her hand sympathetically upon his shoulder. "Don't you want to fade out?"

He did, but he wished that he could do his fading, solo. Janet nestled beside him in the roadster, and his arm went out automatically and gathered her close. He was not holding himself up as an expert dermatologist, he thought, but he doubted if any woman in the world had a finer, softer skin than Alison Alden. Janet's firm, tanned shoulder felt like so much shoe leather, in comparison.

She looked up at him, smiling. "Come and see me, some time, Matt!" and he kissed her, dutifully. What was the story by H. G. Wells about the man who had held the Queen of the Fairies in the palm of his hand, and could never afterwards be satisfied by a mortal woman?

"What are you thinking about, Matt?"

He was so deep in his thoughts that he told her, absently. "I was wondering how many men you'd kissed."

She did not know quite how to take that, but as she studied his expression, trying to read his mind, she realised that he was not thinking about her at all. He did not even notice when she pulled away from him and lighted a cigarette.

"Night," she said, shortly, when they entered the house.

"Good-night, Janet."

It was disturbing to remember that he had kissed Alison Alden, who had never been kissed before. Remembering brought him a strange confusion of emotion.

Breakfast, in the Drake household, should have dragged any young man back to earth. Bright, sunny breakfast-room, with a salt breeze coming in from the bay; pungent smell of coffee and bacon and waffles, and the laughter of Janet and Sally, the genial voice of Mr. Drake, the brisk ministrations of Mrs. Drake.

"**H**OW'S for some golf?" Mr. Drake asked Matt.

He didn't know about this head of his, Matt replied, doubtfully.

"You will go trailing Lorelei to their rocks!" Even Janet's father, Matt noted, turned classical, referring to Alison.

Sally's young eyes were avid, staring at him above a forkful of waffle, dripping syrup.

"I suppose I should call or something," Matt said, uncertainly. "What do you do when a girl saves your life?"

"Marry her, of course," Janet retorted, tartly.

"The old Chinese custom is to give yourself up completely," Mr. Drake suggested. "You've saved my life—now support me." He paused, and Matt knew what was coming. "Dashed clever, these Chinese—"

Janet's brown eyes were cloudy. "Good lord, Matt, you've thanked the girl once—what more can you do?"

"I think he ought to call," her mother said, ignoring Janet's glare. "It's common politeness."

"You ought to give her a medal—or a ring, or something," said Sally. Gosh, he did look like Jack La Rue! She sighed, but turned swiftly, as her sister spoke.

"You might take her a box of candy, Matt. How much is your life worth to you—measured in chocolate caramels, say?"

"That's right—kid me," Matt retorted. "I'm just an ignorant westerner. Got a volume of Emily Post? She might cover the situation."

"Oh, I think you'll get along," Janet assured him. "And Alison Alden will want to see that nice white bandage. But don't say I didn't warn you!"

She thought her washing was white . . .



... till her neighbour's child came to play in a Persil-washed frock

If you think that ordinary washers make your things nice and white, just wait till you see those things side by side with Persil washing! Persil whiteness beats ordinary whiteness every time. What's the explanation? Persil's soap-and-oxygen action! Ordinary washers just get dirt off the fabric. Persil gets dirt out of the fabric too. That's the simple reason why Persil users always have the whitest whites. It's time that you became a Persil user!

Use Persil alone. Beware of imitations.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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7 people in 10 have "Shrinking" gums at 35!



Gums may start to shrink back (recede) as early as 20. By 35 most mouths show 3 to 4 "recession" spots at gum line. These spots are highly sensitive when brushed.

Three common mistakes hasten "shrinking," according to modern dentists. Three things to do if you want to retard a premature "ageing" process.

AS GUMS grow old they naturally recede. Your first warning is that certain teeth are sensitive to brushing.

To harsh, abrasive dentifrices, to ineffective cleansing and to wrong ways of brushing are laid the premature receding gums of modern times. Thus, to retard unnatural "shrinking" of the gums, follow these three simple rules.

1. BRUSH PROPERLY

Brush away from the gums, upwards on the lower teeth and downwards from above.

2. USE A PROTECTIVE TOOTH PASTE

When gums recede, the part exposed (cementum) is much softer than enamel. Thus, your

cleansing material must be softer than "cementum." Of the leading brands only Pepsodent is softer than this more delicate portion of the tooth.

3. YOU MUST REMOVE FILM

—It contains germs associated with decay. Film also combines with lime salts to form tartar, whose sharp edges may irritate the gums, cause bleeding and make gums recede much faster.

Pepsodent Removes Film

Pepsodent is a special film-removing tooth paste. Scientists developed a new softer, safer cleansing and polishing material. This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively.

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE



THE 2- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

WARNING in the BACK PAINS

Dreaded RHEUMATISM That Shortens So Many Lives

If you get agonizing back, loin or joint pains; if you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep; urinary troubles—BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE. Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.

A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE REMEDY

Harrison's Pills are the surest, safest and, results considered, the least expensive remedy you can take. If you have any one or a number of the symptoms and disorders printed below you should take Harrison's Pills at once. This remedy of a London Doctor has an outstanding record of success. Harrison's Pills not only combat the early stages of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, Urinary and Uric Acid Disorders, but they succeed even in cases that defy all other forms of treatment.



For Weak, Aching Back, Loin, Joint and Limb Pains, Stabbing Pains, Rheumatic Infection, Swollen Joints, Loss of Vitality, Sciatica, Arthritis, Uric Acid, Urinary Pain, Gravel, Stone, etc., TAKE

Harrison's Pills

STOPS PAIN BY REMOVING CAUSE!

If you suffer from any form of bodily torture such as may be associated with uric acidity or rheumatism; if you have any vitality-sapping, youth-robbing weakness of the bladder or urinary organs—try this great remedy.

Go to your chemist, and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—18 pills, 2/; 25 pills, 2/; and 60 pills, 5/. You are GUARANTEED relief from the first bottle or money back. Further, you are assured of a lasting complete clearing-up of your trouble if such be possible from any remedy. If not near a chemist or store, post your order to Attestated Laboratories, Daking House, Sydney. HARRISON'S PILLS MUST HELP YOU BECAUSE THEY EFFECTIVELY BANISH THE CAUSE OF YOUR ILL-HEALTH.



TELEPHONE LESSONS are now given regularly in some of the boys' schools in England. The idea is to familiarise the pupils with the use of the instrument in readiness for when they leave school, so that they may be equal to phoning for help in case of accident or other emergency.

HE nearly turned back, when he reached the stone gate to the Alden drive. Why not let well enough alone? Yesterday had been something special, not to be repeated. What could come now but anti-climax and embarrassment for them both? He and Alison Alden lived in different worlds; it was not for him to attempt to bridge the gulf.

He stopped his car beneath the old-fashioned porch-cochere, ornamented with wooden lace and jig-sawed shingles.

"Will you tell Miss Alden that Mr. Cooper is calling?"

The elderly maid looked at him in astonishment. "Why—yes, sir. Will you—will you wait here?"

"Here" was a broad, Victorian hall, carpeted in faded roses, the walls flanked by four walnut chairs and a marble-topped atrociously with a mirror set deep between two tiers of drawers and walnut pegs brist-

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ling from two tortured side panels. "Mr. Cooper," Grandmother Alden, in black silk, stood before him.

Matt bowed. "I wanted to thank your granddaughter for yesterday," Janet was right; he should not have come.

Grandmother Alden's eyes were unfathomable. "Alison will appreciate your having called," she said. "You are feeling better?"

"I'm quite all right," said Matt. So Alison would appreciate his having called. "Look here," he blurted, "mayn't I see Alison?"

The old lady smiled. "No," she answered, pleasantly.

They were standing. Matt looked down at the placid, unmoved face. "Why not?" he asked.

The smile returned, oddly gentle, charming. "I think 'no' is sufficient, Mr. Cooper. I am not accustomed to giving reasons for my statements."

He felt about nine years old, as she had intended that he should—but Matt Cooper had been valiant, at nine. "You mean she doesn't want to see me?"

Her smile held such genuine amusement that Matt reddened. "Is that difficult for you to believe Mr. Cooper?"

HE should go, of course; the old lady was making no pretence of desiring anything but his departure. It was common politeness to call, Mrs. Drake had said. Well, it was also common politeness for Grandmother Alden to receive him. Matt looked her unflinchingly in the eye.

"Yes, Mrs. Alden, it is difficult for me to believe," he answered, stoutly.

There was a flicker in the old eyes, not wholly uncomplimentary. "My granddaughter does not wish to see you," she stated. They were looking at one another steadily, Matt's grey eyes and the old lady's blue ones equally firm. "I am not a liar, Mr. Cooper," she added, still very pleasantly.

"No," he agreed. It was queer, but he felt liking as well as admiration for this woman. "Will you tell me why Alison doesn't want to see me?"

"Don't you know?" she countered. "If you don't know, I won't tell you." . . . And Matt knew. Again Janet was proved right. If you wakened the enchanted princess with a kiss, you had to marry her.

Grandmother Alden was watching him, and as Alison had often known, now Matt Cooper knew, too, the difficulty of thinking one's own thoughts privately in her presence. She was a witch, he felt, standing there before her, that every shading of his mind was open to her. What had he done, by intruding into this household? What had he done to Alison?

"Why do you keep her shut off from the world like this?" he demanded.

SHE was an extraordinary woman, magnificent and dignified, now, in defeat. "I have been wrong in that," she told him frankly. "I have only just realised how wrong."

It was strange, but just as he knew that he liked her, he knew, too, that she liked him. "You will be pleased to know that I am going to take Alison to Europe," she said. "She will meet young people, will go about with them. If she gave you back your life, perhaps in passing you have given her hers."

Now her dismissal of him was unequivocal. She held out a small hand, white, like her granddaughter's hand. "I think we understand one another Mr. Cooper. You will not, of course, try to see Alison again. Good-bye."

Matt Cooper, of Wyoming and parts east, lifted the little hand to his lips. He had a ridiculous feeling that he should back away from Grandmother Alden's presence, as from royalty.

Well . . . that was that. The adventure of the sleeping princess was over. One could be just so romantic, just so medieval, and then no more. In this year of grace a young man did not lift the lady to his saddle and gallop off with her. Back to earth, Matt Cooper; back in line with your own generation!

He flung himself into the summer

gaiety of vacation. Janet was a dear, funny and gay and a good sport; he liked all her circle of friends. There was tennis and golf, swimming and sailing, dancing to the music of the Yacht Club's excellent orchestra.

But the hulking farmboy who had held the fairy queen in his hand could not go back to his millmaid. The texture of her skin, the quality of her hair, the timbre of her voice . . . everything about her had become coarse and hideous in his eyes.

He had been half in love with Janet Drake when he had come down here, and she with him; now there was a subtle, but unmistakable, change in their relationship. They liked one another, as before, but now they were strangers, aliens.

Beneath her teasing there lay a real resentment; he was not as she had thought him. "Galahad," she called him, sometimes, her eyes mocking. It was the fashion for young men to be ruthless, insolent; courtship should be an Americanised apache-dance—and Matt Cooper had failed her.

It was indicative of the changed relationship that she had completed a golf foursome, this afternoon, and left him to himself. At five, he was to meet her at the club house for cocktails. He felt restless and irritable, dissatisfied with the day and all the days. The pattern of life was bright, but repetitive. Almost he regretted his lost emotions towards Janet; he was bored with the eternal merry-go-round. A swim might brace him, a swim and a stiff drink before he started for the club house. Boredom was inexcusable.

Please turn to Next Page



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TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN WRIST WATCHES Camera, Mr. Mc Doola, Perth, has many other valuable prizes for selling small parcels of iodized garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write to-day! JOHN R. MURRAY, 60/61, George St., Sydney

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WRITERS IN THE STARS
ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological
Research Society

DUALITY of GEMINIANS

Gemini people are those whose birthdays fall between May 22 and June 22.

They are astrologically represented by "The Twins" . . . and this bespeaks the unconscious duality of their natures.

GEMINIANS are not always easy people to know, for they are changeable and somewhat erratic.

They can usually talk and write freely and have no difficulty in expressing themselves. They make excellent short-story tellers and their quick wit, keen minds and versatility make them lively and interesting company.

Sometimes they have a tendency to chatter far too much. When this is carried to excess, they may find it difficult to make lasting friendships.

In some cases there is an impatient and jealous side to the nature, and an inclination to blame other people for the misfortunes they happen to bring on themselves.

Many "Geminians" seem to live rather "in the air," and unless this tendency is turned to good account by following a mental, imaginative or inspirational career, there is some doubt as to their financial success in life.

Marriage Partners

WHEN it comes to love affairs it will be found that many "Geminians" have a rather fickle side to the nature. They love to flirt around a little and sometimes receive unpleasant shocks when they find their fooling has been taken seriously.

"Gemini" folk usually find that their most harmonious partnerships (whether business or marriage) are with those people whose birthdays fall under the sign "Virgo" between September 23 and October 24; and "Aquarians," between January 20 and February 19.

They can also find much happiness with people born under the signs "Leo," July 23 to August 24; "Aries," March 21 to April 21, and their own sign, "Gemini," May 22 to June 22.

In any case they usually have plenty of friends and acquaintances and have a happy knack of making friends easily and quickly . . . sometimes too quickly, for at times their judgment is at fault in the choice of their confidants.

Their best quality is "Reason"—their worst one, "Restlessness."

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Poor for you on June 10 and 11, but quite fair on June 12 and 13.

TAUROS (April 21 to May 21): Just fair on June 14 and 15.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy. Go after the things that you want. Your chances are very fair. Make changes, seek promotion, ask favors, especially on June 8 and 9.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Fair only on June 10 and 11.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair on June 12 and 13.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Live quietly. This is not the time for overconfidence or the making of important decisions or changes. Delays and obstacles may beset you, especially on June 8 and 9.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Very well worth while for you. Make important plans and try to put them into operation. Be confident and optimistic. Look to improve your affairs. Live cautiously on June 10 and 11, but make the most of June 8 and 9.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Not spectacular. June 10 and 11 should be best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Attempt no important ventures at this time. Losses, disappointments, partings and general worries are possible on June 8 and 9. Also on June 14 and 15. It is a time to live cautiously and quietly.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 24): Poor on June 10 and 11, just fair on June 14 and 15.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A splendid time for you to seek promotion and to make important changes in your affairs. Ask favors. Put your plans into operation on June 8 and 9, but slow down on June 12 and 13.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Live quietly. Delays and annoyances can bring difficulties, especially on June 8 and 9, and again on June 14 and 15. Do not be rash.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]



THE CHARM OF POLO. Although Australia has its women polo teams, it would be hard to get a numerical rally similar to this. They are Californian girls at the Riviera Country Club, in Santa Monica, with their string of white polo ponies. The girls have developed a fast team which will challenge other girl teams in Southern California.

WITH a KISS

Continued from the Previous Page

HE stood, poised at the pier's edge, to dive, and then stepped back, his eyes straining across the water. Someone was moving on the island on Allison's island.

He had no intention of defying that current again; as he dropped into the dinghy and shoved off, he meant merely to row out a little way, to satisfy his curiosity. No thorn thicker, he thought grimly, could protect a lady more efficiently than that surging water, no fiery dragons prove more fearsome than those submerged rocks. He held the dinghy at a safe distance, circling and doubling back on his own wake, while his eyes searched the shore.

She was sitting on the sand, elbows on her knees, her chin in the cup of her hands. A celestial spotlight, the sun sent its full light upon her, turning her hair to fire, transforming all her small, pliant body to gold.

A lump rose in Matt Cooper's throat; staring across at that motionless figure, held prisoner by the swelling sea, he was filled with emotion such as he had never known. He stood up in the dinghy, and Allison Alden, lifting her eyes, saw him silhouetted, with the sun setting behind him, saw him young and strong and god-like, looking across the strip of seething water at her.

HE knew that this night the moon would be full, but, Wyoming-bred, he did not know, as Allison knew, that the full moon brought with it the fullest flood, that he had taken the one day, even the one hour of the day, to make this crossing in safety. He felt the sand firm beneath his feet; the realization that he had reached the island, unscathed, seemed only part of the miracle.

"Allison!" he said, standing before her, holding out his dripping arms. "Oh, my dear—it isn't true that you don't want to see me!"

Her eyes were grave, shadowed; she looked at him silently.

Matt's arms dropped. "I love you," he told her.

She did not move. "Grandmother said—"

"She doesn't know anything about it," he interrupted her. "I love you."

Her mouth trembled into a smile. "That girl—Janet Drake—said—"

"She doesn't know anything, either," said Matt. "I love you."

"You're sure?" she asked. He laughed. "Oh, my darling!" He stepped forward and took her into his arms, kissed her, very gently. "Aren't you sure, too?"

She put back her head and looked up at him, surprised. "I was always sure! I was sure you'd come back! But Grandmother said you were the first young man I'd ever seen. She said—no, wait, Matt!" She put her hand over his lips. "It wouldn't have been like this, if it had been anyone but you! Do you know that, as well as I do?"

"Yes," said Matt Cooper.

"I didn't want to see you again unless you knew it, too."

"No," he agreed. "Of course not." He looked down into the blue-violet depths of her eyes, and his arm about her tightened. It was incredible that he could ever have doubted, that he could ever have left her, after that first day. Why, the story would not have endured, through all these centuries, if it had not sometimes been true! "I'm never going to let you go!" he said.

She sighed, contentedly, nestling against him. "Look, Matt!" He turned, his arm still about her, and together they watched while the sun, like a flaming bucket, dipped into the dark well of the harbor. In its wake, the black dinghy, still floating, bobbed helplessly on the shining water. Allison's mouth twitched. "We must buy Miss Drake some boats," she said, demurely. Matt looked down at her and

grinned. It was not every young prince who had the good fortune to awaken a princess with a sense of humor; he was sure of that! He continued to look at her, with increasing satisfaction. "You know, I think I'm going to like being in love with you!" he told her.

She nodded her head, vigorously. "That's what I thought all along," she agreed.

(Copyright)

"You'll Protect your Eyesight"

Don't strain your eyesight by doing delicately fine work in a variety of colors in the flickery, yellowish light of a poor quality kerosene. In addition to being most harmful to your eyes, a poor light will make you headachy and irritable, spoiling the pleasure of an evening's sewing, reading or knitting. Protect your eyesight with the steady Soft White Light of Laurel Kerosene. Laurel is pure; free from carbon and burns longer than any other kerosene. Keep your lamps filled with Laurel, the most popular kerosene amongst housewives in this country.

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"The new Kraft Cheeses
will make your meals
more interesting"



**THESE
MEXICAN
TIMBALES (illus.)**

are full of flavour made
with tasty, tingly Old English.

Fry $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raw rice in 3 tablespoons butter until it is straw colored. Add 2 cups boiling water; steam in double boiler. Drain. Add 1 tablespoon chopped onion, salt and pepper. Pack into buttered custard cups. Melt 1 8-oz. packet Kraft Old English in double boiler, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk gradually. Unseasoned timbales, pour over cheese sauce.



SAVOURIES

for your party—
that take only a
minute to make with Kraft Welsh Rarebit!

Kraft's leading chef made his own famous Welsh Rarebit—and the Kraft Company found a way to mould it into a block ready to melt, just as it is. No shredding, mixing or seasoning—just spread it on biscuits or toast and pop it under the grill until it melts with tasty deliciousness. Keep Welsh Rarebit on hand for emergencies!

Kraft Cheese Dishes are easy to make, inexpensive, delicious!

Four new Kraft Cheeses—what a joy to housewives who are sick and tired of serving the same old things, day after day! And what a thrill for the family too—for everyone loves the new Kraft Cheeses—there's one for every sort of taste. Cheddar, mellow and mild and delicious. Old English—more tasty—well aged and well cured. Pimento—something different—Kraft Cheddar flavoured with Spanish pimento. And Welsh Rarebit—the cheese all seasoned and made into a rarebit ready to melt as it is!

FISH CHEESE PIE... a dish that tickles the palate when made with delicious Kraft Cheddar! Shred $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Kraft Cheddar and add it to three cups of well-seasoned thick white sauce. Add 1 teaspoon celery salt, and 1 green pepper minced (can be omitted). Add one pound cooked flaked fish, prawns or rock lobster; mix lightly and put into buttered casserole. Make small scones and place on top of mixture, bake in moderate oven.

From these four cheeses you can make hundreds of new dishes—plan meals around them often!

Kraft Cheeses rich in minerals

Every Kraft Cheese is specially rich in calcium—so essential to strong teeth and bones—and in phosphorus, proteins, Vitamins and energy units. It contains twice the nourishment of meat pound for pound, at half the price—no wonder Kraft Cheese Dishes are called perfect meat substitutes. The new Kraft Cheeses are sold throughout Australia—get some to-day!

BEANS ITALIAN... made with luscious new Kraft Pimento—the cheese that makes any dish an event! Cut 5 strips of bacon in small pieces and cook with 1 chopped onion. Combine with 2 cups cooked haricot beans, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 1 tin tomato soup, 1 cup shredded Kraft Pimento Cheese, salt, pepper. Put all in casserole, cover with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup more shredded Pimento Cheese, and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.



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Alicia Deane

Complete
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... By ...

EDWARD VIVIAN TIMMS

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ALICIA DEANE

By EDWARD VIVIAN TIMMS



HE elegance, the vivacity, and the beauty of the woman who walked with Sir Peter Farnham drew the sombre eyes of many London citizens as she passed by, and sent their troubled thoughts back a few weeks to the days when Charles II was King. They gazed at the rich apparel of the laughing courtesan, and the undermired, scarlet-clad Sir Peter, as though seeking to read in their bold features confirmation of the dread rumors that were swiftly passing from lip to lip.

Unmindful of the curious stares of the passers-by, Sir Peter Farnham, leading with a silken leash his inseparable companion, a Charles II spaniel, accompanied the patched and perfumed woman to her door. The March afternoon was fine; the breeze keen, but lacking the usual cold, bolsterous rudeness of the March wind, so they had walked from St. James' Park to Charing Cross with Sir Peter's coach following slowly behind them. At the door of the woman's residence he exacted the promise of an assignation, and acknowledged the honor by a sweeping bow. For a little while they lingered on the threshold and spoke to each other with the familiarity that is born of intimacy.

"Heloise," he said before departing, "is it true that one of your countrymen, the Governor of Boulogne, no less, is shortly to claim you for his bride?" A smile of incredulity drooped his thin lips. His sharp, peaked features wore an alert expression.

For a brief moment there was no reply. The dark eyes of the beautifully gowned woman narrowed, gleamed, and then flashed wide open in a charming assumption of surprise.

"It is true, dear heart," she said lightly at last. "And why not? What, now, is there at Whitehall? The feasts, the entertainments, the cards, the tables piled with gold coin, the pretty women in the scented salons, awaiting, breathless, the gallant men who had stormed and captured their hearts? Zut! They are gone. It is all gone. Your King James? Poof! What an execrable taste in beauty has he. Slatern or Aphrodite? What matters it to him? No, no! Your James is gloomy, black, mean. He has filled the palace with shadows. He does not smile, his lips are thin. Whitehall! Ha, ha, ha! Ichabod! So you see, eh? Heloise does not like the gloom. No. She must have light, and laughter, and . . . love. Yes, could she now remain in a palace where dark things sit? No, no, no! Your Charles was delightful, but your James, zut! It is not to be endured."

Dropping a little curtsy in response to his sweeping bow she quickly walked into the house with a rustling of silk and satin. Farnham turned and entered his coach, and not until the vehicle had rolled some distance over the cobbles did the whimsi-

cal light leave his eyes and leave them hard, and cold, and grey. He sat and stared before him, and upon a silken cushion beside him sat the spaniel, a canine cavalier. Farnham's thoughts went ahead of the coach to the silent house in Lombard Street. Tobias Jelp again! But why so curt a message? What was afoot now? "Sdeath! Could it be that he—but no. It could not be that . . ."

What could his uncle want with him. "What," he muttered irritably, again as he arrived at the house, "can the old fool want of me? Such a peremptory summons is past endurance. Am I dog to answer at the snap of fingers? Bah! Ah, no. She dare not tell him—"

The door opened, and with a flourish of scarlet he went in.

The front door of the ugliest house in London was gently closed behind Farnham by the aged servitor, whose sly life had for many years been spent in the service of one who was the personification of greed, the colossal, smooth-faced, pock-marked, chuckling Tobias Jelp. An iron bar, well oiled, slid noiselessly into place. Farnham, as was his wont, sneered at this inflexible law of the house and then thrust the spaniel into the man's arms.

"Take the dog! As your plaguey old eyes are focused to the keyholes, and your ears attuned to the whisps that drift through the cracks, perhaps you can tell me what my levitation of an uncle requires of me? Here, take the hat, and the cloak, and the rapier—no, no, clumsy idiot—don't let the dog tear the feathers! Well . . ."

The man allowed his sunken eyes to play discreetly over the face and form of the little cavalier. His old mouth gaped in a toothless grin.

"All I can tell ye, Sir Peter, is that the cognac flagon stands filled and waiting on the table."

"Humph! Split me! Did he—er, has he—damme! But it matters not. Away with you," Farnham's ready voice commanded.

"There's a gentleman with him, Sir Peter. One of the political refugees from Holland, sir."

Farnham paused, wondering at the peculiar inflexion in the old man's tone.

"What manner of man is he?" he asked, his voice low but penetrating.

"A ranting, furious fellow with the manners of the stable, a roaring voice, and a hot volcanic eye."

"Ha! A plaguey neat label. Thank ye, I think I know the fellow. A dangerous lot, but more so to his friends than to us. Now, guard ye your tongue."

The two men did not rise from their chairs when Farnham came into the room. They sat and stared at him in cold silence. Then, with the door securely shut again, Tobias Jelp's dry voice flashed across at his nephew.

"So you have come, ye doll!" he rasped jerkily. Here was no need for the bland mask, the oil of suavity, or the salve of spurious deference with which he usually soothed suspicion and allayed alarm. "Farnham, I want you to meet—"

The man from Holland hastily interposed. His voice boomed with unaccustomed loudness in the room.

"No names! No names, ye fat fool, Jelp!" he roared.

"—to meet my friend," concluded the scrivener with a throaty chuckle. He was greatly amused, "Sit down, ye rogue."

Farnham watched cautiously as Tobias Jelp's fat, florid, pock-marked face cracked in a smile. It was a smile entirely without mirth. His little black eyes gleamed, but whether in malice or merely natural cunning his nephew could not determine.

The man from Holland stared long and contemptuously at Farnham before he spoke. His blue eyes, glowing under his beetling brows, glared at the younger man with a fanatical light. As though dissatisfied he turned to Jelp.

"Is this the young spark who goes to the west?" he snapped.

"Yes," came after a struggle for breath.

Farnham glanced sardonically from one to the other.

"Faith," he murmured, "ye both seem to have it all arranged, whatever it is."

Jelp darted a spiteful side glance at his nephew's pale features.

Farnham dabbed at his lips with a dainty kerchief in a manner that irritated his uncle.

"I can anticipate what is to come. What is it ye are betraying now, fellow? Oh, yes, I know ye—I know ye for the dangerous meddler ye are—"

"I BETRAY none, and I meddle with none," the harsh voice of the refugee rumbled. "And I would advise ye to be more prudent in your speech. No man in all the kingdom is more loyal to King James than I am. It is because I am loyal I am here—"

"'Tis because ye are plaguey well paid for it," Farnham glibed.

Jelp's vast bulk stirred impatiently. "Bridle your foolish tongue, Peter. There's money in this thing for ye—plenty of it."

"Sdeath! Why didn't ye say that at first. It alters the matter. Money . . .? I'll even listen to you for that." Farnham's grey eyes lighted with sudden interest and hope. Money! His mimical demeanor fell away from him like a discarded garment. He drank another goblet of brandy.

The man in the black doublet leaned forward and tapped Farnham's knee with a heavy forefinger in the emphatic manner of the enthusiast. His eyes seemed to be on fire.

"Jelp speaks the truth," he bellowed. "I am from Brussels. Monmouth is there playing the languishing English exile. That in itself is nothing, but surrounding him are many whose condition is anathema to them. These men are urging him to take advantage of his popularity with the English Protestants and to strike at the thrones—"

Farnham interrupted with a derisive laugh.

"Monmouth . . .? Strike at his uncle? Nonsense!" he snarled impatiently. "Was

I brought here to listen to this stupid talk? Come, come! What is it ye really want of me?"

"Nay, Sir Peter," said the man in black grimly. "I do not talk nonsense. Monmouth will—"

"But 'tis absurd! He has no money. He has no following. What madness is this talk, man?"

"'Tis not absurd. Don't ye be the fool now, young cock-a-hoop! Use the little brain ye have to understand with, not to instruct the more intelligent," was the angry reply. "Monmouth has a following—any time he cares to land in the west."

"But what has all this to do with me?" Farnham demanded.

Jelp and his fiery friend exchanged quick glances.

"His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint ye his secret agent in the west county," Sir Peter.

"**S**DEATH! And why the west counties? I vow there is some deep and ugly work somewhere."

"I said ye would be well paid," said Jelp with a sudden husky snarl.

"Humph! I had forgotten that."

The refugee's grim lips smiled a little. He rubbed his hands gently together. His blue eyes glittered in the dim light.

"It is feared, Monmouth, when he makes the attempt, may land in the west and recruit there," he said.

"Ret me! And what am I to do?"

"It will be your duty to discover among the nobility and the gentry those who will support him. You will send the names to Whitehall. That is all. None will suspect you, and as you have a way with the women 'tis expected you will catch many of the secrets that drop from their pretty lips. As has been said—you will be well paid."

"Stab me! But I—I—"

"Faith," snapped Jelp. The vast bellows of his paunch sent the word whistling through his broken teeth. "Let me make up your mind for ye. By going ye have all to gain, by remaining all to lose. All to lose I repeat."

The scrivener stared unwinkingly at his nephew. Farnham glared back at him.

"Ah," he breathed. "Now I begin to understand. So ye are in this thing, eh? Then, truly, there's money in it somewhere."

"There's a thousand pounds awaiting your acceptance."

"I accept," came so promptly that both Jelp and the grim visitor laughed. Sir Peter turned on the latter. "And what brought ye to England? Did ye come solely to betray your friends?"

The man chuckled and helped himself to brandy.

"Betray?" he said with a twist of his lips. "That's a dangerous word. I was delegated by a certain lady to negotiate the sale of certain property of hers—"

Farnham's eyes drooped towards his uncle.

"And my generous relation is the purchaser, eh? There must be a fortune in it for both of ye. She is—er, unfortunate both in the agent and the buyer. And whilst here ye revealed this pretty plot to James, eh?"

"Was it not my duty?"

"So ye got paid by both sides! Ye sit on a sharp edge, my friend."

A transient gleam shot into the fellow's mad eyes.

"Ye ask too many questions, Sir Peter," he retorted. "As a loyal—"

"Loyal . . . ? 'Sdeath!" said Farnham explosively.

"It is my duty to destroy all traitors—here, and across the water. Your uncle has the money waiting for ye."

Sir Peter reached for the flagon. His uncle squirmed. The man in black shot swift glances from one to the other. Farnham swallowed the liquor more deliberately.

"I've got ye this appointment to be rid of ye," said his uncle. "Hid of ye from London; that, and to look after certain interests of mine in the west while ye are there. It will go bad for ye, unless . . ."

Farnham glanced sulkily at the indignant mountain of flesh.

"Well, unless what?" he growled.

"Unless ye follow my instructions as well as the King's when ye get to the west. I have for ye a letter of introduction to Lord Anthony Deane. I did not write it. I bought it. His lordship has a piece of property . . . and a daughter. Ah! They are the two most beautiful things in England. They are beautiful—both of them I want the estate . . . I care not what becomes of the girl. It should be easy."

"And I care not what becomes of the girl. But I want the money."

"Ye may care when ye see her . . ."

"She is presentable?"

"Presentable . . . ?" Jelp quivered as he sobbered and chuckled. "She's ravishing! When I last saw her I did think . . . but the property will do me. The whole affair should be easy."

"My blood! 'Tis headish—"

"But profitable."

"Ah, that, of course, makes all the difference. But these Deanes will have friends."

Jelp unclasped a fat hand and waved it reassuringly.

"Fear not. None that is caught in the net will have friends. The friends of traitors are traitors. And they'll know it."

"Ye cruel devil! Sometimes I doubt 'tis only sheep's blood ye sip."

"Ye rat! Your teeth are ever ready to gnaw flesh—if there be money in it. Bah, ye rat! Ye'll go to the Royal Exchange first."

"And why the Exchange, my euphenistic hog?"

"No more of your impudence, now! Ye'll step into the Exchange and go to the Barbadoes Walk. There ye'll find the West Indian agents. And there ye'll cautiously hear the price of slaves."

Farnham stared.

"Slaves . . . ? Are ye mad? What the devil—"

Jelp sucked in a deep breath and chuckled.

"Ye'll understand, later—when Monmouth lands."

Sir Peter hastily swallowed more cognac. Even his avaricious soul was slightly appalled at the diabolical enormity of it all. The spirit, however, failed to brace him. His cheeks were ashy and moist with damp sweat.

"Slaves . . . ?" he whispered. Then he laughed. "Jelp, ye're the devil himself."

Roger Chard, the smithy, looked up from his work in some surprise. A coach, such a coach, had never before been seen in quiet Cloverdale, for in magnificence it outshone the coach of the Deanes or any other vehicle in the neighborhood. The wind from the bellows died away as the pressure of the huge, muscular arm ceased. The white-hot charcoal ceased showering sparks into the air and the red iron gradually lost its color until it became a dull, bronze-red that perfectly matched the fiery locks of the young giant. A thin, high-pitched, petulant voice called from the coach in a

tone of cold insolence such as Roger Chard had never before heard.

"'Sdeath! Ye are a plaguyc unceivil fellow! Is this the way they show respect for their betters in Somersetshire?"

Roger Chard turned and looked at his interrogator. Still, without speaking he walked round his visitor until he had completed the circuit. Then he spoke.

"Faith, and what is it?" his deep voice seemed to ask of the forge. "'Tis truly a man, and yet, maybe, I be mistaken. A man . . . ? But it must be! And with a dog in his arms—is it a dog? But 'tis! A man and a dog. Then I must give apology. And what be your name, little fellow, and why do ye fondle a dog?"

Sir Peter Farnham's pale face went even whiter.

"I am Sir Peter Farnham, ye dolt! Truly ye must have stewed your brains over that fire, ye appear so witless."

"Sir Peter Farnham . . . ? H'm! There be none such in all the registers."

Farnham flushed slightly and looked keenly at the huge man before him.

"Stab me! I've no time to waste improving your manners, fellow—"

"My name be Roger Chard. I do not answer to 'fellow.'"

"Er—humph! Then listen, Master Chard. On my coach there is an iron bar that controls the brake blocks. The plaguyc roads gave it a jolt that bent it. The brakes scrape annoyingly against the wheels. Bah! These vile country roads! I vow 'tis punishment enough for the vilest rogue to send him a-coaching over them—"

A gleam of amusement shot into the eyes of the smith.

"What have ye done, then, to merit this punishment?" he asked quietly.

"Pshaw, ye—ye mistake me, Master Chard. 'Twas but my opinion of the roads. But the coach! Have ye hammer strong enough to straighten the cold bar?"

"How thick be the bar?"

"Split me! 'Tis almost an inch, I vow."

"I'll look at it."

SIR PETER took two steps to Chard's one. He looked a mere boy beside the towering, broad-shouldered smith.

"There it is," he said, pointing.

"Aye, I see it. Tell the man to hold the horses so that they do not start forward."

Farnham did so and turned again to the blacksmith.

"But ye didn't bring any tools, fel—er, Master Chard. Damme, damme! Are you going to straighten it with your teeth?"

Roger smiled slightly and a twinkle lurked in his eyes.

"Nay, the bar be not thick enough for that. My hands will do the work—"

"Oh, rot me! But the bar's an inch through! Damme—er, Master Chard, ye cannot—"

"Ye forget there's a certain leverage in my favor, and as for your 'cannot'—"

The body of the coach was very narrow, so narrow that only two could sit side by side. The wheels were wide apart and the projecting rod offered ample grip for Roger's great hands. His broad back bent to the task, and a foot on the wheel gave him purchase.

"No . . . need . . . waste . . . time . . . tools!" he gasped as his enormous strength slowly brought the bar back into line. "'Tis . . . soft . . . iron . . . there! 'Tis finished."

Farnham stared in fascination at the straightened bar. It was incredible, unbelievable. But there it was.

"Oh, blister me. 'Twas a feat, indeed," he reluctantly admitted. "Er—I thank ye. And the cost?"

Roger Chard's deep laugh was pleasant to hear.

"This only: that ye do not again address me with your 'fellow,' or your 'betters,' or your 'cannot,'" he said. "Are you satisfied with the charge, Sir Peter Farnham?"

Sir Peter did a magnificent thing. His white hand went up and patted the massive shoulder with hearty approval. Then, satisfied with this friendly gesture, he replied:

"Er—quite, Master Chard. Thank ye. Damm! I think ye a very civil fellow—er, I mean, person. Now, can ye tell me the way to Deepdeane Park?"

"Deepdeane Park?" came sharply. Farnham glanced up at the face of the smith.

"Yes," he said softly. "Why do ye ask like that?"

But he found that Roger Chard's gaze remained level and calm. Nor did he receive enlightenment.

"Go on a little way, and then turn across the stone bridge. Then follow the path. Are ye a friend of the Deanes?"

"Damm ye—ye are quite right, Master Chard. Well, again I thank ye, an' if ever ye need a true friend—call upon me. Humph! Good day to ye."

"Good day."

The coach moved away, and presently crossed the bridge.

"Bah! Insolent, bumptious, country clown with his stupid tricks of strength—ah! Strength, eh? Little he knows I may yet crush him for all his great body and iron muscles. The dog! He may yet discover what true power is."

ROGER stood and watched the coach until it passed the bridge, rolled along to the great iron gates between the granite pillars, and then vanished behind the thick bank of laurels that bordered the long drive.

Sir Peter Farnham, evidently, had stirred lightly in deep waters.

Roger Chard turned and walked slowly into the smithy. But he did not again stir the charcoal fire into life. He crossed a leg over the anvil and sat down, and stared fixedly before him until a woman's soft voice called from the garden of the cottage adjoining the smithy.

"Roger, Roger, son! Why sit ye there in the dark? The supper's long set, and the sun, too, has set. Come along, son, do."

He started, and then raised himself and stared round in the gloom. He left the smithy.

"Coming, mother, dear heart. I—I did not notice the light fade."

Again the gently chiding voice. She came towards him, a little woman, fresh-faced, mild-eyed, grey-haired.

"Aye, son, I know what 'tis. 'Tis the proud Alicia's sweet face ye've been worshipping there in the dusk."

He nodded his magnificent head.

"Aye, mother, 'tis true. I was thinking of her," was the honest admission.

"Roger, son, ye know such thoughts are hopeless—"

"Aye, I've known it for years. Known it, since the day we quarrelled as children because I wouldn't call her 'lady.'"

"There, lad, it grieves me sorely to see my son's love unrequited, unknown. But there be many pretty girls in the village,

Roger, who would make ye a good wife, and willing—"

He bent and picked her up in his mighty arms.

"Nay, mother, I love Alicia Deane. Ye know it. There it begins . . . and there it ends."

"Aye. And I have something to tell ye. I've put it off, but I must. It seems the Lady Alicia has remarked ye observing her closely at different times. She has told her father, and he has asked me to advise ye to cease the practice. She is resentful of it. I fear she does not like ye, Roger, but I cannot think why. Ye both played happily together as children. But ye are no longer children, alas."

He was silent, and she knew that her gentle words had deeply hurt him.

WITH his usual kindness and courtesy, Lord Anthony Deane had extended the hospitality of Deepdeane Park indefinitely to Sir Peter Farnham, and had expressed regret that his daughter, Alicia, who was sojourning at the house of a relation in Bath, was not expected to return for fully a week. In the meantime, he was sure, Sir Peter would find much to interest him in the estate and the surrounding country. Sir Peter, who could be very agreeable when he chose, had expressed his thanks. He had explored the estate, and ridden in the scarlet coach several times to Taunton. The time had passed very pleasantly, much to his surprise. Strolling on the terrace, he listened to his host.

"Alicia is a fascinating little madcap, ye know, Farnham—not little in stature, for she is tall and well proportioned. And take care if she smiles at ye. 'Tis then she is dangerous," said Lord Anthony very seriously.

"And she is very beautiful," murmured Sir Peter. Already he had learned that the doting father was not averse to nor insensible of a little mild flattery, and to praise the daughter was to delight Lord Anthony.

"But I thought ye had never met her—"

"Neither have I, my lord. But I have looked at the portraits of her mother, and her mother's mother, that hang by the great stairs. Do ye not remember pointing them out to me the first few moments of my arrival here?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said Lord Anthony with a laugh. "I had forgotten. They were both beautiful women. But, they were fair, whilst Alicia is dark—that lustrous, dark, wavy hair that shines with a million points of light, ye know—and her skin is ivory pale, so that her eyes—blue, or violet, or black, I am never sure which—a matter of mood, I think—seem to live as they sparkle under their long lashes. Aye, 'tis said she be wonderfully pretty. Even Chard, our blacksmith, a man who shuns the wenches, seems to have lost his heart to her—"

"That clod!" imprudently exclaimed Sir Peter in tones of cold contempt.

Lord Anthony's pleasant voice suddenly hardened a little.

"Clod . . .? I would not care to be the man who called him that did he choose to resent it. Ye are mistaken, Sir Peter. Roger Chard is a gentleman."

Sir Peter was astounded.

"Stab me! But, really, a gentleman?"

Lord Anthony's tone grew decidedly cold.

"Those were my words, Farnham."

"Oh—er, yes, of course. Damm! Damm! I apologise, of course, my lord. But I confess I could not see how such a thing were possible. A blacksmith a gentleman?"

Lord Anthony recovered his lost humor. After all, this London spark was merely

voicing his ignorance and allowances should therefore be made.

"In the west counties, Sir Peter"—he held his goblet up to the light and critically examined the color of the wine—"some of the very best blood in England works at the forge, in the tanpits, and behind the counters of the various trades. Aye, Fortune doesn't smile on all, but purer blood is not to be found in the land. Chard—ye can see his forge fire twinkling over there across the stream—is entitled by his blood and descent to sign himself 'gentleman.' And he does it. And he is truly a gentleman, I'll do him the credit."

"What see ye there in the distance? Is it not an approaching coach and team? Look, there, far along the road—"

Farnham stopped in his walk and peered at a distant, slow-moving object.

"Ye have keen eyes, my lord. And ye are right. 'Tis a coach and team."

"Then 'tis Alicia! Yes! I see the grey. God bless the child. I did not expect her so soon."

"Ah," said Sir Peter softly, a little smile playing about his thin lips. "I look forward to the honor of her friendship. We shall have much in common, I'm sure."

In silence they watched the team draw near the village, pass through it, increase the pace, turn across the stone bridge at a speed that made Farnham gasp, and then come racing like hounds off the leash up the long drive. By the steps at the foot of the lowest terrace the coach stopped, and it was then the amazed Sir Peter saw that the driver was a young woman. He saw her turn to her companion and laugh. To his utter astonishment, the servants emerged from the body of the vehicle, staggering a little, and implying by their movements that they were heartily glad to be free of the lurching, bouncing, rattling death-trap. He watched, amused, while the girl and her companion, an elegantly dressed young man, came running up the steps, for the Lady Alicia found some little difficulty in the race because of her long skirts. And then, as the flushed, laughing pair came to where Lord Anthony and he were standing, amusement deepened into admiration and admiration into swift desire, for the beauty of Alicia Deane was such that he had never before seen in a woman. He felt the blood throb at his temples as her eyes looked into his, and even as he bowed with all the grace at his command he vowed that the task before him was worth while and the reward beyond his expectations, for although he had heard she was beautiful he had not dreamed England held such loveliness as was revealed in the exquisite person of Alicia Deane.

She curtained and then turned to her father. Without any restraint she threw her arms round him and kissed him fondly. Lord Anthony drew her to him, and his dark eyes shone with his love for her.

"I missed ye, Alicia," he said simply. Her soft laughter was delightful to the ears.

"Ah! I thought ye would, ye dear! Didn't I, Paul?"

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

"Alicia, this gentleman is Sir Peter Farnham, from London. Sir Peter, my daughter, the Lady Alicia Deane . . ."

After the first swift glance of appraisal Alicia's interest in her father's guest was politely formal and decidedly cool. Perhaps, with a woman's unerring intuition, she had read in Sir Peter's eyes something that displeased her. Perhaps it was the lingering touch of his lips on her hand. Whatever it was, she was conscious of a queer little feeling of revulsion, and she had always disliked scarlet.

"So you are from London, sir? So is my cousin Paul. But I suspect his London to be very different from yours."

Sir Peter gave one of his most engaging little laughs. It was a decided relief to find she spoke and acted like a woman of refinement. Sometimes these daughters of the country nobility and gentry were as harsh and bluff as their menfolk. It was a decided relief, for when the day came that would see them together in London . . .

"Well I—I am not a student of the law like Master Felton, certainly, but I am not unfamiliar with the Inns of Court. I have friends there . . ." he said, smiling as he pictured the painted women lingering in the walks of the historic Inns. "But I confess that most of my time has been spent at Whitehall until lately. But it became distasteful to me, and I decided to breathe the sweet air of your lovely countryside. I need hardly add," he continued, emphasising his remarks with a flourishing bow, "how fortunate for me was the decision."

"And why fortunate?" asked Master Paul Felton gruffly. Apparently he failed to appreciate the compliment intended for his cousin.

Farnham gave him a glance of merry reproach. It would never do to allow his host and charming hostess to see what he really thought of this legal calf. His eyes travelled over the youth's green doublet, black satin breeches, black silk hose, and black leather shoes.

"Because, if I make not bold in saying so, I have found a good friend in the Lady Alicia's father, and I will, I trust, soon be honoured with the friendship of the most lovely woman in England herself."

Three pairs of eyes stared at him, considered him, and then three minds concluded that these little extravagances must be the fashion at Whitehall, where, apparently, the little man had been schooled. Alicia laughed in spite of herself.

"Falth, Sir Peter," she said, her remarkably expressive eyes betraying her amusement. "If you talk to the women of Somerset like that when you meet them—lad! there'll quickly be pistols aflash in the dawn. This is not Whitehall, sir, and while I'll not deny the women like such speeches, the men, for some obtuse reason, seem to resent them if directed at their women. Do they not, Paul?"

"They do," was Master Paul's curt reply, and Alicia laughed again. "But Lord Anthony will see to it that there are no duels fought at Deepdeane in the dawn."

Sir Peter considered these remarks, and wondered what the devil they both meant by them. Did it mean his lordship was in the habit of sending packing any guest who paid his daughter attention beyond that demanded by mere courtesy? Damme! He might. Dashed stiff-necked people these. Not at all human where their women were concerned. He had better turn the conversation into other channels.

"In the few days I have been in the country, Lord Anthony, I cannot help remarking the subtle, bitter antipathy to his Majesty, James II," he said. "Everyone seems silently hostile towards him. But perhaps I am mistaken."

Lord Anthony's dark eyes flashed. He smoothed his wealth of white hair with a lean, brown hand. He looked, not at his guest, but across the village of Cloverdale. "Ah! ye must be a keen observer, Sir Peter," he said quietly. "But are ye sure your impression is correct?"

Farnham looked narrowly at the patriarchal old lord. Then he shot a glance at Alicia Deane. He decided to venture a little.

"Of course, it may have been my own

dislike—or shall I say distrust . . . of the King that helped form the opinion—"

"Ye dislike—ye distrust the King?" came the direct question.

Farnham's smile was deprecatory. The long, gold-mounted stick he carried stabbed at the gravel of the path. The spaniel, objecting, gave a little whimper, whereupon Sir Peter stooped and picked him up.

"Do ye hold that, Farnham?"

"I do, my lord."

"Ah! I had no idea ye thought as we do, Farnham," was the stern, grave reply. "I perceive, now, why ye appeared so elated when ye brought the news of Monmouth's intentions."

"Tis a dangerous subject on which to speak, Lord Anthony. But since our sympathies lie in the same direction, I must confess my primary object in coming west is to assist the Duke by all the means in my power. But I am a stranger here, and strangers have to be cautious—"

"Stranger, Farnham! Ye were, but by heavens! ye are such no more," cried Lord Anthony impulsively. "Is he, Alicia?"

To Paul's consternation she left his side and placed a hand on Sir Peter's arm. Swiftly she had changed towards him.

"Sir Peter, I am glad you came," she said.

"**T**HANK ye, Lady Alicia. Your encouragement means—er, so much to me . . ."

Master Paul said nothing. He stood watching intently. Lord Anthony spoke again:

"Bless me, Farnham, had I dreamed such was your mission to the west your welcome would have had more warmth than what ye have so far experienced. But we, too, have to be cautious. 'Tis a dangerous matter."

"But an imperative one, Lord Anthony," Alicia spoke warmly.

"You speak truly," she said. "'Tis urgent. Unless Englishmen desire to lose all they have achieved and bid for for generations they must move swiftly in the matter. And ye have definitely heard that Monmouth is coming?"

"Yes, Lady Alicia. I have friends with the Duke in Holland."

"And I knew nothing of all this!" exclaimed Lord Anthony. "Why, friend, I myself have written promising support to the Duke—and Alicia, why, she worships the Prince."

"Ah," said Farnham softly. He appeared very pleased.

Unheeding, carried away by his enthusiasm, the old lord continued:

"And not only have I written, but so have others. Of course, I cannot tell ye their names now. 'Twould be a breach of trust, ye understand."

"Say no more!" exclaimed Farnham with shrill heartiness. "Say no more of that, sir. Such a confidence no gentleman betrays. But, doubtless, I shall meet them all later, eh?"

"I'll see ye do. My daughter is celebrating her eighteenth birthday this week, and I have made it the occasion for the gathering of all who wish to support the Duke. They'll be proud to shake ye by the hand, Farnham."

"Humph! 'Tis honored I shall be, not only to meet the gentlemen, but to have the privilege of being present at the celebration of the Lady Alicia's birthday. When such beauty combines with deep loyalty to England, no tribute that man can offer is really worthy—"

Alicia's laugh held a note of delight. Truly this little fellow improved on acquaintance.

"Beware the pistols, Sir Peter," she said happily. She extended her arm and her slim hand swept round in an arc. "Look around ye, Sir Peter. Look at the rolling woods, the sweeping, undulating meadow land, the house that looks down upon Cloverdale. Look, I say . . ."

Her dark eyes glowed with love and pride. "Look at this dear corner of England. 'Tis my father's. 'Tis mine! 'Tis the very blood of the Deanes—rock, and tree, and smiling land. And 'tis but one of many such in England. Shall all these things be taken and given to the puppets of a vile king? Nay, the voice of the nation says 'nay.' It shall not be."

"Aye, ye are right, Lady Alicia," cried Farnham in tones that seemed to tremble with the depth of his emotion. "No wonder Monmouth has decided to land in the west, where the fairest women of England stand true beside the staunch hearts of their men. May Heaven give him success when he comes."

"Aye," said the old lord fervently. "And when the Duke comes—all Cloverdale will march behind me to his banner. But I am afraid we are forgetting that Alicia and Paul have come far. Shall we go in, Sir Peter? Or do you wish to remain without?"

Farnham bowed to his host and smiled at Alicia.

"I will remain here, sir. Do ye go in with your daughter and Master Felton. Sink me! They'll have much to tell ye, I'm sure," he replied.

"Thank ye. 'Tis considerate of ye. Come, Alicia—come, Paul . . ."

They walked towards the great door of the house. Farnham stared after them, or, more correctly, after Alicia. Then he turned and descended to the drive, along which he walked in deep thought.

When in the great hall Lord Anthony turned to Master Felton.

"And what brings ye to Deepdeane, my lad?" he asked kindly.

A slight flush spread over the features of the young man. So stirred from their customary repose and severity they showed that the face of Master Paul was quite a pleasant one.

"Two things, sir. My desire to see you again before returning to London, and Alicia's insistence that I should accompany her—"

"Insistence . . . ? And were you reluctant to do so, Paul?" she asked a trifle mockingly.

"Oh, rot me! Alicia, ye know I'd—"

"There, there, ye two!" said her father with a smile. "Ye are for ever teasing each other. But run along now. Paul, ye can tell me about my sister later. Alicia, ye might show Paul the new aviary—'twas not built when he was last here. Of course, if ye are both too tired after the journey—ah! Ye vixen! Ye didn't need much encouragement, did ye? Those eyes, girl, they speak plainly for ye. Still, I like Paul—"

"Thank ye, Lord Anthony."

—and I think some day he will go far. Away with ye now. I have letters to write. Alicia, ye'll soon meet relations you haven't seen for two hundred years. And so shall I."

"Two hundred years!" exclaimed Alicia gaily. "Dear heart, do I look as old as that?"

"Away with ye," laughed her father. Hand in hand they walked away. He stood looking after them.

"Bless Me!" he muttered. "But if I be not mistaken the minx has marked down a husband for herself. Ah, well, Paul is a fine lad, and an honorable one . . . and his father is the richest man in Bath."

An hour later Sir Peter made the same discovery. He had walked round the house in a wide circle, and as he quietly approached the aviary hidden in the tall shrubs he saw the Lady Alicia tightly clasped in the arms of her cousin. Her lips were on his, and she clung to him with a passion that was eloquent. Sir Peter remained standing, motionless, hidden.

All the talk at Roger's forge was of Monmouth. Old Joe Tarn, a village character and Slade, his opponent in many arguments were in agreement.

Slade was tap tapping incessantly with an iron bar against the water-butt. Somehow it was not unlike the sound of a muffled drum. In any case its hollow note was louder than the footsteps of Lady Alicia Deane and Sir Peter Farnham who had entered the smithy with their horses behind them. Thud! Thud! Thud! The note was monotonous, and old Joe, whose back, like Roger's, was towards the newcomers, had to raise his voice to reply.

"Vor sure Lord Anthony's vor Monmouth," the old shoemaker asserted vehemently. "An' I make bold to say all the gentry an' nobility of the country be the same."

"I doubt it, gaffer," came Roger's deep voice above the thudding of the iron bar. "I do not mean I doubt what ye say of Lord Anthony, but there's many, even in Somerset, will think as I do—that Monmouth be an impostor and not a man to be followed."

A woman's voice, clear as a bell, rang through the smithy. Roger started to his feet in surprise. Edward Slade, still grinning vacantly, ceased thumping the tub. Old Joe Tarn gaped, and the rest of the men stood in uneasy silence for the ringing tones of Alicia Deane were vibrant with scorn and contempt.

"You lie, Roger Chard! You lie, I say! Somerset to a man will follow his Grace the Duke of Monmouth!"

Roger Chard bowed with easy grace and a natural dignity. He looked calmly into the flashing eyes, eyes now black with anger, of Alicia Deane. Farnham he ignored.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Alicia," he said courteously, his fine head held erect. "I did not know ye were here. And ye are the first that has ever told me I lied."

All eyes were upon her. Her matchless beauty, her superb figure standing straight and tall, her seathing accusation and scornful manner held them as though spell-bound. A pace behind her stood Farnham, scarlet clad as usual, holding the reins of the horses.

"And it is true," she cried passionately. "And your words bring shame on the heads of Somerset men. How dare you presume to doubt the loyalty of Somerset men!"

Roger answered quietly. "Lady Alicia, I do not doubt the loyalty of Somerset men, or their courage, but in this matter I make bold to question their judgment. That is all."

"In what manner is their judgment at fault?" she demanded haughtily, her gleaming eyes hot with resentment.

"In that Monmouth can never claim the throne of England, Lady Alicia, I know, and I know ye know, what many in Somerset do not know, and that is that the laws of succession forbid him the crown. That is why, ma'am, ye heard me speak as I did."

"Has he claimed the throne?"

"That I do not know," was the respectful reply.

"Then ye might wait till ye do before ye air your paltry knowledge to the world. And ye have heard the Duke will come?"

"We have heard, ma'am."

"And will ye follow him when he does?"

"These men say they will."

"And what do ye say, Roger Chard?" she flashed at him, using the common "ye" as emotion swept her.

"I will not follow Monmouth!"

Alicia Deane gasped. That Roger Chard, representing one of the oldest families of the county, should so speak almost dumb-founded her.

"Roger—Roger Chard!" she panted. "You cannot mean that—ye cannot—"

"That is what I say, Lady Alicia—and that is what I meant!"

There was a little silence. The men, tense and breathing quietly, stared from one to the other. They were dimly conscious that underlying this scene were emotions at play that they could sense but not interpret. And when at last Alicia Deane spoke men afterwards vowed they had never heard a woman's voice so cold, so cutting. She stepped close to Roger Chard and looked into his eyes.

"I do not wonder at it, Roger Chard—you coward! You coward! You . . . coward!"

The blood drained from the face of Roger Chard. He stood erect, his mighty muscles rigid, hard as steel, his head proudly up, his vivid blue eyes sparkling frostily at this terrible insult. But still he spoke quietly.

"Thank ye, Alicia. Even when ye quarrelled, years ago as children, ye wouldn't have called me that. Ye should know better."

She laughed coldly at him and measured him with her eyes. Deliberately, contemptuously, they travelled slowly from his head to his shoes.

"Aye, Roger Chard—I know better now were I a man I'd—thrust ye!"

To this he made no reply. Like a statue in bronze he stood. She went on.

"And I'll see that my father commands all to avoid ye—"

"Aye?" he interrupted. "Again ye should know better!"

"You—coward!" she flung at him. "There'll be one man in Cloverdale whilst all the remainder are at Despoense to-morrow. And that man will be you, Roger Chard—"

"Ma'am, there will be one man in Cloverdale to-morrow who will consider it beneath his dignity to go. Alicia, ye have done what no other living person dare do. Ye have called me coward! But ye are a woman, and as such command my consideration and respect. But ye shall take my birthday gift with ye . . ."

How taunting, how merciless, was her tone!

"Your birthday gift, ye poitroom! What have ye to offer that I would dream of accepting?"

Sir Peter Farnham sniggered audibly. He was greatly amused at Roger's discomfiture. But the snigger changed to a gasp when he saw the mighty arms go out and fold themselves round Alicia Deane. Tense, silent, were the wondering onlookers as he drew her to him. They watched him, breathless, while he bent slightly and kissed her full on the lips. They saw her white face staring up at him heard her choked cry as he kissed her again and then gently released her.

"Oh—you—insolent, despicable brute—to do that—" she almost sobbed.

"I would prove to ye, ma'am, I am no coward," he assured her. "And maybe before ye so readily again brand a man such ye'll remember—my birthday gift."

Farnham's pury fury broke its bounds. He greatly regretted he carried no weapon. But, like a bantam-cock, he stratted forward.

"Ye dog!" he snarled. "Ye insolent—"

But he got no farther. Without a word the giant grasped him with one huge hand. Up went the great arm and Sir Peter went with it. He came down with a mighty splash in the brimming water-butt, and as his ears were under water he didn't hear the sudden yell of laughter that roared through the shed. He came up, without his hat and silver-grey wig which floated on the water, gasping, choking, spluttering, with the water pouring, of him. Roger pointed to the forge as he spoke to him.

"Little man, ye see the fire in my forge! Consider it. Next time ye insult me I'll bury ye in that. Get out of here!"

Alicia Deane pale and quivering, threw one look at the drenched, bedraggled Sir Peter. Then, leading her horse, she left the smithy. Sir Peter followed her and climbed, cursing viciously, into his saddle. In silence, one by one, the villagers walked out of the shed. They deemed it wise for Roger Chard to be left alone.

Alicia's birthday celebration was a great success. The great house was filled with laughing villagers and excited guests. The wine, the cider and the ale flowed. Suddenly a new note entered the festivities. Lord Anthony got onto a table and called for silence.

"My friends . . ." Lord Anthony called. He repeated the cry several times until they all came flocking round him, their forms indistinct, their faces a white blur in the dancing flickering torchlight. He held up an arm for silence. "My friends, ye have all heard the news by now. Monmouth be coming—"

There was a throwing up of arms and a stamping of feet.

"A Monmouth . . . a Monmouth . . . God bless us!" they roared.

"I want ye all to give three cheers for the Duke and for England—"

The roar of the cheering echoed for miles down the quiet valley. Even Parson Randall, gentlest of men, had drunk sufficient ale to cause him to cheer in a militant manner. Sir Peter Farnham's tone was mildly sardonic as he congratulated the venerable minister upon his courage and loyalty to England. Then Sir Peter moved away, grinning, and stood apart. At odd intervals right throughout the day he had drawn apart and had gazed fixedly at the winding highroad that passed through Cloverdale and at the smithy of Roger Chard. On these occasions his manner was strained and tense, as though he were expecting something or someone. Once when his ears caught the sound of horses' hoofs galloping through the village his sharp face became paler than usual, his lips parted in a silent snarl, and his little grey eyes glittered unpleasantly. But as the sound died away he gave a strange little laugh and once more joined the others.

Old Joe Tarn sat and listened and rocked himself from side to side.

"A great day . . . a great day . . ." he muttered. Then his sharp old eyes saw Daniel Slade and Polly Liddell returning out of the darkness. The youth's white face brought a sneer to the old man's lips. He spat on the ground and groped for his jug. "Fool . . ." he snarled, eyeing them closely. "Ye fool . . . ye poor fool . . ." He raised the jug to his lips and drank deeply.

and then his quavering old voice shot into a higher key as he essayed to shout: "Hooray! Ho! A Monmouth! A . . . Monmouth . . . a Mon . . . mouth . . . ho! A . . . Mon" And old Joe fell over quite drunk and stared at the giddy stars as they went round and round.

Daniel Slade joined his brother and drank deeply. Polly Liddel walked jauntily up to Evelyn Randall and stood talking and laughing for a few moments and then swung away again.

The beamed and panelled dining-room was brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles in wall brackets and in the glittering crystal chandelier that hung from the ceiling. The guests came crowding in. The Channingtons made straight for the side-board to wash down the sportive ale with mellow brandy. The room quickly filled and happy, flushed, laughing faces shone in the candlelight. The colors of the women's dresses and the men's doublets flashed in the light like the bright paints on an artist's palette. Perhaps Sir Peter had drunk the least of all the men. He was a little behind the others on entering, and he carried in his thin hands a long sheet of paper, ink and a dozen quill pens. These he placed on the gleaming mahogany table and then turned to the gathering with smiling face and uplifted arms. His shrill voice stilled the clatter of conversation.

"Gentlemen . . . my friends," he cried. "I have a surprise for ye all and a test for your loyalty to England . . ."

They looked at him in a strange silence. Alicia, breathing quickly, stood beside her father. What test of loyalty could the little man in scarlet apply to them? They listened.

"The surprise is that to-night I leave the generous hospitality of Lord Anthony and journey to join his Grace the Duke of Monmouth."

He could not continue because of the sudden wild cheering. The younger Channington swept the decanter off the sideboard on to the polished floor, where it broke and spilled its contents.

"—and I want each man who is willing to do so—and who will not bet—to send evidence of his support that will hearten the brave Duke. If ye look at this paper ye'll see my name boldly inscribed at the top. I hope ye'll follow my example and write your names below it so that when our brave leader sees them he will know that the stoutest hearts in Somerset are with him—"

He could not make himself heard further, the cheering was too deafening.

MISTRESS CHARD moved close to her son as they sat beneath the little vine-covered porch in front of the cottage. The night was calm and the heavens were glorious with stars. Across at Deepgonne Park the torches flared and the ruddy glow cast was like the reflection of dying red fires. There were no lights in the village for the revellers had not yet returned home.

"Roger, son . . . I be glad ye didn't go after all."

"Why so, dear heart?" he asked, a little surprised.

"I—I don't know. 'Tis strange how I feel, Roger, now and then it comes to me . . . and I be afraid . . . dreadfully afraid, lad—"

She made air attempt to set aside her thoughts. She laughed a little.

"There, there, son! 'Tis but a foolish old woman's fancy, lad . . . what is it, Roger? What heard ye that ye so suddenly bent forward to listen?"

"Quiet, mother . . . yes, there it be again! Horses, an' galloping. Many of them—listen! Can ye hear them?"

"Now I can. What can it mean? Those horses are not loose, they are ridden, and ridden hard."

"Aye, there must be more than a dozen—closer they come—ah! See . . .? There, down by Ridd's hog-pens I caught the glint of something bright. Strange . . ."

Quite clearly, distinctly, now came the thudding of the hoofs.

"I'll go down to the gate an' see what travellers are there," said Roger with a laugh. "Will ye come with me, mother?"

"Nay, lad, I'll sit quietly here. But see who it be. Doubtless they are belated guests on their way to the big house."

Roger walked down the little, flagged, flower-bordered path and leaned comfortably on the narrow gate. A body of horsemen loomed out of the darkness and as they drew close to him he counted twenty horses, but one was riderless, though saddled. Now that they were opposite him he saw at a glance who and what they were.

"Soldiers . . .?" he muttered in surprise. He stared at them. "An' they wear the polished breast an' back plates . . . 'tis no troop of trainbands, this . . ."

The officer in command of the troop saw Roger and commanded his men to halt. "Ho, there!" came the man's sharp, authoritative voice, a voice that was not of Somerset. "Ho, there, friend! We seek the house of one, Roger Chard, the blacksmith of Cloverdale. Can ye direct us to him?"

Roger straightened quickly. Surely this was very strange? Was anything amiss? His deep voice replied:

"I be Roger Chard. Who be ye an' what want ye of me?"

"Ah! At last. We've ridden a plaguey long way to greet ye, Master Chard—all the way from London, in fact. A curst long, rough ride. Shab me! We desire—nay, we command your service—"

"Command . . .?" said Roger, his voice suddenly brusque.

"Aye, for we ride by the King's warrant, Master Chard."

"The King's warrant?"

Mistress Chard came hurriedly down the narrow path and stood beside her son.

"Roger, lad . . . what do these men want of ye?"

"Aye," the officer's crisp voice went on. "My orders are that ye accompany me to the house of Lord Anthony Deane. I have business of importance with him."

"Ye merely want me to take ye to his house?"

"Yes. We have no time to lose."

"Then ye'll ride the faster without me. See, across there! Those lights! That be the house of Lord Anthony . . ."

The officer's voice hardened. He sat erect in his saddle, and his polished breast and back plates reflected the glint of his peaked steel helmet. His horse pawed the road impatiently.

"It is the King's command that ye come with us! And Lord Anthony Deane desires that ye shall identify him to us. Is that not plain to your thick, country skull, fellow?"

Roger bridled and breathed hard.

"'Tis well it be the King's command and Lord Anthony's wish, else would I pull ye from the saddle and hand ye a pretty lesson in manners, my bully . . ."

The man laughed as though amused. He probably was with eighteen riders at his back.

"Come, Master Chard. There's no time to-night for manners or lessons. Walk ye beside my horse and guide us. When it is done ye can return in peace to your home."

THEY crossed the bridge at a brisk walk, for Roger took long strides. In silence they filed through the great gates, went along the gravelled drive, and then halted before the open door of the house.

"An' ye knock, st—" began Roger.

"Knock . . .?" and the fellow laughed loudly as he swung down from the saddle. The others also dismounted. "Lead the way in, Master Chard. The door stands open . . . and there is much merriment within by the sound of it—"

"Nay, I could not intrude—"

"Curse ye! In ye go!" the man rasped angrily. "This is the King's business—"

"Aye . . .?" drawled Roger, eyeing him. "King or no King I'll not so walk into a gentleman's house."

The officer seemed to restrain himself. He sneered.

"Ho! So they put the little gentleman here above the King, eh? But if ye will continue stubborn follow me. I merely want ye to point Lord Anthony out to me . . . then ye can go to the devil, Master Chard."

With only four men left outside to hold the reins of the horses the remainder of the soldiers marched into the spacious, lofty, beamed hall. All wore the breast and back plates, the steel helmets with the face guards, thick jerkins and breeches, and long spurred, riding-boots wide at the tops. Their swords gleamed in the candlelight, and in thick holsters on the broad leather belts were heavy, plated pistols with enormous hammers. Roger shrugged and followed in with them. He had no wish to appear a fool, and after all it was Lord Anthony's own wish that he be identified. So in he went, a little curious, silent, and watchful. He paused inside the door of the dining-room, just as the uproarious guests were pledging Alicia and crying her name. He saw her on the table, smiling, gracious, a lovely vision in lilac against the dark background of the polished oak. He saw Lord Anthony gazing up at her in proud delight. He saw the guests with upstretched arms, happy faces, and laughing lips, and he saw Sir Peter Farnham suddenly whirl round and give a startled cry of warning. The little man in scarlet flushed hotly and then went pale, and his grey eyes seemed to close as the lids contracted.

"And which be Lord Anthony Deane, Master Chard?" the officer demanded.

Roger smiled. He pointed to Lord Anthony.

"There he be, sir," he said.

But the smile vanished from his face and left it blanched and drawn when the soldier roughly shouldered several guests aside, forced his way to Lord Anthony, placed a heavy hand on his shoulder, and cried out in a voice that rang sharply in the ears of all:

"Lord Anthony Deane, in the King's"

name, and by the King's command, I arrest ye on a charge of high treason—"

With a roar of fury Roger took a pace forward.

"So ye led to me, ye dog!" he snarled. His words echoed sonorously in the tense room. But he did not get more than a pace forward. As he moved several bright blades pricked the cloth of his doublet.

"Silence, fool!" said the officer. "Your part is done."

The officer's words sounded doubly portentous. He stared contemptuously at Roger and then turned again to his prisoner.

"Lord Anthony Deane, it is his Majesty's command that ye be taken to London without delay. There ye be tried before your peers and the matter quickly settled. It is the King's command. Come—"

It was Alicia's choked cry that interrupted the officer. She leaped down from the table and stood by her father's side. Wildly her arms went round him. She clung to him, and he gently kissed her and smoothed her dark hair.

"Be calm and brave, Alicia. There must be some light behind these dark clouds," he said quietly. He then spoke to the officer. "On whose information was this charge laid against me?"

"Ye'll find the name here on the warrant, which is properly signed and sealed, and which ye may read. The name be Roger Chard, of Cloverdale."

For a little while there was no sound in the room. Then a dry sob burst from Alicia's lips. The glance she shot at Roger was terrible in its anguish and contempt. Lord Anthony drew himself up and stared hard at the bewildered blacksmith. Then he spoke.

"Roger Chard, why did ye, of all men, do this thing to me?"

At first Roger could not speak. He gazed blankly all round the room. The sight of the white-faced, staring guests cleared his mind a little. His deep voice came distinctly, solemnly, to all.

"Lord Anthony, I did not do this thing. The first I knew of it was when these men paused at my gate this night. Before God I did not do it! I am no informer. And I am no coward. I give the word of a Chard I did not do it, and that I have no idea how my name came to be on the warrant. I have been betrayed as ye have. Neither word from my lips nor letter from my pen has ever gone to betray any man. How it was done I know not, but I solemnly swear by all I hold dear, I did not betray ye. That is all I know of the matter, it is all I can say."

Sir Peter Farnham's bleating tones quickly followed Roger's deep voice.

"A clumsy lie, ye dog!" he shrilled. He strutted forward and faced the huge man upon whom all eyes were fixed. "Twas but yesterday we had proof of your perfidy when in your smilthy ye—ye taunted Lord Anthony and the men of Somerset, and insulted his daughter—"

"And dropped ye in the water-butt for your insolence, ye undersized pup!"

Farnham writhed and went white, and was about to speak again when Lord Anthony turned to his daughter.

"Child, who speaks the truth? Sir Peter, or Roger Chard?"

Alicia's tone was cold, lifeless. "Sir Peter Farnham," she said. "After what happened yesterday I believe Roger Chard capable of betraying you—nay, I believe he did betray you. Oh, father!" the

dry, hard tone broke and she sobbed piteously. "Do not let them take you. Do not . . . go. What shall I do . . ."

A voice from the ranks of the guests rose above Alicia's sobbing. It was the gruff, hearty voice of Noll Bathcomb, Roger's adversary on many a hard fought green.

"I don't believe Roger Chard be guilty of this thing," he said loudly. "I know the man. I have fought him. Never has he striven unfairly. Alicia be mistaken. Farnham lies!"

"Thank ye, Noll," said Roger. "That be generous of ye."

Alicia was silent. Sir Peter was hotly indignant. He turned upon Noll Bathcomb.

"Sir, ye are to be congratulated upon your loyalty to a friend. But the Lady Alicia is not mistaken, nor have I lied, as ye so blantly put it. Ye must know, all of ye, that for an informer's name to be attached to a royal warrant there is proof held by the King's ministers to that effect. What that proof is in regard to Roger Chard, I, of course, do not know. But that it is held cannot be disputed. This man's name on the warrant is quite sufficient to damn him forever in the hearts of upright, courageous people. Chard, ye loathsome dog—ye are uncovered."

A piercing cry from Alicia drew horrified eyes to the actions of the officer. He was deliberately fastening irons upon the wrists of Lord Anthony and from the centre of the manacles a long bright steel chain stretched.

"Oh, Heaven . . . oh, Heaven!" Alicia panted. "Not that . . . oh, not that! Would you lead my father like he were a dog?"

"Ma'am, these be my orders," the fellow curtly replied. "Come we must away . . ."

"No, no! Oh . . . don't . . . don't . . ." Alicia's sobbing shook her as her father kissed her and turned away. "Father . . . I'll come with you . . . walk beside you . . ."

He turned to her again and smiled. Great, at that moment, was his courage, for he well knew he was doomed.

"Nay, Alicia, I bid ye stay here and comfort our guests. A Deane has never yet broken the laws of hospitality or duty, Paul . . ."

"Sir Peter . . . my friends, be gentle with her," he raised his voice. It was quite steady. "My friends, I regret this rude intrusion, and apologise for the interruption of your pleasure. I pray ye all excuse me . . . a little while . . ."

"By heaven, sir—ye are a true English gentleman," old Sir Horace Dartmouth burst out. "But our day is coming, Anthony."

Lord Anthony bowed courteously to his guests. Then with a little sigh, he turned. He did not look at Roger Chard, nor did he speak to him. His white head was proudly erect as he walked between his grim-faced escort. Alicia made a wild effort to run after her father, but Paul wisely restrained her.

Roger Chard stood silent, his eyes on her tear-stained, distracted face. He was overwhelmed at this tragic turn of events, dumbfounded at the fearful thought that she should believe him guilty of this treacherous, terrible thing. Then her staring eyes fell upon him. They changed, they flashed, they turned black. With a shrill cry she grasped a goblet filled with wine. She broke from Paul's arm, stepped forward, and dashed the contents into Roger's face, and then threw the goblet after the wine. The glass shattered. A thin, jagged piece cut a furrow on his forehead. The blood mingled with the wine and dripped down on to his doublet. Many saw the trickle of

blood. None dreamed it was the first flow into what soon would be a sea of blood, a red tide that would sweep over Somerset and engulf whole families in its sanguinary flood. The first blood! But beyond shaking his head to clear his eyes Roger did not move.

"Alicia . . . Alicia," his deep voice cried. "I swear I did not do this thing. Rather would I be torn in pieces before I would hurt you or yours and cause ye sorrow."

But her strength was gone. She swayed and uttered a faint cry. Then she mastered herself a little. Her voice was sibilant, and panting, and charged with a terrible intensity and hatred.

"Roger Chard, I pray to God to strike you dead . . . you base informing dog! You . . . dog! I could kill you . . . kill you . . . kill you! You are . . . the vilest man . . . in Somerset. Go! Away from here . . ."

He gave her one look, stared round at the silent, motionless guests, and then turned on his heel and walked away. He heard but one sound above Alicia's gasping, the sound of Farnham's voice, low and caressing as he and Paul supported the fainting girl. In Roger's ears her cry still echoed, broken, piteous, sad. A deep shuddering sobbing that struck at his soul.

" . . . you are . . . the vilest man . . . in Somerset."

HE drew in a deep breath and tossed his wine-drenched curls back on to his shoulders as he strode down the laurel-lined drive.

"The vilest man in Somerset . . ." he muttered, his deep voice trembling although his head was high.

Before he came to the tall iron gates he heard the sound of running feet. He paid no heed until a strong hand grasped his shoulder and Noll Bathcomb's loud harsh voice rang out.

"Roger, lad! Get ye quickly home . . . Alicia . . ." Noll paused. He was a man of action and not given to lengthy speech. Roger did not appear greatly interested, but he spoke quietly.

"Alicia? What of her, friend?"

Noll Bathcomb drew in a deep breath and squared his powerful shoulders.

"She's been driven by this thing to the point of madness, Roger. I fear for her mind. At the foot of the great stairs she broke away from Farnham and young Paul. She be like a wild creature. Her eyes be great, black, staring circles of hate. She be turned tigris and snarled at young Paul when he would restrain her."

"Poor girl. It be truly dreadful, Noll. I but wish I knew who had done this thing . . ."

"But ye must hurry, Roger! Hurry home, lad! Alicia raced down to where the villagers be. She shrieked she would tell them of her father's fate and have them wreak swift vengeance on ye. She . . . swore she'd have them burn down your home . . . and drive ye out . . . of Somerset."

"Is she truly mad?" Roger demanded harshly.

"Aye, I fear so, Roger. Mad with grief, and horror, and dread. She knows her father's head will be cut from his shoulders, and she blames you. Roger, ye'd better run. . . . I'll come with ye . . . in case— Look, look! There she be on a table! Sobbing . . . screaming . . . telling them. See? They listen, they murmur like the first baying of hounds. Hear that? And here and there a torch be lifted high. They loved

Lord Anthony, they love her. Let us run, lad . . .

"Then come! But surely they'd never—"
"Run . . . run . . . away with ye! She be rousing them and they be mostly high drunk . . . dangerous . . . and a crazy girl to lead 'em—"

They turned and ran. And nose too soon, for behind them a screaming, roaring cry of fury awoke the echoes of the night. Dim, running figures holding torches high came streaming towards the gates.

"Roger . . ."
"Aye, I hear. 'Tis good of ye to come. Noll—"

"Run, run, run. . ."
"Mistress Chard was waiting at the gate. She had heard the racing, pounding feet, the storm of wild yelling, and had seen the flickering torches come dancing through the great gates.

"Roger, soon—"
"Inside with ye, mother, quick!" he commanded. "Lord Anthony's been taken—and they blame me—"

"You . . . ? But—"
"Quick, I say! And gather those things most precious to ye. I'm told they will burn our house for it."

"But . . . they wouldn't do that?" she whispered incredulously. "Why, son, they be our friends, our good neighbors."

"They were. Heaven knows what they be at this moment. Quick, get the things ye want most, and the money, else it may be too late. . . ."

"Oh, but this be terrible," she cried in a hurt, bewildered tone. She turned and went into the cottage. But she could not think. So suddenly had this thing come upon her that she could not gather and control her thoughts. She looked about her, blindly groping and grasping articles of little value. She turned and tottered outside in time to see her son and his stalwart friend stand face to face with the infuriated villagers. And in front of them was Alicia Deane, screaming, distraught, frenzied, her black hair loose and hanging wide, her arm outstretched, pointing.

"Fire it . . . fire it . . . drive the informer out!" she shrielled. "Out with him before he spies upon you all and sends you one by one to your doom like my poor father . . . oh, my father. . . ."

Polly Liddel screamed and seized a torch and turned to pass Roger with it. He roughly seized her and threw her through the air. She fell on her hands and knees some yards away and screamed at the pain of the fall. Roger was shouting.

"**H**Ave done, ye fools, ye madmen!" his deep voice thundered. "Listen to me as ye listened to her—"

He was answered by a savage roar. Some of them had not forgotten the words he had said in the smithy. Others were under the spell of the ferocious impulse that so often sweeps an unreasoning, excitable, maddened mob. They rushed forward. The shouting, shrieking voices rose in a pandemonium of sound. A dozen men threw themselves on Roger and Noll Bathcomb and by sheer weight of numbers bore them, struggling wildly, to the ground. This, to the frenzied villagers, was justice! Their whirling, leaping brains told them so. They panted, and snarled, and fought, and kicked, and tried to stamp the life out of the two men beneath them. Again Polly Liddel ran forward with a torch. The low thatching was dry, and the red flame licked it greedily. Polly shrielled like a fiend when the flame

caught, violently thrust Mistress Chard aside, and then darted within the cottage. Others followed with ruddy, flaring, hissing torches.

Alicia laughed the laugh of a mind-sick destroyer, and Roger heard her strained, unnatural voice urging them on, demanding vengeance. Several torches were thrown. From inside the cottage came the reflection of red flames. The roof was well alight, blazing. Harshly rang the cries of the all but demented crowd, and Edward Glade's mane laugh echoed high above the roaring. Unheard in that cruel sound was the moaning of Mistress Chard whose poor old eyes, usually so kindly, now stared in horror from where the madmen were kicking at her son to the little cottage of memories now caught in the rushing flames. Then a thought crept into her mind. The money . . . the money . . . they would starve . . . if they did not die . . .

She caught a glimpse of her son rising from under the cruel attack. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him fling men aside as though they were children. The sight of his mother staggering into the flames brought the devil to his heart and roused him to superhuman effort. She heard his deep cry savage, roaring, like the roar of a lion at bay. Then she ran, trembling, into the cottage. A tongue of flame licked at her, scorched her. Its frightful heat set her grey hair alight, but she beat it out with her hands. The money . . . the money . . . ah, now she remembered where she'd put it. Her hands went to her ears to shut out the awful concert of voices and flames. She choked in the swirling smoke. She must be quick . . . quick . . . the heat . . . the suffocating smoke . . . the terrible blinding glare of the writhing flames . . . but they would starve . . . Infernal . . . Heaven! She got the earthen jar with the money in it and turned.

A heavy beam fell with the roof and a shower of sparks shot triumphantly high into the air. Up they went, and up, red, golden, glittering, up till it seemed they mingled with the stars. And up, brighter than they, went the soul of Mistress Chard. With his clothes smoking Roger sprang to her side, lifted her, and rushed from the inferno. But the heavy, blazing beam had killed her. He saw she was dead, and the world spun in a red mist. He stood before them all, little rivers of smouldering fire running over his clothing, and across his two scorched arms, in plain sight of all, was the broken, dead body of his mother.

"Ye see . . . ye see!" he panted, wearily glaring at them with eyes blinded with tears, his features distorted beyond recognition. "Ye have killed my mother. Are ye done? Are ye satisfied, ye whom my mother called friends and neighbors? Ye have killed her . . . my mother . . . ye unutterable swine! Ye see her . . . Alicia? She be dead, girl, dead! What had my mother done that she should die at your hands . . . bloody hands . . . cruel hands! Ah, ye turn, ye will not look at her. Look at my dead mother, Alicia Deane! The mother I told I loved ye . . . loved ye . . . And now listen, ye . . ."

Alicia's whisper could just be heard.

"Roger Chard, ye know I—I meant to punish ye for your foul treachery . . . but not that way . . . ah, not that way! 'Twas no wish of mine to hurt your mother—"

"'Tis too late for words. 'Tis done! My mother . . . be dead. Go from me whilst yet I be in possession of my poor senses.

An' may God forgive ye . . . for never shall I . . ."

They were sobered, soo late. In silence Noll Bathcomb was the first to walk away. He walked alone, his clothes hanging in shreds, his tongue incapable of speech.

And in the morning when fearful eyes peered from closed doors and windows they saw that Roger still sat before the black, smoking ruins of his home, and that his mother—as still in his arms.

And Cloverdale wept.

ON June 11 Monmouth landed at Lyme-Regis. The cry, "Monmouth" was raised and rang echoing in the surrounding towns and countryside. Within twenty-four hours over 1500 men had answered that cry. Here was evidence of his popularity and the righteousness of his cause. He issued a manifesto proclaiming his legitimacy and right to the throne, and branding James as usurper. Men continued to flock to his standard. Four days after the landing, near Axminster, he encountered 4000 men of the trainbands under Christopher Monk, Duke of Albermarle, and broke them. Victory! The advance guard of the King's troops scattered like chaff in the wind! They fled. Triumph!

And yet it was strange that the nobility and gentry were, as a whole, standing aloof. The support of the powerful families was still wanting. The arch-plotter, Ferguson, supplied the reason. Monmouth must be proclaimed and crowned King. Then they would come. And in the market square of Taunton on June 20 the Duke was crowned King of England amid scenes of wildest enthusiasm. But still the majority of the nobility and the gentry stood aloof. So there were now in England two Kings of the name and title of James 11. But the popular Duke was dubbed "King of Monmouth" by his adoring followers. Onward! And as he passed through Cloverdale the men of the village grasped scythe blades, axes, hayforks, pointed iron bars, and anything that might be used as a weapon, and joined the marching, singing, ragged army. To Bath, to Bristol, to Whitehall.

Ah, no! Not to Whitehall. Before dawn on the morning of July 6 the newly-crowned King encountered a lion in the path, the Earl of Feversham, whose forces to the number of roughly 3000 were encamped on Sedgemoor. Monmouth attacked. Darkness before dawn, a wide deep drain in the moor that checked advance and turned it into a retreat. Disaster! A trench in the earth that altered England's destiny. And before daylight the rustic army of the defeated Monmouth was in full retreat. A rout! A massacre! A king in flight after cowardly deserting his men! The pitiful, sordid capture of the shivering Monmouth as he covered in a fern-covered ditch miles away from the battleground! His weak grovelling and wild plea for mercy, his offer to embrace the Faith of Rome, his unmanly abasement before the iron-featured James in the palace of Whitehall, his public execution on July 15 little more than one month after his landing at Lyme-Regis! And then? The hounds of hell unleashed by the furious, vengeful James.

The horrors of the swift revenge were so appalling that the pen must but lightly sketch them.

At dusk of the tragic day of Sedgemoor the surviving men of Cloverdale straggled wearily into the village, and on their heels, maddened by the lust of slaughter, rode the human devils known as Kirke's Lamba, sun-tanned, vicious, ear-ringed lustful butchers whose blades had tasted Mohammedan

blood, and whose arms had embraced the dark-skinned women of Tangiers.

And to Roger Chard, who stood grim and silent at the door of his smithy it seemed as if the wrath of God had descended on the villagers for the crime they had committed against his mother.

There was one other who laughed, but softly. On the top terrace of Deepdeane Park, dressed in his usual flaring scarlet, Sir Peter Farnham walked alone. When the fearful cries of the villagers came echoing across the valley Alicia and her old Sir Horace Dartmouth and his wife, who had elected to stay with Alicia after the guests had departed, came running out on to the terrace. The flames of the burning village told the tale of Monmouth's overthrow.

In stunned, horrified silence Alicia, Sir Horace, and Lady Georgina had gone inside again. There was nothing they could do. But Sir Peter had remained without, and he strutted up and down the terrace, his grinning lips unseen in the darkness, his gleaming eyes reflecting under lowering lids red riot across the stream.

Behind him trotted the spaniel, unneeded. Sir Peter was glad, now, that Lord Anthony's arrest had afforded him an excellent excuse to remain. The signature he sent by letter to London, taking care to remove his own and so safeguard himself against any possible treachery on the part of Tobias Jelp.

And now this! The intrigue had ended, and the time of reward was at hand. He laughed and his eyes narrowed at the thoughts in his mind. Alicia! She was his now. She was part of the price, and like Jelp he would not be deprived of his reward. Jelp? How that six-mountain of flesh must be chuckling and wheezing! Deepdeane Park was now Jelp's. With a grin he strutted up and down, up and down, until he saw the light in Alicia's boudoir above. For a little while he stood considering it, looking up, the grin still twisting his thin lips. Then, having reached a decision, he mounted the short flight of broad shallow steps and went inside.

Alicia Deane had changed. For a week following the death of Roger Chard's mother she had suffered the effects of prostration. Everyone had been kind, and when she began to recover and walk about again, Paul had tenderly embraced her and had then departed. He could not remain longer. She sat, now, before the candlelit, glittering dressing-table in her boudoir. Between the two tall, white candles in their slender brass candlesticks an oval mirror reflected her beautiful face. She examined it critically. She was a little thinner, and was conscious that the fires of her spirit had died down leaving her strangely quiet and weary. She saw that her features were unusually pale, and her eyes, under their long dark lashes, were like dark pools gleaming in the shadows of the night. Now they were filled with tears. She slowly wiped them away. Tears! Of what use were tears? All was lost. . . . lost! Her father and Monmouth broken and doomed. The cause for which she would have given her life was shattered, trampled under the spurred heels of the King's troopers. Lost! What now would be before her? Nervously she plucked at the robe that covered her silken night attire. Then an agitated hand smoothed the long mass of loose black hair that hung down over her shoulders.

Dumbly she looked at the white face in the mirror that stared back so sadly at her. It was cruel. Cruel! And unjust! But tears were useless and instead of bringing heart's ease merely increased the pain of remembrance. And Roger Chard? Would he suffer? Ah, no! He had not

followed Monmouth. The coward! Yet he had been right. He had spoken the truth that day in the shed when he said there would be many of the gentry and the nobility who would have nothing to do with Monmouth. He had been right, and she had been wrong. It was incredible.

But oh. . . he was a treacherous coward! She would never forget nor forgive. . . . never! But he had been punished by God the very night he had betrayed her father. It had been swift justice. . . . yet she regretted the death of Mistress Chard, who had ever been sweet, kindly, and charitable. Oh, the world was mad, and terrible, and implacable. . . . and empty.

She rose from her seat, crossed to a window, pulled aside the curtains of blue velvet and stared, dry-eyed, across at the burning village. How it burned! How high rolled the red, smoky, sullen smoke! Poor friends, faithful friends. Lost. . . . lost. . . . lost! What a fate, a punishment, a tragedy. Symbolic of a fallen cause, a defeated people, were the glowing columns of smoke red at the base, and turning to black as they rolled up towards the cold, unchanging stars. With a sigh she let the blue curtains fall, and turned slowly as her ears told her her door was slowly opening. But a cry of surprise blended with alight indignation broke from her parted lips when she saw the intruder was not her maid, nor Lady Dartmouth, but the smiling, scarlet-clad Sir Peter Farnham. Instinctively she wrapped the robe tightly around her.

"SIR PETER. . . ." But this is a very unseemly intrusion," she remarked quietly, but with hauteur. "You must know you are taking a great liberty. Will you please retire at once?"

He bowed. His weak face flushed and then paled. He closed the door behind him and stood, his head a little to one side, staring boldly, critically, at her. Then, still smiling, he met her eyes and spoke.

"Lady Alicia, I crave your pardon. But I had to speak to ye immediately, and with privacy. The matter is urgent and concerns yourself, your father, and your home. Ye will agree, I think, that at such a time of disaster and defeat as this is mere ordinary courtesy must at times be dispensed with. That is why I am here. I must speak to ye alone."

Alicia's voice suddenly hardened. This man, too, had changed. She saw it, sensed it, and it disturbed her.

"Will you please go?" she asked coldly. "If ye command me to do so I will," he suavely replied. "But if ye do that your father will lose his life, and ye will lose this old home and its rich estates."

"But—but I do not understand you. . . ." "It is very simple," he assured her, advancing until he stood close to her. She was taller than he and his eyes narrowed and gleamed as they looked up into hers. He saw she was trembling. He laughed. "Ye know, of course, that all is lost?"

She did not reply. Her dark eyes searched him.

"—and that the Deanes will be especially selected for the King's vengeance?" In spite of herself she shuddered.

"But what has this to do with your presence in my bedroom, sir?"

"Why, everything, madam. It is in my power to save your father's life."

She gave a choked cry. Her eyes widened, and she swayed towards him a little.

"Oh. . . . thank you. . . . oh, thank you! Oh, I can never repay you—"

"I—er, thank ye can. But there is another matter first. I have been advised

by a friend in London that this rich estate of Deepdeane Park has been awarded to a mutual friend for his services to King James—"

"No!" she cried sharply. "They would not do that—they could not—"

His voice rang a little shrill.

"Ye are mistaken there. The smoke from the village proclaims Monmouth's defeat. It also proclaims that Deepdeane Park has passed from the Deanes to a stranger. Ye are a stranger in this house, madam—"

"You—you are brutal—"

"Nay, my regret is deep. But ye would not believe me. I had to speak plainly—"

"It is a lie!" she cried wildly, cold fear striking at her heart.

"It is the truth," he snarled, suddenly changing his manner. Then he checked himself. "Dear Lady Alicia, I know ye have suffered. And I am here to help ye for ye now stand alone and penniless. But I can, if ye will agree, restore to ye all that ye have lost." Sir Peter drew in a deep breath and spoke a little pompously. "I am a rich man, and my influence at the Court is powerful. The King listens to me. And he will continue to listen, for he will never know how I strove for Monmouth. But the Duke is down, and I am on the King's side again. That is sensible, for no man willingly gives his neck to the axe."

"But what—what can I do?" she asked in a tone of complete bewilderment. She was shocked. Homeless! Roger Chard had a shed, at least, to cover him. Penniless! Then was she to starve? Nay, she had friends.

Farnham now looked boldly at her. It would be simpler than he had thought.

"Ye heard me say that if we agree I will restore all that ye have lost?" he asked with a smirk.

"Yes. . . . I heard you say that," she replied. "But what is there to agree to? I—I do not understand you, Sir Peter. What am I to agree to that you even impose a condition?"

He laughed. He stepped back after taking her hands in his. Deliberately he measured her with his eyes, low-lidded, glittering eyes in which she now plainly read the man's nature. She broke from him as he tried to draw her to him. She understood.

"You cannot mean. . . . oh, you are not asking me. . . ." but she could not continue.

He bowed with ironical courtesy. "Admirably put, Alicia," he said with a bold laugh. "I have the great honor to offer ye my protection."

"You impudent—"

"Yes?" he snapped, his grey eyes glinting. "Ye will know the consequences of your refusal. Ye are penniless, ye are homeless, ye are proscribed. It is for ye to decide."

"You—you offer me marriage?" she whispered.

His reply was very cold, a studied coldness that his eyes belied. From his pocket he took his cuff-box. He inhaled carelessly and returned the box to his pocket.

"The word I used was 'protection,' my dear Alicia."

"Sir Peter," she said icily, her large dark eyes blazing with fury, "ye are mistaken when ye assume me friendless or penniless. I do not depend on your cruel charity, and ye are insolent to make so free with my name."

"Your friends, madam, dare not succor ye. Ye have no friends. Ye stand alone, for I know ye would not risk their heads. Would ye ask that of them? And there

is the greater danger to Lord Anthony—
"Oh, ye dog!" she burst out. "Ye evil little dog! Out with ye and away forever, else will I have my servants flog ye without mercy."
"Madam," he snapped resentfully, "ye will do well to consider—"
And then she surprised him by laughing. Soft, contemptuous, cruel with her laughter.
"You . . . you little manikin in breeches . . . she gasped. "Your protection? 'Al Ha! Ha! How amusing you are! Give myself to you for a mistress . . . she broke into a peal of ringing laughter that infuriated him. "Why, even now . . . I can see Roger Chard holding ye above the water-but . . . like a terrified little ape in scariet . . . you little . . . oh, I must laugh at you . . ."
"Ye fool . . . ye fool!" he snarled furiously. Her ridicule pierced him and left him writhing. "Ye fool! Ye place yourself before your father's life . . . now . . . but when later ye come to me—"
"Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh, go. Go before I am sick with laughter at you. And go far and fast . . . you pitiful little . . . would-be man . . ."
He could not endure it longer. Without a word he turned on his heel and strutted quickly from the room.

HIS MAJESTY, James II, sat talking earnestly with two men in the privacy of the King's Closet, in the palace of Whitehall. It was night-time, about nine o'clock, and a week since the execution of Lord Anthony Deane. The huge, gross, absurdly over-dressed man on the King's left is already known to us. On the King's right sat a man who was, in appearance, in every essential excepting certain traits of character, the antithesis of Tobias Jelp. George Jeffreys, Baron Jeffreys of Wren, thirty-seven years of age, the inhuman instrument of a cruel King, Lord Chief Justice of England, blackguard, blackguard, bull, beset with prodigious, roasting fiend, was of medium height and build, and his features were still faintly handsome, although marred by excesses.

James' serious tones were addressed to Tobias Jelp.
"Of course, you are satisfied, my vast friend. We are all highly gratified. You will yet be the richest man in England, while my Lord Jeffreys, here . . . he paused, and that cruel, sneering smile again briefly twisted his lips—"may yet, if he attends to my commands, grasp the Great Seal in his hands."
A slight flush colored the features of the Judge. But he did not altogether appreciate the flickering, sardonic light in Jelp's black eyes.
"Your Majesty knows that your slightest wish is my command," he murmured.
"I know," James retorted dryly. "And I am told the Keeper of the Great Seal, Lord Guildford, is dying. But to this other thing! My lord, it would seem that both Kierke and Trelawney, zealous though they be, are more concerned with making profit than meting out punishment to my enemies. Your commission, as Chief Judge of the Western Circuit, is ready. You will proceed to the west counties, my lord, and there you will . . ."
James ceased speaking. But his cold eyes conveyed his meaning as accurately as any words of his could have done. The Lord Chief Justice understood perfectly. He smiled, but the smile was transient for a flash of agony from the same caused him to writhen and gasp. But the pain quickly passed and he recovered, but his features

were distorted and drawn. He spoke viciously.
"Your Majesty's meaning is clear to me. Heaven help the rascals when they stand before me! Bah! Filth, rabble, treacherous dogs! I will deal with them, crush them so that never more will rebellion return to trouble Your Majesty!"
But Jelp was a little concerned. The tremor in his husky, whispering voice proclaimed it.

"But does your Majesty suggest that the Lord Chief Justice shall also destroy all sources of profit? There is much to be gained now, and it will be to the great content of many."
"Ha!" said the King. He turned to Jeffreys. "George, your words have disturbed our friend of the vast patch." James' voice turned into a sneer. "I vow he fears for his pocket already. Nay, man! The rebels shall be utterly destroyed, and the manner of it I leave wholly to the Chief Justice so long as it be unforgettable. But the friends of the traitors are the ones that will furnish treasure. By the Mass! There should be thousands in it for all! Even the Queen has hinted that her maids of honor expect a share of the money obtained. Jelp, you need not fear. Already, by Royal decree, the estate of the Deanes has passed into your hands. Is that not some recompense?"

Jelp was instantly humble. His restless black eyes fell and were masked. The gesture of his fat hands indicated that were he standing, and physically able to do so he would bow.

"It is indeed, sire. The Deanes . . . h'm! H'm! There is a daughter, alas Your Majesty any especial wish concerning the daughter of Lord Anthony Deane?"

An expression of implacable ferocity settled on the haughty features of the Monarch. His voice grew cold and cutting. His eyes became clouded with hate. The cruel propensities of the Stuarts crystallized in that expression of malignant, venomous fury.

"I desire to see her sold as a slave. My lord, you will attend to it! 'Twill be worse to her than death. My lord, it is my strict command that you read the rebellious west of England a lesson they will nevermore forget. You have my full authority and support in everything you do."

"My thoughts are only for Your Majesty's supremacy and tranquillity," he murmured respectfully.

"Ha! But I know you, George! Do not step beyond the bounds of fidelity and discretion. And greatly shall you be rewarded. But should you intrigue . . . God help you! My lord, you will commence your journey to-morrow. You shall be accompanied by four other Judges for the look of the thing, and also by a bodyguard more than sufficient for your dignity and protection. Jelp, what will you do with Deane's estate?"

Jelp was not pleased at the question, but naturally he did not show it.

"I have despatched a steward to act for me, sire. I have not wholly determined the matter yet."

"Sly dog," sneered James.

Tobias Jelp thought it best to turn the subject slightly.

"Sire, what of Parnham?" he asked in careless, wheezy tones.

"He shall cross the Caribbean when the time is ripe, and there superintendent the complete disposal of all rebel shipped to those parts. We do not want them to return. What think you of that?"

"Excellent! Excellent, your Majesty!" wheezed Jelp joyously. He was very pleased that the King had drawn such a trouble-

some thorn from his vast and long-suffering flesh.

Jeffreys laughed his approval.
"The hot brandy and the Yellow Jack ought to finish him off in quick time," he murmured.

Tobias Jelp held his fat sides and shook with creaking laughter.

"Then it shall be done," said the King. "And now I bid you both good-night. Jeffreys . . . do not fail me! Be ruthless, my lord, be ruthless!"

BEHOLD the Lord Chief Justice of England, a pale-faced, scarlet-robed figure, seated high on the scarlet-hung seat of justice! The crowded halls, the scarlet-hung walls, the grim guards, the trembling victims whose screams of terror were no louder than their judge's screams of laughter, the laughter of the Lord Chief Justice of England!

And now behold the effects of the judgments, the begrimed bodies of long incarcerated sufferers, their faces yellow and pale from starvation and confinement in the dim perpetual twilight of the dungeons; their deaths at the ends of quivering ropes. See the hundreds slaughtered and the hundreds of broken prisoners tramping to the coast for transportation to a living death beyond the seas. See the slaves! See all these things and you will behold what Somerset suffered at the hands of the Lord Chief Justice of England.

And look closely at the middle batch of prisoners tramping and stumbling blindly along the sweet-scented, green-bordered road on their way to the wharfed and the waiting ship. There you will see chained wrist to wrist, a huge lattered man and a half-naked, coldly proud woman, and presently, perhaps, you will recognise Alicia Deane and Roger Chard. Chained wrist to wrist. Hating bitterly, locked together in misery and degradation! The sportive decree of a judge's besotted mind. He had been informed of Alicia Deane's hatred of Roger Chard, he had clapped his hands with glee, he had taunted the grim giant and had gloated over a description of Alicia's coming torment as only Jeffreys could gloat.

He pictured the mercurial, the roasting sun, and the stealthy, unalluring disease for the silent, defiant blacksmith, and the mat in the overseer's hut for the haughty girl whose disdain and utter indifference caused him to writhen in fury. Locked wrist to wrist and so to remain until separated across the waters, by the decree of the Lord Chief Justice of England! The manacles had not been ordered by the filthy-mouthed judge until Alicia, weary unto death of it all, had contemptuously laughed in the face of the raving, scarlet-robed butcher.

She had laughed coldly and her laugh brought silence portentous fearful to the crowded Court of Justice. A swift shuddering ran through the throne as though it had been swept by a chill wind. Laughter in the face of death and shame! And then the full fury of Jeffreys' wrath belched forth. He had risen to his feet, leaped forward and pointed with a rage-shaken hand; his features, ashen in face, were twitching and convulsed; his eyes strained with the madness of hate and cruelty, glared wildly at his victims; and his words as they fell from his lips were a sizzling, blistering in their dreadful malign intensity.

"You shall be taken hence," he screamed. "Your wrist shall be chained to the wrist of the man you hate, and so you shall remain until your body be cold." He ceased thun-

dering and broke into peal after peal of unnatural laughter. Then his raving, shrieking voice rang forth again. "Ah, would I could see the breaking of your cursed rebel's spirit!"

His froth-flecked lips ceased pouring out invective. Quivering with passion he sank back on the scarlet-draped seat of justice. In silence his malevolent eyes followed them until they were taken by the grim guards from the hall, the hall of justice.

BEFORE the prisoners not far away, the water of the river Avon glistened in the late afternoon sunshine. It had been a cruel, hot, torturing march. As the long column topped a hill each in turn stared at the water, the houses, the churches, and the streets of the city of Bristol. Here and there could be seen the masts of ships waiting at the wharf-side. Alicia, limping, silent, sullen, looked down at the ships, stumbled, and gave a little cry of pain. Roger caught her, and steadied her, and then looked down at her bare feet. They left rusty prints on the stones.

"Alicia," he said quietly, "your feet be bleeding. Will ye not let me carry ye?"

"Chained though we be I would rather die than suffer the touch of your hand," was her quick reply.

These were the first words spoken between them since they had been brought together at the trial. In silence they had stood while the guards stripped them of their garments, leaving them but sufficient to cover them from waist to knee. The other prisoners suffered the same treatment, and all had marched hatless and with bare backs and feet exposed to the hot sun. Human cattle! Slaves!

"Aye," Roger replied steadily. "Doubtless ye would as your mind is so bitterly framed against me. Doubtless also, I should now hate ye. But . . . I do not . . . not now."

"I shall ever hate ye, Roger Chard."

"Aye," he sighed.

She flashed him a swift look from cold eyes. Her bitter, burning words lashed him.

"Aye, I hate ye! My father is dead . . . they told me. You killed him! Our home from which we were driven is in the hands of strangers. Our servants, faithful through three generations, are scattered over the land."

They tramped past the silent, gaping townspeople to the wharf. The escort of mounted guards kept back the curious. A high, clear voice suddenly rang above the shuffling of bare feet and the tramping of hoofs.

"May God bless ye an' keep ye . . ."

It called, and then there was silence again. Roger Chard had never seen a ship, and as his eyes swept over the one before him he wondered how so many would be able to crush their way on board. He was soon to learn. It was a small ship of not more than two hundred ton burthen. Built many years before the Commonwealth regime, it boasted of a very high, sloping poop, a squat, restricted main deck, and a low, stuffy forecabin beyond which was the splintered beak and the bowsprit. The timber of the ship was unpainted, and the weeds and barnacles of the Caribbean clung to it below the water-line.

The prisoners farthest from Roger and Alicia were walking the plank between ship and wharf. Some went sullenly, some shrieked and were struck brutally on the

mouth, others had to be pricked forward at the point of the sword. While the slow work of embarkation was on, a voice behind Roger and Alicia suddenly broke into a shrill laugh. It was a familiar sound, so familiar that both of them turned involuntarily and saw Sir Peter Farnham, elegant in scarlet and black, standing but a pace from them. He made a sweeping bow and the feathers of his hat touched the planks of the wharf. He was greatly amused, and after replacing his hat daintily inhaled snuff.

"So," he said, with a chuckle in his thin, reedy voice, "they have chained ye both together. I have waited a week for the joy of this meeting. Oh, split me! I have never seen anything more amusing. I trust ye are comfortable, my dear Alicia. 'Tis not so elegant here as in your pretty boudoir, nor are your feet, I perceive, now encased in pink satin slippers. But ye would not accept my generous offer. Stab me! And our great bully, the honorable blacksmith of ancient lineage, is also about to leave us. Curse me! I could die laughing!"

Her wild cry interrupted him.

"Stop! Oh, stop! For pity's sake . . . have ye no mercy?" Sir Peter's lips twisted in a sneer. His grey eyes snapped vindictively as they gazed at her.

"Mercy . . .? Oh, rot me! They whip the shameless likes of ye in Bridewell. A pinch of snuff, Master Chard? I doubt ye'll care for the West Indian brand. Ye look somewhat disconsolate—"

"Ye little rat," said Roger, contemptuously.

"Rat, eh? Rat . . .? Blast ye, but I can afford to laugh at ye. I, too, am for the West Indies, but whilst ye both travel as filthy slaves I go as the King's representative. Aye, ye may stare. My duty is to dispose of all ye dogs in a proper manner. Yonder is my ship. It will reach the Caribbean before yours does. I shall await ye . . . and, by Heaven . . . I'll show ye something! Ye'll not have the snuff, Master Chard? Ah, my dear Alicia, I wonder who will buy your beauty?"

"Enough, ye dog!" snarled Roger savagely.

Farnham rocked with laughter.

They crossed the bridge at a brisk walk for Roger took long strides. In silence they fled through the great gates, went along the gravelled drive, and then halted before the open door of the house.

"Enough . . .? Ye'll both know the true meaning of that word ere long. I look at your broad back, and I laugh! I look at her red lips—"

But the mocking words died on his lips. Roger Chard's foot shot out and caught him a blow in the stomach. He dropped with a gasp and lay writhing and retching in agony. They heard his voice no more as they were thrust along the plank on to the ship. Roger looked back. Farnham still lay where he had dropped. Neither spoke as they boarded the ship, and the chain rattled between their wrists.

The space was crammed and all sat shoulder to shoulder. But where Roger stood there was but space for one to sit. They could not see, but they could hear, and through the sobbing, the moaning, and the wild, ungovernable cursing came the fitful sounds of running feet above them and voices on the wharf without. Presently those voices grew fainter and fainter, and the unseen decking beneath them became strangely unsteady. Queer slapping noises were heard, and before long all knew that the voyage had begun.

"Alicia, there be a space between my feet.

Slut yourself there before someone else does. I am not tired and would rather stand."

She hesitated.

"The night be before us, Alicia. Ye had better seat yourself."

She sat down, and the weary sigh of relief from her lips reached his ears. It was very painful for him to stand, for his own feet were also cut and bruised and bleeding. But he planted them firmly on each side of her and made light of his own discomfort. Reaching up with his free arm his hand encountered an iron hook, sharp pointed and of great strength, firmly embedded in the timber. Gratefully he snugged it, and throughout the night steadied himself as the ship rolled and lurched. The air soon became foul, and hot, and many were sick and before daylight filtered mysteriously dimly into the crowded cage, two had died a man and a woman. But many slept, for they were exhausted. Alicia fought hard against sleep, but at last she slept, and Roger supported her with his knees and prevented her from falling. When she awoke she arose, but she did not speak, although she quickly saw he had supported her the whole night through.

"Alicia, would ye be free of the chain?" he asked, after waiting in vain for the sound of her voice.

"You are a fool to speak so," she retorted coldly.

"Then do not cry out when I lift ye with my free arm. Above my head be a stout iron hook with a sharp point. Place the centre link on the point. I will break the chain—"

"Break this chain? You flatter yourself, Roger Chard—"

His serious voice, pitched low, interrupted her.

THE chain must be broken. And then I vow they'll never lock us together again.

"Then try it," she said curtly.

He lifted her, and she felt for the point of the hook and placed the link on it. She could not see what Roger was doing, but she could feel him quivering and the arm she touched was corded with steel-like muscles. The chain rattled several times. She heard him panting and sucking in his breath, and then came a desperate jerking of his mighty shoulders so that she was nearly flung from him. Then came the snap of metal.

"'Tis done," he panted. "By heavens . . . 'tis done!"

She felt something wet and warm drop and splash upon her bare arm.

"You have cut yourself?"

"'Tis naught, 'tis naught, a scratch of no account—"

"The blood is flowing. A scratch does not do that."

"Just a prick of the flesh from the iron cuff. It matters nothing. I'll not bleed to death—"

"I'm glad of that—"

He caught his breath.

"Alicia—ye are glad—"

"Yes," her cold voice went on. "T would be too easy a death for you. I'm hoping yet to see ye quiver under the lash—"

"By Heaven . . . by Heaven . . ."

he gasped. "Aye, but ye would, I can understand ye being bitter, but I cannot understand ye being unjust."

"Unjust . . .? You say that to me?" and she laughed shrilly.

Suddenly he took her in his great arms. Gently, protectingly, he held her to him. His voice was soft and strangely caressing.

"Aye, girl, unjust! Alicia, I have ever loved ye, ever since we were children. I love ye with all my soul. My poor mother knew

I loved ye. Would I then betray the one I love? Ah, ye laugh . . . and shrink from me . . . but 'tis truth, and no longer could I refrain from telling ye. I love ye."

She strained from him, furiously, madly, yet her voice was weary and lifeless.

"I have learned much of men since Monmouth set foot in England. Aye, Roger Chard, I have learned much, and I now know ye to be as low as the lowest. You love me? Heaven, what a mockery!"

"That be a damnable thing to say—"

"Oh, be silent . . . be silent. 'Tis the truth! But ye'll not get me . . . no . . . not you . . ." her voice broke, quavered, and was lost in a storm of sobbing. She sank limply to the reeling deck.

Silently he crouched beside her, poured the clean water from his bottle over her feet, and gently washed and cleansed them of the grit that clung to the cuts. From her dress he tore strips of silk, and these he bound round the tortured flesh. She did not move. No word of thanks came from her lips, nor did he look for thanks. He knew, now, how deeply, how bitterly, she hated him.

The master of the slave-ship stamped moodily to and fro on the high, sloping poop. He was a short-bodied, broad-shouldered, bow-legged fellow, bare of arm and leg, and with black, bristling whiskers and moustache of which he was inordinately proud. He was in an ill humor, for in the long weeks that had passed since his sluggish vessel left the Channel many things had arisen to vex and perplex him. Fully half the slaves were dead. Then there had been that mad riot on that stormy night when the ship quivered and shuddered with the pounding of the waves, and the rigging screamed under the lash of the fierce wind.

HOW the dogs in the forward cage burst out and gained the deck he did not know, but he knew that when ten lay dead and more lay dying from their wounds he had lost much good money. And four of his seamen had been choked and torn limb from limb by the maddened prisoners. But the frenzied slaves had been driven back to their cage, where, next day, three more died. And the women! There was a loss! Not one of them would have brought under fifty pounds in Trinidad.

And then there was the time in the middle cage when a woman had screamed, and a man, a strong, useful lout, had been killed by the furious hands of the other slaves. Was there ever such misfortune? A pity, a great pity, the little grey-eyed man in the last cage, the cage that held the red-haired giant and the pretty, black-haired wench, could not be in all three cages at once. He had them praying, and he spoke to them of God, and they were quiet—quiet, that is, when the black-haired girl ceased her shrill laughter and biting insolence towards the big man who followed her like a tame dog. It was queer, that. She had been no worse than the others for the first week, and then the devil had got into her, and her furious bursts of passion, her shrieking laughter, her wild words, were only quelled by the gentle, grey-eyed man who preached of God and prayed. Once she had struck the giant fiercely on the lips, and he had taken the blow without murmuring, the others said.

She had sobbed, then, and was quiet for a little while. But she was a devil, and had sworn that she would not rest until she had seen the big, quiet man torn to strips under the lash. A devil she was, a beautiful,

laughing, screaming, cold-eyed devil. But there would be plenty who would tame her if the ship but got to Trinidad. Curse the ship. Verily, he believed she was sailing backwards. And the water was low and slimy in the casks. Another week and the rotten food and the evil water would combine to sweep them all off the ship with disease. It was enough to make a good ship's master turn to religion!

And they were now in dangerous waters. Far down on the horizon his glass had spied a high-castled galleon of Spain, with white water at her beak, purple sails and crimson pennants stiff in the following wind, rolling her way home to Spain. A pirate ship! He had pointed it out to the pallid prisoners who had just come on deck, but to his disgust they were not interested. How she had got through he could not guess, for that mixture of French and Carib Indian, that lone fighting, independent Pierre le Noir, was dragging the seas with a desperate, close-meshed, piratical net. But perhaps the fact that she was far to the north explained it. The Dona were in luck and doubtless would burn a ton of candles at the shrines of their favorite saints.

But Pierre le Noir! Ugh! The master shuddered and cast uneasy glances over his shoulder. What a black dog was that! The only man who dared defy his all-powerful buccannere. The only leader whose treasure was said to amount to over a million English pounds. The only man without the buccanere ring who openly dared to sail to Port Royal in Jamaica and swagger it in the streets and taverns of the buccanere headquarters. Black Peter! And the master winced as he reflected that he was little loved of the corsair. But except for the creaking, mullish slave-ship and the dwindling galleon, the sea was empty. Afar off, on the starboard quarter, the mountain-knots in the north and south of the island of Martinique rose high above the densely wooded ridge of high land that connected them. Three leagues of white-topped rollers stretched between the ship and the high, rugged, eastern coast.

Far to the south, over the curve of the blue sea, lay the great French island of Trinidad, and as the master stared sullenly down from the poop at the little group of prisoners who were gulping in the fresh, sweet air, he wondered whether any would reach the plantation and the pitch lake of La Brea. The red-haired giant and the black-haired girl would, for they seemed possessed of an inexhaustible store of vitality. But the others! He shook his black, shaggy head and cursed bitterly. And as for the ship! Never again would he sail on the back of such a tortoise! Lurching, lagging, vomiting, water-logged beast! Ah, but he would burn her and send her soul down to the hell of ships. Bah! And there was the red-haired man and the black-haired wench at it again. Would she never let him rest?

She was a waspish little devil. He had a mind to have her flogged. Rot her flashing eyes and sneering, snarling lips. A wonder the big man did not draw his hand heavily across them. But he was a dumb ox! In sheer disgust at Roger's patience the master rolled to the poop rail, folded his hairy arms upon it, and spat into the leaping sea at the monsters that swam night and day in the vessel's wake.

"Aye, ye sharp-toothed brutes!" he growled, looking down at them. "Ye see me, eh? An' they say a shark be blind. A lie! But ye'll not taste flesh o' mine."

When he spoke he had not seen the black sails of a black ship that came sweeping round the southern part of Martinique. But ere he ceased speaking a startled cry from

the man on the foremast brought him up rigid.

"Ho, there, the poop! A sail, a black sail on a black ship about starboard . . ."

THE master went white. A black sail on a black ship! His tongue seemed suddenly clamped to the roof of his mouth. In an instant, it seemed, paralysis had him in its grip.

"A black sail . . . a black ship?" he stammered. "Tis Pierre le Noir! Oh—" he broke off, gasping, staring wildly towards the distant ship. Quickly he focused the brass spy-glass, and then let his arm fall slowly to his side. "Aye," he croaked again.

"Tis Black Peter! Tis finished. 'Tis Pierre le Noir, curse him!" He turned swiftly to the man at the whipsaft. "Over with the staff! Send it, ye dog! We'll pile on the rocks rather than fall into his cruel hands. He'd blind us . . . cut off our hands and feet . . . and feed us to the sharks . . . ho, there! Aloft, there! Watch closely that ship . . ."

The slave ship turned slowly in response to the thrust on her rudder. But the wind was against her. Nine miles separated her from the coast of Martinique, and perhaps a dozen from the pirate, yet as time went on the frantic master saw the other had them. Livid with fear and fury he stamped up and down the poop, and the prisoners, wondering what it was all about, watched his antics in amazement. He saw them looking up and he raved down at them.

"Aye, ye may well stare, ye fith! Yonder comes one who will gut ye as clean as a wench does a herring. 'Tis Black Peter, the man who laughed in the face of Morgan—an' thave in the face of the devil himself. If he gets us . . . ye'll know something! He's the strongest, smoothest, gentlest, bloodiest of them all. He be a true pirate, an' would as soon roast a buccanere as a Spaniard. If he gets ye ye'll see . . . by Heaven, ye'll see!"

A woman's voice came up to him, taunting, mocking. It had a shrill, vibrant note that jarred on the ears of the frightened master. It was Alicia who spoke, and her vivid eyes were narrowed to spiteful slits. Her face, framed in the long black hair, was very pale, and its beauty marred by the sneering, vicious expression that had now become fixed upon it. Her lips, not quite so crimson as they were, drooped sullenly.

"Aye!" she screamed up at him. "And how we'll laugh when he makes you dance!"

"What matter it?" the man rasped, glaring down at her. "Ye fool, girl . . . ye fool! Ye do not know Pierre le Noir. He'll hang ye head down from his masthead till the ripping beaks of the sea-hawks strip the flesh from your bones. What matters it? He's never given a woman a quick death yet, for he tastes them with a strange hate."

"And will not even that be better than the bowels of this ship, wherein for black weeks we have crawled like maggots? Aye, but 'twill, I say—"

Roger Chard's deep voice interrupted her. But he said but one word.

"Alicia—"

She turned on him in a cold fury.

"I'll not listen to ye . . . I'll not listen to ye . . . do not speak to me, ye dog! For weeks ye've followed me about as though ye were my keeper. Keep silent . . . keep away from me . . . ah, if only I can find favor in his eyes for that hour I'll be revenged upon ye, Roger Chard. Ye'll pay bitterly for what ye have done to the Deanes."

For the hundredth time his calm voice made the same reply.

"I have done nought to the Deanes." And her invariable trembled reply rang out.

"Ever the same lie . . . ever the same lie! But maybe soon, now, we'll have the truth from your lips . . ."

The master, at his wife's end with tear and rage, pointed to her and shouted.

"Mark . . . Dash her brains out! Kill her, and throw her over the side! . . . she'll have Black Peter torture us all . . . get her, quick, ye fools . . ."

But the two seamen hung back, for Roger Chard stepped forward and faced them. He towered over them, and there was death in his icy blue eyes.

"An' ye move an inch I'll kill ye both," he growled. "Let the poor girl be! She be mad . . . distraught . . . frenzied with it all."

Alicia darted between them. Her panting voice could just be heard.

"Oh, kill me . . . I pray it of you . . . do not listen to him."

With a fierce sweep of his arm Roger sent her hurtling behind him. She fell upon a coil of rope and lay there sobbing convulsively.

The master sighed, and then raved again. "To the sailors, men? To the sailors. Curse King James! Ah! Did ye see that puff of smoke? 'Tis from the cannon on the fore-castle of the black ship. There! Up goes the spout of water. The ball fell short. Here, you! Pull that staff . . . pull it . . . by heaven we'll take Pierre le Noir with us."

"But ye're swinging the beak towards the pirate—"

"Aye, an' I'll ram it through his timbers," the master vowed. "Hold it at that. I'll crush the black devil . . . an' we'll sink together."

"But—but—"

"Silence, ye dogs! Silence, else will I kill ye now! Man, 'tis the only way. We'll crush his sides in. Nay, I'll not give sport to Pierre le Noir."

With a leap Roger was beside Alicia. She had rushed to the bulwarks and had one leg across the broad rail. His great arms tore her from the rail and crushed her to him.

"Ye are mad . . . mad," he cried huskily, his voice trembling and broken. "I'll not let ye die . . . I'll not let ye die . . . or let them have ye . . ."

SHE knew it was futile to struggle in those mighty arms. She became limp and still.

"I wish I were dead . . . dead," she cried weakly. "I am so tired . . . so tired . . . so frightened and filled with dread."

His arms still held her tightly.

"There be a God above us yet," he replied earnestly. "We live or die according to His divine will, Alicia. Nay, do not sob so terribly. Poor girl, ye shake like a leaf. I'll not let ye go to them . . . alive . . ."

He bent and picked up an iron pin that had been carelessly left lying on the deck. With it he widened the broken link at the end of the dangling chain. Then, before she realised what he was doing, he had joined the chain to hers and hammered it till it shut.

"What are you doing?" she asked dully. "If they take ye—they'll have to kill me to do it, now!"

Her eyes focused themselves on the joined chain. Again rage and horror swept over her face.

"Ye have closed the chain . . ."

"Aye! ye heard what was said of this bloody pirate that comes towards us."

"Ah, set me free! Break the chain . . . break it, you devil," she cried faintly. "I would rather any fate than be near to you."

"I'll not! What be before us, God only knows, but I'll not lose or desert ye and live. Be still, girl, be still! I vow ye are crazy . . . crazy . . . an' if ye tear at my wrist again with your teeth I'll . . . What am I saying or thinking! Must I make ye even frightened of me? God forbid!"

"Oh, I care not, I care not," she whispered, sinking to her knees. "I sometimes think my mind . . . is breaking. Body and mind and soul torture me. I am starved, I am terrified, I am fearful that these men . . . but I care not! I care not! What are you doing near me, Roger Chard? Get away from me, you dog! But I know, I know, you devil. But I'll not go to you, you base betrayer, you destroyer of the Deanes."

"Alicia, I have done nought to the Deanes—"

"You lie! You lie! Oh, that I had strength to strike you down!"

"I have many times wished ye had," he said quietly.

At that she was silent, sullen, thinking.

Many of those who watched the black ship prayed for a swift death, for the desire for life had gone from their sickened, emaciated bodies. Their spirits were crushed even as their bodies were now a burden to them. But there were others within whose hearts the flame of life still burnt brightly, who, in spite of their terrible sufferings, were still indomitable. Their bright eyes stared at the pirate as the distance between the two ships decreased. Their pallid lips drew in quick, short breaths as the fore-castle guns of the corsair sent a warning shot shrieking through the rigging above them. They could see, quite plainly; now, that the black ship was a large ship, evidently a captured ship of Spain, and heavily armed.

She was a three-decker with high poop and fore-castle, and her masts were half as high again as those of the slave ship. They saw, also, that although she was a large ship, there were but a handful of men in sight, that her bulwarks had been recently shot away, and that her bulging black sides were shot-riddled, leaving gaps through which broken guns could be seen. A ball had gouged a mighty groove on her starboard bow, and the white streak showed clearly against the black. Her figurehead had also been shot away. As she came closer it was seen that her canvas was rent and shot-lost. Without doubt she had fought recently, and desperately, and had come through the battle victorious at heavy cost. Pierre le Noir's flag, a huge black square without markings, fluttered from the truck of the mizzen.

But although the master and seamen of the slave ship also saw these things, their terror did not abate. Pierre le Noir's record as a savage, ruthless fighter was known from end to end of the Caribbean, and his courage and daring were bywords among men who daily laughed at death and torture. Ill-famed and pitiless, greedy, treacherous, and quarrelsome, a hand-clasp with one hand and a stab with the other, such was Pierre le Noir. His pleasant smile was synonymous with death, his soft words with torture, and his careless gesture with pillage and rapine. Men hated him but followed him, for he enriched them if they lived. Even the greedy women of Port Royal avoided him as though he were the plague. He hated women, and used them

cruelly, and these cunning ones had come to know it. Pierre le Noir! Black Peter! The best dressed, boldest, most French adventurer that sailed the Caribbean.

There were, naturally, skilled seamen on the black ship. The desperate resolve of the master of the slaver was quickly recognised. The guns of the pirate were now silent. While the smaller vessel was yet a ship's length from the great black hulk, the pirate craft swept in a swift arc and heeled over at the sudden kick of wind and water. It was a clever, tricky bit of seamanship, and the master of the slaver gave a cry of despair when he saw his plan had failed. He had staked all on the shock of ship meeting ship. He had failed.

With fierce, triumphant cries, the pirates threw the grapnels and locked the slaver to them. Several ropes snapped like thread, but the hooks on the thick chains held and the smaller vessel was brought rolling and creaking into the grip of the killer. In an instant, it seemed that pirate steel flashed on poop and fore-castle. There was no resistance. What had promised to be a daring manoeuvre, an heroic assault, had ended in tame, abject surrender. Fight Pierre le Noir? With only twenty seamen and four sailors? What madness! The master of the slaver allowed himself to be kicked off the poop of the slaver without so much as a whimper. Indeed, there was no sound in him and his tongue was frozen between chattering teeth.

And now both Alicia and Roger saw, looking down upon them, a man of huge stature. He stood leaning upon a broken rail amidst the wreckage. It seemed strange to see on such a ship a man so elegantly dressed. He was clad like a courtier, in rich black satin, faced and edged with silver cord, and never had they seen so much lace at a man's wrists, knees, and neck. His wide, low-crowned hat, cream-colored with long, sweeping black feathers, was jauntily worn on the back of his head, and the bushy, silver-grey periwig emphasised the swarthy, olive-tint of his skin.

He was clean shaven, but his features were not handsome. His black eyes were large and glowing, his mouth was thick-lipped and cruel, and across the left side of his face was a hideous scar that stretched from his nostril to the angle of his jaw. The huge brooch of diamonds and emeralds that fastened his cravat, and the gems on the hilt and scabbard of his sword, were worth a prince's ransom. When he spoke his voice was surprisingly soft and agreeable. And when he spoke he was instantly obeyed. Pierre le Noir was obviously a man of ability, of authority, and of substance.

HE was smiling as his glowing dark eyes watched his men bringing the pale, sickly prisoners up from the darkness of the cages. His eyes lighted like live coals when the women were separated from the men. His soft voice came drifting down to those on the slave ship.

"So! Ye have been taken for slaves, my poor children. Ah, but that is excusable, cruelly. Pierre knows. He was a slave, a long time ago. And the pretty women . . . ah! But it is ended now."

In deep silence they listened to his quiet words. In wonder they took comfort from the compassion in his voice. His dark eyes swept them. He smiled gently at his lieutenant, a wiry, sandy-haired, attenuated adventurer whose one blue eye shone like a star. The other eye was missing and the lid sank back into the socket.

"John Ring, we need recruits. One hundred men have we fed to the sharks since the fight of yesterday. Ah, and how many

of our enemies is now of no importance. John, we need a carpenter, a sailmaker, and an iron-worker. You might inquire among our friends, John."

John Ring turned with a grin and surveyed the prisoners. His solitary eye glittered as it swept them. He wore no hat, no shirt, and no shoes or stockings, and a heavy oilskin dangled from his broad leather belt that supported his canvas breeches. He spoke to them in high, singing tones.

"Now have we a carpenter who will serve Pierre le Noir?"

"Aye," came a shout. "By Heaven . . . I'll join ye, mate. I'd join the devil, now . . ."

Pierre le Noir beamed down upon him and John Ring pointed to a rope ladder.

"Ye look weak, man. But up with ye. Ye are a carpenter?"

"Aye, as good a woodworker as ever learned the craft."

John Ring nodded.

"And the sailmaker?"

"I'll come in wi' ye," said another man.

"Ye know the trick of mending and cutting out canvas?"

"I was once a sailmaker to his Majesty in the yards at Deptford."

"Aha! The very man. And the iron-worker?"

Roger looked up at Pierre le Noir and lifted his arm.

"A PROPER man," said the pirate, softly, his eyes playing over Roger's great form. "Ye are a good iron-worker?"

"Aye, tis my trade. I'll fashion iron with any man. But there be one thing—"

"One thing? Ah, a condition. It is amusing. But, I shall listen to it, my blacksmith."

"I'll join ye if ye'll let my wife sail with me till I can put her safely ashore."

"She is your wife, that woman who is chained to you?"

"Aye!"

"I'm not," said Alicia defiantly. "I am not his wife. I hate him. I'd rather die than be his wife."

Pierre le Noir smiled. He pressed the tips of his fingers together as though he were about to pray.

"So, little one! Ye hate the man ye are chained to, eh? And ye are not his wife, eh? And he is a proper man, a good iron-worker, and willing to join us, eh? Then by Heaven ye shall become his wife."

"No, not I would rather die. I will die!"

Black Peter chuckled.

"Bring her, my red-haired friend. She shall be your wife, buccaneer fashion, as these other women will presently be made wives of my children, buccaneer fashion. It is amusing. What? They are not pleased? They shrink and draw back? But that is good. I do not like to see women pleased. Send them aboard, John, and leave all the others on the ship. I see the others do not like us, yet will I be kind to them. You have done what I told ye to do?"

"Aye, Peter."

"That is good." He turned and spoke to the listless prisoners. "My children, I will set ye free."

"Free?" came a whisper.

"Ye'll set us free?" came a shout.

"Oh, God bless ye . . . God bless ye," came the joyful tumult.

Pierre le Noir held up a bejewelled hand. His amie was pitiful, gracious.

"We shall cast off the hooks and ye shall sail your ship away . . . anywhere. Take it back to England if ye choose. But first

bind those dogs with ropes else will they take ye again and sell ye into slavery. And the two sick women I leave with ye. Be gentle and kind to them, my children."

"Aye, we will, we will," came the cry.

The prisoners were almost overcome at this heaven-sent release. The master and the seamen were quickly secured and lashed. They were white and sick with terror. But the freed slaves shouted and danced and sang and capered about the deck in an ecstasy of exultation. They were free! The quiet, grey-eyed man who had preached and prayed stood with his arms widespread and his pale face turned up to the sky. He was smiling, and quietly praying, and tears dimmed his patient, kindly eyes.

Pierre le Noir laughed.

"But we must part, my children. I bid ye God-speed and a safe voyage. Ah, yes, a safe voyage, my children. And do not forget the kindness of Pierre le Noir."

"That we'll not," they shouted. "God bless ye, captain."

John Ring chuckled as he whispered in Roger's ear.

"Ye're lucky, mate . . . watch the scar . . . watch the scar on Pierre's face. See it? Tis a flaming red—"

"Aye, it spurts red like it was newly cut. But what of it?"

Pierre le Noir's soft voice interrupted.

"Come aboard, John. And the three men and the women. What wench is that who lags and drags back? And she screams! Aha! Put half an inch of steel into her spine, John . . . ah! That brings her forward. It is good. Free the slave, John."

"Aye, Peter."

The ships rapidly fell apart. Surrounded by his grim, silent crew, the shrinking women, and the three recruits, Pierre le Noir watched the rolling slave ship as she heeled and dipped and broke the water with her beak. For a little while there was no human sound other than the soft moaning of the woman who had been prodded in the back. And even she stared out over the dancing waves at the ship that had brought them into the merciless waters of the West Indies. A little smile played about the thick red lips of Pierre le Noir. He stood erect and motionless, one hand on his sword hilt, the other on his hip. John Ring stood beside him, his one eye glaring out at the departing vessel. Roger, grim and silent, cast covert glances at Pierre le Noir at the man John, at the fierce, starting, ruffianly crew, and then at Alicia's despairing face. She was looking at the little running figures on the slave ship, her eyes almost blinded with tears, her breathing quick, nervous gasps. And then came a sound that made Pierre le Noir laugh. It sounded like a muffled gunshot. The deck of the slave seemed to lift and then sink back again. Sudden, shrill, awful cries of fear came on the wind.

"Watch her, my children," cried Pierre softly, pointing at the stricken ship. "Did I not promise to set them free? Eh, my little ones? And free they shall be. Name of a dog! The powder in the magazine has blown the bottom clean out of her. . ."

The screams of the doomed people swelled on the wind. Many climbed madly up the rigging as the ship settled, and then plunged. The foremast snapped and hung over the side, but the ship pulled the broken mast down under the sea. Two minutes, perhaps three, and the slave ship had vanished, the final traces of the tragedy being marked where whirling fins and snapping teeth dyed the sea the color of blood.

"It is amusing. They are free," said Pierre le Noir. "But come, my children. There is work to do."

"Oh, Heaven," whispered Alicia. "Oh . . . Heaven . . ."

Black Peter heard her and laughed gaily.

"Heaven, my little one? Here is heaven! And all these good children of mine are the angels. But there is work to do. There are oaths to be taken and women to be wed. Aye, my startled birds, tis marriage over the gun-barrel ye'll get, and it is as binding as any words spoken by snivelling, cassocked priest. Tis buccaneer law! And any man who comes between a pirate and his woman so joined courts a swift and just death. Does he not, my hawk?"

A chorus in a medley of voices answered him. With narrowed eyes the grinning crew stared critically at the six women, and coarse and ribald were the jests and remarks flung at them. Pierre le Noir silenced them.

"And now to the marriages," he said.

"You, little one, you will be first, for you are young and fair. Choose your man from the line."

But the girl sank, weeping, to the deck. She would not look at the line of half-naked, savage-looking, swaggering ruffians. Pierre le Noir looked at her, laughed, and then a gust of awful fury swept across his broad, livid face. The long scar glowed red like an ember. He spoke very softly.

"The point of the knife again, John Ring—"

"No . . . no . . . not the knife . . ." she suddenly screamed, struggling to her feet. Blindly she ran across the deck and fell with closed eyes into the wide, eager arms of a bare-chested, ape-like fellow.

Pierre le Noir chuckled hugely. He loved to behold the torture of women. When the other men were chosen the three recruits took the fearful oath that bound the pirates together and placed them on a level of equality under the officers. Roger shuddered at the oath and at the hatred in Alicia's eyes. Her hand limply clasped his across the musket-barrel held by the smiling Pierre le Noir. She listened, white-faced and contemptuous, while Roger repeated word for word the pseudo marriage-vow of the buccaneers. When it was all done the Master's Mate, John Ring, turned to his chief.

"And now, Peter?" he asked.

PIERRE LE NOIR

grinned and stared hard at Alicia.

"She's prettier than I thought," he murmured. "But it is done and she has gone to another. Maybe he will sell her. What's that? What now? Jamaica, my John! I am weary for a spell ashore. The ship needs cleaning and repairing, and we need many lusty fellows to join us. Curse that Spaniard! He fought like a madman. So Port Royal it is. Does that please you, my request?"

A roar of delight came in answer to his question. Port Royal! The buccaneer's Babylon! The tavern! The dice! The wine casks!

"Port Royal! Port Royal!" thundered the cry.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and the crude wooden buildings of Port Royal, the gleaming harbor and the blue-tinted, misty mountains beyond lay lifeless under the scorching sun. It was intensely hot and humid. The green heads of the coconut palms hung motionless in the glaring sunshine. The unhealthy green of the mangrove swamps stood out vividly through the heat waves that danced up from the blistering sand.

The luxuriant tropical vegetation that

clothed the slopes of the Monte Diavolo, the exotically beautiful Rio Cobre Gorge, and the brooding mountains beyond stood still, quite without movement under the fierce sun. The sea breeze that daily tempers the heat of Jamaica had not yet come blowing gustily in from the sea, and all life awaited it sweating and breathless.

But from house, shop, hotel, and tavern men, women, and children, a polygot mixture of black, brown, and white came pouring when Pierre le Noir fired a thirty-pound gun and sent the shot whistling with random impudence over the town. They wiped streaming faces and bodies with a variegated assortment of colored cloths and heartily cursed him for his malevolent plesantry.

Already a swarm of open boats laden with tropical fruits and gaudy merchandise was pulling frantically towards the black ship. The cries of the excited negroes as they bent to the oars rang loudly on the still air.

"'Tis that black dog, Pierre le Noir," those who stood and watched told one another. "But wait until he learns of the Governor's decree! Wait until he learns he may not sail again from the harbor unless his name be signed on the articles of the Brethren of the coast. By Heaven! but the fool has essayed himself into a trap. See! There be two of the Brethren's fighting ships warping towards the mouth of the harbor. Ah! he tries to get away they'll sink him! Ah! 'twould be a good thing for no good can come of the dog joining us, Pierre le Noir! Bah!" And many spat on the ground at the sound of the name.

ANOTHER man raised his voice, pointing at the same time to where a long skiff, propelled by a dozen oars, suddenly shot out from the shadows of a wharf.

"Aye, an' there be Major Cresswell himself, the Governor's man, off to tell Black Peter of the Governor's order that he shall not set foot in Port Royal until he has agreed to come in with us. I could laugh! I'd give a hundred pieces-of-eight to see Peter's face when he hears it, for 'tis eight months since last he was in Port Royal, and doubtless is ignorant of the Governor's edict."

"Ye give a hundred pieces-of-eight, ye dribbling babblers!" cried another man sarcastically. "Wipe your chin, mate! Ye dribble well but talk foolishly, for when have ye had a hundred of any money?"

The reply of the man who dribbled was lost in a roar of laughter.

The Governor's edict was official and final. Britain, at the moment, was fostering the buccaners and setting them at the throat and heels of Spain. Spain, naturally, was loud and angry in protest, so England, to avert open war and to pacify her arrogant rival, naively put all pirates outside the buccanier ring on the chopping-block.

But Pierre le Noir was a desirable man, and the alternative must be placed before him, so Major Francis Cresswell's long boat sped towards the black ship. Presently his eyes on the pirate craft were focused on the stout, yellow-faced officer who sat pompously upright under the gaudy-striped awning that covered the stern of the boat.

Alicia, a little apart from the other women, dressed in the coarse, grey woollen shirt and bedraggled short skirt, watched as intently as any. Her black hair was plaited into two thick ropes and hung low down in front of her. Her head, legs, and feet were bare. Her dark blue eyes stared fixedly out from under her black lashes, and her crimson lips were hard and straight. Her demeanor and expression

was hard. Hard. Cold. Unfeeling. Uncaring. Yet, strange to say, ever since Pierre le Noir had seized her and held her close to him, and had looked down at her with hot, glowing eyes, she had always managed to be close to where Roger Chard was working.

This had happened the day following her first night on the black ship, and every moment since then she had placed herself within call of the man she hated. Yes, she hated him with a growing intensity, but she did not fear him. She greatly feared Pierre le Noir. All that the adventurer had said echoed loudly in her mind. She remembered his softly spoken suggestion, but clearest of all were the words:

"As far as King James is concerned, you are dead, little one. You perished with the slave ship. Poor souls. It was terrible, but necessary. And it will be remembered that you sailed on that ship. It will be recorded. Her loss will be reported. To the King you are dead. You are beyond his vengeance. Nay, I did not dream you were so beautiful . . ."

Alicia Deane was dead! She had escaped the wrath and vengeance of the King. Long did those words of Pierre le Noir throbb in her brain. She was thinking of them now as the long boat drew into the side of the ship and the stout wooden ladder was lowered and clamped in position. Alicia Deane was dead!

Pierre le Noir's men ignored the chattering negroes with their baskets of fruit and trays of merchandise and crowded about their leader. And when the puffing major stepped on to the deck, mopping his brow and cursing faintly, they eyed the Governor's representative in sullen silence. Even the negro vendors ceased their shrill cries and stood quiet. Major Francis Cresswell looked about him.

"I seek the pirate known as Pierre le Noir," he snapped out at last, his prominent blue eyes taking in the details, the men, and the condition of the ship.

Pierre bowed and greeted the perspiring major with a courtly flourish of his black-feathered hat.

"I remember ye, major. Ye have evidently prospered as the result of your little levies on the buccaners. But then ye make money without fighting while they sometimes fight without making money. I am Pierre le Noir. What does the Governor want of me? I trust he is stricken with Yellow Jack and on the point of death—"

"Ye rascal!" the choleric major exploded. "Enough of your impertinence! But ye have wit enough to see I am here on His Excellency's business. Good! This, then is his command to ye—"

"Command . . . ?" said Pierre le Noir suavely.

"Aye, command!" growled the officer impatiently. "Already he had conformed to custom and had swallowed four hot brandies. He appeared on the verge of apoplexy as he stood there with the brazen sun beating down upon him.

"And what is this command, sir?" purred Pierre le Noir.

Just then Major Cresswell saw Alicia. He stared, open-mouthed at her. Then he remembered he was supposed to be a gentleman and he bowed low.

"Eden!" he simpered gallantly. "I vow I've never seen a more beautiful woman. Madam, your humble servant. An' ye need anything at any time I bid ye call upon Major Francis Cresswell, of the Governor's Staff, Port Royal. Stab me, yes! I shall be honored to serve ye—"

"Come, come. What is this command ye spoke of?" said Pierre le Noir. "Ye did not come here to bow and scrape to a pirate's woman, did ye?"

MAJOR CRESSWELL replaced his hat, stared at the pirate, and snorted wrathfully. He wagged a fat, unimposing finger in Pierre le Noir's lowering face.

"Blast ye, sir, for a foul plate!" he raved, his blue eyes nearly popping from his head, his fleshy body quivering with anger. His temper did not improve when he glimpsed Alicia's slow, cold smile. He felt that this infernal rascal of a pirate had made a fool of him. "Ye'll hear the command quiet enough—indeed, ye'll hear it now! 'Tis this, an' I hope ye like it. The Governor forbids ye to again put to sea as an independent pirate. His Excellency commands that ye instantly sign the articles of the Brethren of the Coast, and unless ye do so, and until ye do so, the town of Port Royal is denied ye and your men."

Pierre le Noir stared in astonishment. Was this fellow talking to him? Then he laughed and his men laughed with him.

"I swore I would never join the buccanier ring," he said calmly. The scar on his face began to glow red. "I will not break that vow. A curse on the Governor, and on ye! I'll see ye both at the bottom of the Caribbean ere I take the vow."

"Ah!" puffed the major. He had recovered his composure a little. "And what will ye do? Ye will be dead men if ye set foot in the town, and ye cannot leave the harbor—"

"Cannot leave the harbor?" and Pierre le Noir threw back his head and laughed heartily. His men roared with merriment. Not leave the harbor? Was the man mad?

"I th' 't not," the major murmured, also a little amused.

"Excellent! I have not laughed so in years. I dreamed not the Governor possessed such humor. A droll dog! And why cannot we leave the harbor, sir?"

Major Cresswell silently pointed at the two fighting ships of the buccaniers. Between them they numbered one hundred guns.

"And what of them? What have they to do with me? They will soon be at sea and over the rim—"

"They will not, my fine fellow! For months we have awaited ye. Those two ships will blow ye out of the water the moment ye hoist a rag of sail or pull an anchor—"

"Ah!" grunted Pierre le Noir. He stared at the two ships.

"Ah!" echoed the major happily. "And in addition to the ships' guns the guns that defend the port are by now trained on ye. I enjoyed your cheerful laughter, sir. Will ye not continue?"

"Never mind that, my fat canary!" came the snarling reply.

"Oh, and I forgot to mention to ye that if harm befalls me on this ship it is arranged that all here shall swing at the yard-arm ere the sun strikes the zenith. But continue your laughter, sir. I greatly enjoyed it."

Pierre le Noir surveyed him in silence. "Let me properly understand this thing, major," he said.

"Delighted, sir, delighted. What would ye?"

"It seems we have unwittingly called into a trap."

"Ye never were a fool, sir," said the major

magnanimously: "although ye have been most other things."

"I and my men cannot leave this ship—"
"I did not say that. I said your ship cannot leave the harbor, and that ye and your men cannot put foot in Port Royal. But there is Spanish Town—"

"A curse on Spanish Town. What would I want in that graveyard?"
"There is Hooky Simon's Rio Cobre Inn, half-way to Spanish Town."

"Humph! That is better than nothing! Aha! I had forgotten Hooky Simon's Inn. Well, don't let me detain ye, major. And tell your master I will take a few weeks to think it over. It will require thought. Are the twins, Judith and Susannah, still with Hooky?"

"Yes. Stab me! But what of it, sir?"
"Then the Rio Cobre Inn will be endurable for a few weeks—"

"Fellow!" suddenly bellowed the major. "I would warn ye severely against making advances—"

"So . . . ? Blows the wind in that quarter, eh? Sink me! But there! Ye know I have no time to waste on petticoats. But away with ye! They aptly named ye Yellow Jack! Ye're as yellow as a Spanish guinea. But off the ship with ye before I leave ye to the sharks. I am weary of ye."

"Ahem! Ahem!" coughed the major. He stiffened in an effort to mask his trepidation. "Ye have no need to urse me, fellow. I already feel contaminated—"

But he got no farther. With a roar of fury Pierre le Noir sprang upon him, his face livid and working savagely. His great arms span the gasping officer round, picked him up and then buried him, writhing and kicking, into the shark-infested harbor. He peered down at the struggling, yelping, saffron-clad major came to the surface, and once more his soft laughter came.

"Zut! and not a shark to be seen. He has the luck of the devil!" he said. Then he called to the major as he scrambled into the skiff. "Come aboard any time, major. Now, laugh at that! And give my insolent regards to your master. You may inform him I shall be at the Rio Cobre."

The shivering, inarticulate major, gasping, gulping, and completely terrified, could do no more than stake a dripping flat at him. That he had not been torn limb from limb before he came to the surface was indeed a miracle. Speech could not force itself through his chattering teeth.

Pierre le Noir slowly turned and glared at his men as the boat pulled away. John Ring's solitary eye blazed steadily at him.
"What now, Pierre?" asked the mate.

Pierre le Noir kicked an inguivante negro until the fellow howled and fled.

"My children, I think the Governor will be very sorry he closed the harbor against Pierre le Noir. There are some men it is better not to detain—and let live. A very foolish man is the Governor."

"What do ye mean, Peter?" asked John Ring, watching him closely.

"What do I mean? Where are those nimble wits of yours, John? We have escaped out of captivity before . . . day—"

"But only after we had slain our captors . . ."

"I agree with ye. And we have to escape again, eh?"

"But, Peter, this be Jamaica—"

"And I am ill Pierre le Noir, my John, I have always been a troublesome captive. The buccaneers—bah! I'd be roasted first. But we shall sojourn at Hooky Simon's for a time, and there we shall discuss the matter of the Governor, eh, my wasps?"

Alicia hardly heard the loud laughter of the men. Through her mind the same words kept echoing and re-echoing. Her eyes were on the giant form of Roger Chard.

"Alicia Deane is dead! Alicia Deane is dead!"

And then she astonished them all by breaking into wild, mirthless laughter.

"Alicia Deane is dead! Alicia Deane is dead!"

Pierre le Noir's dark eyes considered her. He smiled gently and said something under his breath. He looked at her very intently, bought a heap of bright-colored silk garments, stockings, shoes, and perfumes from a delighted negro, and presented them to her with a graceful bow. She was on the point of refusing the gift when she saw Roger Chard observing her. With a smile she accepted the clothes and turned her back on Roger. Pierre chuckled loudly as she walked away.

Roger Chard went on with his task.

THE road to quiet, somnolent Spanish Town had become overgrown with jungle growth, and the chained gangs of malefactors that were remaking the road under the Governor's overseers were evidence that law and order were sternly enforced in this island refuge of the buccaneers. The road through the jungle, a luxuriant green tangle of balata, mahogany, logwood, ebony, pimento, coconut palms, and cactuses, brilliantly splashed with orchids and red, orange, purple, and white flowers, had been cleared and roughly reformed as far as Hooky Simon's Rio Cobre Inn; and the miserable tarpaulin shelters of the prisoners were stretched in rows between the road and the evil Rio Cobre mangrove swamps.

There were about sixty men, the right ankle of each dragging a heavy chain, listlessly slashing, chopping, digging, and carrying earth and gravel in large baskets; and as Pierre le Noir's men passed them on their way to Hooky Simon's they flung bitter, caustic gibes at the sweating, scowling, tattered rogues. The prisoners did not reply, for the overseer's whistling lash and the bloodied triangle that stood by the roadside were powerful and painful deterrents of speech. And as the pirates passed daily to and fro on the road, the spurting of blood under the lash and the tormented cries of the tortured became commonplace things that did not warrant the turning of a head.

The jungle growth grew thick and dense right up to the wide verandahs of the ramshackle Rio Cobre Inn. The inn was but a few yards from the road, yet it was possible to pass it and not see it, so deeply was it embedded in the evergreen mass of tropical growth. It was a long, two-storied, unscorched building and its plan was primitive. The ten-foot earth-floored verandahs went right round and were hot and stifling under a smothering mass of bougainvillea.

There was only one great barn of a room downstairs, and here, in the sixty by thirty-foot space, congregated the convivial spirits bent on riotous pleasure. At the far end of the room was a long bar, tended by grinning negroes with crimson loin-cloths and gleaming white teeth, and flanked by ale and rum casks and countless bottles of brandy and wine. In front of the bar, on the hard-trodden, sanded floor, were tables built round the poles that supported the upper story. Around the walls on wide benches sat and reclined cold-eyed women of white, black and brown complexions.

From the ceiling hung many lanterns of colored glass, and in the centre hung the pride of Hooky Simon's heart—a model of a three-decker, full-rigged ship. At the rear of the bar was a detached kitchen where the negro cooks prepared an enormous, never-ending supply of food, which, when cooked, was placed upon a section of the bar-counter where customers would carve and eat the birds, fish, tortoise, seasoned pork, and mutton, and help themselves to the piles of fruit and smoking vegetables—after they had first shown the color of their money at the bar. Close by the kitchen door, outside the main room, a step-ladder led up to the landing that gave access to the six-foot passage that divided the twelve bedrooms. Here were the private rooms of Hooky Simon and his wife, and his twin daughters, Judith and Susannah, and the remaining rooms were now allotted to the seven women brought to the inn by the men of Pierre le Noir. The sirens of the benches were loud and shrill in protest, but Hooky Simon merely waved his shining claw at them and cursed them into silence.

The twelfth room was kept for Samuel Dudder, the half-witted, one-time Puritan preacher who had been tortured by the Indians of the mainland. Samuel Dudder, in between spasms of merrily laughter, was a wizard with the fiddle, and Hooky Simon considered the little brown-eyed man earned his keep.

Hooky Simon's appearance was as unprepossessing as his reputation was unsavoury. He was fifty years of age and most of those years had been lived on the sea. He was of medium height, and as straight and thin as a whiphandle. His hair was grey and hung untidy on his shoulders, and his thin, angular, hawk-like features were framed in unkempt grey whiskers. His nose was high-bridged and slightly aquiline, and his eyes were noted throughout Jamaica for their peculiar coloring. The whites were smoky white, and the irises an animal green ringed with thin grey circles. And he had one mutilated hand upon which he wore a claw-like hook.

His wife was as grey and as thin as he was, and she was his wife. He had certainly admitted he was young, and drunk, when he married her, but everyone suspected he was secretly proud of the fact that his wife was a respectable woman. And everyone liked and respected Hooky Simon's Jane, just as everyone liked but did not respect his twin, blonde daughters, Judith and Susannah, for they, unlike their good-tempered, obliging mother, were both pretty, vain, proud, and cruelly alluring. They were twenty years of age, and their fond mother ardently hoped that some day they, too, would be married; but their wildly cursing father was beyond such hope. Yet he was fond of them in a detached way, and he protected them as far as they desired his protection.

Alicia's room was next to Susannah's, and every evening during the three weeks that had elapsed since she came to the inn, she had sat at the window and stared out at the green wall that shut off the road. She sat thinking as the light faded, and greatly was she perturbed at her thoughts. Pierre le Noir had said he would come to her room this day at dusk for her answer. Her answer!

Fool that she was ever to have accepted his gift! Headstrong, hating little fool, Surely, because she hated Roger Chard, she need not have done this insane thing. She sat and listened, and could not think of

what she would say. Pierre le Noir! Her flesh crept. Along the passageway came heavy steps, slow, confident. A knock sounded on her door. She sat very still and silent. Again the knock, and then:

"Alicia, 'tis Roger Chard. I have something of importance to say to ye. Will ye not open the door?"

"No!" she whispered. There was profound relief in that whisper. She thought him still at work on the black ship.

"Alicia, ye have kept out of my way these three weeks, and I have not bothered ye, but now I must come in . . ."

"No!" His voice hardened a little. "Tis for your own sake, Alicia. Pray do not be foolish. And time be passing quickly I must speak with ye privately."

"No! I'll not have anything to say to you or to do with you. Go away!"

"But this time ye will," came his crisp reply. "I got the whisper to-day that Pierre le Noir will call here to-night."

"I have known it for three weeks."

"Alicia!" she heard him gasp.

"I do not see it concerns you. Go away. But this time ye will," he repeated harshly. "I'm coming into that room! Have ye forgotten ye are Alicia Deane? Ye must be mad—"

"Alicia Deane is dead."

"Will ye open this door or must I break it down?"

There was a little silence, and then she rose and opened the door.

"I will open it," she said. "And I pray you say what you have to say quickly and then leave me."

He came in and closed the door behind him. She watched him closely, her cold eyes on his.

"Alicia, I know ye hate me more than any living thing. And it seems nothing I can do or say will alter it. But ye know I do not hate ye, and if ye have your father's death to remember, so have I my mother's. Yet I have told ye I love ye, and would strive to the last for ye."

"Your mother's death was God's will . . ."

"I know it, now. But your father's death was none of my seeking or doing—"

"Ye lie! Ye lie!" she cried shrilly at him.

"Was not your name on the warrant? Did ye not in person bring the soldiers that took him?"

"Tis hopeless," he sighed. "I am here to ask ye one question."

"It is?"

"Tell me on the word of a Deane. Do you want to go to Pierre le Noir?"

"And ye wonder why I hate ye—"

"Do ye, or do ye not? I must have your own word for it."

She considered him.

"You fool! You great fool! I do not! But rather would I go to him than be associated with you."

"Truly . . . ye are a good hater . . ."

"I am a Deane."

"Ah, then, Alicia Deane be not dead."

"Alicia Deane is dead to the world . . . and to you."

He looked away from her and stared moodily, dejectedly, out of the window.

"I came to tell ye there be a packet sailing for England within the week. Let us escape from this place and board it—"

Again he was silent.

"I give ye my word, Alicia, ye shall sail alone," he muttered.

"I will not accept your help, Roger Chard."

"Ye will not? Ye have fully considered the alternative?"

"I can protect myself—"

He laughed grimly.

"That is sheer nonsense! Were I at this moment Pierre le Noir how would ye protect yourself?"

She did not reply.

"Ah! So ye would meet any fate, suffer any humiliation, rather than accept help at my hands. Is that it?"

"I thought it was clear to you—long ago," she whispered.

"Ye have no money?"

"Of course not."

"For the last time I offer ye help."

"No!"

"Well, it is finished. I am done with ye. An I be so utterly loathsome to ye, ye must care for yourself as best ye can."

"Ye mean . . .?" and her voice faltered a little.

"Pierre le Noir can have ye."

"Not No!"

"A great fool? Aye, have I been a great fool! He can have ye at a price—"

She started back in horror.

"You contemptible wretch!" she gasped.

"That, at least, ye made clear to me . . . long ago," he answered quietly. "Why should I imperil myself for a woman who regards me with eyes and heart filled with hatred?"

"At last your true character is showing through the thin veneer of your protestations and pretence, Roger Chard. So you would sell me—"

He was listening, but not to her.

"I hear the slow footstep of Pierre le Noir. I'll open the door to him."

"This is my room and it is for me to say who enters. The door remains closed!" she cried in great agitation.

He knew she was ready to collapse with terror, but a plan had formed in his mind, and for her sake he determined to prosecute it.

"It is my room, for ye are my property," he told her coldly. "Be silent!"

When Roger admitted him Pierre le Noir was greatly surprised. He had ordered Roger to remain on the black ship, and he was not accustomed to having his commands disobeyed.

"So it is ye, my ironworker," he muttered, looking from one to the other. The scar began to show out vividly on his pale face. "What are ye doing here?"

"That matters not," Roger retorted surlily. "The question be what are ye doing here? Is it not written that none shall come between us save with my consent? Is there one law for all the Company and another for Pierre le Noir?"

Pierre shrugged slightly and looked at Alicia. She, quite without being aware of it, stepped behind Roger Chard.

"There is a way out of this difficulty—"

"What difficulty?" demanded Roger.

"Ah, yes. I forgot to tell ye I want this woman for myself."

"And does she want ye?"

"Yes. It is time we discussed the matter, mon ami. When two men want the same woman—"

"The woman decides."

"Ah, no. Not with us. I but read ye part of the articles. It is agreed that the possessor may either sell her, or fight for her."

"Ye will buy her?"

"Why, yes. And, I will be liberal. She is not a woman to be bought cheaply. She shall bring the highest price of any woman

in the length and breadth of the Caribbean. Besides, I do not wish to kill ye, for the council has decided there is important work for ye to do."

Roger eyed Pierre le Noir with frosty eyes, eyes as cold as arctic ice.

"What work?" Is my work not well done?"

"Your ironwork is good, excellent, the best we have had done for us. But it is another matter. Ye have been elected to destroy—"

"Destroy? Ye mean kill someone?"

"Is there a difference?"

"Who am I to kill?"

"No less than the Governor of Jamaica, my red eagle. It is an honor, I assure ye, and the deed will make ye famous throughout the Spanish Main. Ye are fortunate."

Roger breathed hard. His eyes never left the black eyes of Pierre le Noir.

"Who proposed this thing?"

"But I did," was the smiling reply.

"So I am to kill the Governor of Jamaica?" Roger muttered. He thought fast. He had need to think fast. Pierre's design was, of course, quite clear to him.

"It is the order of the company."

"And if I refuse?"

Pierre le Noir stiffened angrily.

"Refuse? Did ye—"

"Never mind that. I will not refuse."

"Ah! It is well for ye, for if ye did both ye and this woman would be tortured side by side. We have a way with men who refuse. But ye will not refuse. Good!"

"But concerning this woman. What will ye pay for her?"

"Ha! But there will I make ye rich, for never in my life have I so desired anything. She must come to me. My happiness depends upon it. What is money compared with her? Can money bring the delight that her—"

"What will ye pay?"

"Fifty thousand of your English pounds, or its equivalent."

Roger stared at him, and listened to Alicia's quick breathing.

"Fifty thousand . . ." and Roger paused, the whole thing made him sick at heart. But it was not for himself he was doing it. He spoke harshly. "Bah! It is not enough! Look at her! Where is there another to match her beauty? You make me laugh. She is so perfect . . ."

Pierre le Noir grunted. His black eyes gleamed.

"It is true. I will double it. One hundred thousand pounds, my friend."

Roger trembled. What prevented him leaping at the man's throat he did not know. Perhaps it was the realisation of Alicia's complete helplessness were he to fall.

"One hundred thousand pounds for a woman?" he muttered.

"Ah, yes. I will pay that for her in money or jewels."

"Ye will pay with jewels?"

"Yes," said Pierre softly. "Ye will sell?"

Alicia's trembling voice interrupted.

"A Chard would sell his soul for less. He will sell."

Roger's calm, deep tones silenced her.

"I will not sell," he said.

"Is it not enough?" gasped Pierre in amazement. "Then I will give more. I wish to make her the envy of all women. She shall be the most costly woman a pirate—"

"I will not sell!"

"Ah!"

"I will make a bargain with ye, Pierre le Noir. It is this. Ye want this woman—I want the jewels ye spoke of. I will fight ye with naked hands for her. I stake the woman, ye stake the jewels. If ye win—"

Pierre le Noir laughed loud and long. He extended his great arms.

"Zut! Ye are a fool! With these hands have I crushed out the life of bigger men than ye. But gladly will I stake the jewels against her. Ye are mad!"

"If ye win," continued Roger, as if the other had not spoken, "ye take the woman, and keep the jewels. If I win I take the jewels and keep the woman. Is it agreed?"

"It is—Let us to it—"

"Not so fast. Ye have seen the woman. She is here. But where are the jewels? I have not seen them."

"Ah! But that is true. Then we shall have to wait a little. In an hour I will have the jewels here. Let us go down."

"I will not go! I will not go!" panted Alicia.

Roger turned to her.

"I shall look ye in this room until we are ready. Then shall I carry ye down for all to see."

"Oh, that God could let such base creatures as you live! You killed my father, sold me into slavery, and now are willing to sell me again. And you agree to kill the Governor of Jamaica. You murderer! You devil! You—"

"Enough! Be silent else will I silence ye!"

She recoiled from him in blind horror. He had raised his hand, and the fist was clenched. Pierre chuckled.

"It is time ye came to me, little one," said he. "The red-haired one is tired of ye. I will get the jewels. In an hour, then, Adieu, little one!"

IT was dark in the room, and very still and hot. The wind from the sea had died away and the night breeze that sweeps down from the mountains, bringing relief to heat-jaded nerves and saturated bodies, had not yet begun to stir the foliage. Outside the window the brilliant Jamaican fire-flies winked and died. High and low, and in and out the dark mass of trees and scented shrubs, they flitted, luminous, unsexily. Alicia sat on the crude bed and stared at them. Her eyes saw them, but her brain did not register the impression. Nor was she conscious of the heat, or the sweet, cloying, almost overpowering perfume of spice and frangipani. Her ears were filled with the sound of Roger Chard's departing footsteps. He had gone downstairs to wait for Pierre le Noir.

There was another sound, a sound she had faintly heard for many nights past, a weird sound, far distant, muffled, yet uncannily distinct. It was the throbbing of a beaten drum, monotonous, persistent, eerie. There were two different notes, and these pulsated on the still, tropical air, calling, calling. *Thom, th!* *Thoombo, thoombo!* So called the drum. It was many miles away and was hidden somewhere in the heart of the dark, towering mountains, somewhere where trampling, goggle-eyed negroes crept and nightly worshipped the spirit of evil and the spirit of revenge as their fathers and forefathers had done in the sanctuary of Africa's dense forests.

Ju-ju! That calling, enticing drum, was heard even in Port Royal, and the faint, far-carrying notes brought a frown of perplexity and worry to the brow of the Governor. It surely meant trouble, but he was powerless. He could not locate it, and where was there a negro who would dare to defy and betray *ju-ju!*

And Alicia listened, and above the faint throbbing of the drum she heard foot-

steps again approaching the door. What did Roger Chard want this time? Listlessly she rose from the bed and opened the door and stared at the tall, dark form as it glided past her.

"Roger Chard, what do you want of me now?" she demanded. "Has Pierre le Noir returned so soon?"

She heard a chuckle, and then her heart commenced to beat madly.

"Why, yes, little one! But your Pierre has returned so soon. Ah, no! Ye will not leave the room. I will bar the door. I did not go away but watched for the red-haired fool to leave ye."

She was conscious that her limbs were stiff with fear.

"What do you want?" she faltered, retreating as he closed and barred the door. Again he chuckled.

"Before you spoke with your Roger Chard I stood in the passageway and overheard all. Ye did not know I was there. I laughed, but ye did not hear. I heard ye tell him ye would come to Pierre rather than go to him. It is good. I am here, little one."

"But . . . you do not understand. . . . I but said that—"

He laughed softly and reached out and caught her and then crushed her to him.

"I know. Pierre is no fool, even if the red-haired one is, and no man or woman ever made a fool of Pierre le Noir. No."

"Let me go. . . . I cannot breathe. . . . let me go. . . ."

"Ye are struggling? But why? Are we not to love?"

"Oh, I . . . no, no! Let me go!"

"But ye must not struggle because ye are in my arms. Ah! So ye would mark me with your pretty teeth, eh? But I like it."

"Oh, you cruel . . . fiend . . . you are choking me."

"Ye like my kisses. . . . yes? And if ye scream and your Roger Chard comes. . . . I will knife him."

She fought desperately to steady her reeling senses.

"But you must wait. . . . you must wait!" she cried frantically, clutching at his hands and striving fiercely to avoid his lips.

"Would you prove yourself a coward?"

"A coward?" he was surprised. "What mean ye. . . . a coward?"

"Is it you really fear Roger Chard?" she panted.

"Name of a dog!" he snarled. "And ye think that because I came back to ye I fear the ironworker? I will show ye! I can wait! With these hands I will kill him. . . . but I will not wait. No. I am Pierre le Noir, and men wait for me. And ye, my heart? But I have ye, now. . . . come. . . ."

He laughed softly.

Against the myriad winking fire-flies a shadow moved. Pierre le Noir considered it. He was not pleased. He freed Alicia and she rose and stumbled across to a corner of the room, her brain on fire, her limbs like ice. He whispered to her:

"When I have killed your Roger Chard I will come back to you!" And he was gone.

Like a flash she slammed and barred the door and leaned against it exhausted and crying weakly. The shadow at the window caught her eye. Dazed, she stared at it. Presently from the shadow came a laugh, soft and low. She gave a start for the voice was somehow familiar. Then it whispered:

"Susannah. . . . Susannah. . . . who is there? I heard the door slam. . . . Susannah."

Alicia made no sound or movement. Then she remembered. It was Major Francis Cresswell. She gave a little cry

and crossed to the window. He could not see her for it was very dark.

"Major Cresswell—"

He gasped. This was not the voice he expected.

"Stab me! But. . . . I ask a thousand pardons and extend as many apologies, madam. I have mistaken the window. Curse me! I thought it was Susannah's window. She—er—asked me to call."

"Susannah? Oh, yes. Susannah."

and Alicia laughed hysterically.

"But who are ye, madam? What is the matter? Are ye hurt?"

She fought for breath.

"Hurt? No, no! I am not hurt. I—I—do you remember the black ship of Pierre le Noir?"

"Ahem! I do, madam," was the gruff reply.

"You spoke to a woman on that ship. I am that woman."

Major Cresswell stared, but Alicia, of course, could not see the sudden interest in his eyes.

"Ah! But I am honored. I would bow, madam, but I fear this crazy ladder is none too safe. Were I to fall my neck would suffer."

"Ladder?"

"Er—yes. You see, I—er—desire to marry Susannah, but her father is suspicious of me. Unwarrantably so! Infernally so! In fact, damnably so! He threatened to rigo me from keel to bowsprit if I as much as . . . ahem! But I digress. Yes, I am standing on a ladder, and I vow I hear the thing creaking."

"Major Cresswell, would you care to render great service to his Excellency the Governor? And at the same time be revenged upon Pierre le Noir for the bath he gave you that day?"

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"Yes."
"Excellent! By heavens, we have them! I will hurry to Port Royal for the troops and with luck we'll have the rogues in chains ere morning. Ha! That reminds me! The little monkey in scarlet can accompany us. He wants escort to Spanish Town as the hill negroes are restive and ugly. Farnham is taking no chances—"

"Did you say Farnham?" whispered Alicia, recoiling.

"Aye, Sir Peter Farnham. A boastful little dog ever rapping into the Governor's ears. Do ye know him?"

"I do. And if he has sought to do with this matter my mouth remains closed. I can look for no reward from him."

"Ye have no need, madam. I don't know your name, or what ye may be, but the Governor's word is supreme over any in Jamaica. I assure ye, madam, your courage and loyalty shall be rewarded in the manner ye desire without interference from Farnham or anyone else."

"You are kind . . ."

"I regret I cannot see ye."

"I'm glad you cannot," she replied coldly. "But please hurry—the Governor's life, your life, and mine, depend on your speed."

"Not me! That is true," he said, beginning to descend the ladder. "But, split me! Have ye no fear of that newcomer, Farnham. And if ye cover your face he'll never see it."

He was gone. She felt her way to the bed and sat down on it. She had them! How her brain and heart throbbed and leaped! Into her hand! Pierre le Noir . . . and Roger Chard . . . and Farnham could not touch her. . . .

Into her hands. And into the dark room drifted the winking fireflies, flashing their brilliant, intermittent, yellow-green lights. A movement of the hot, still air brought afresh the perfume of frangipani. The black foliage without rustled and sighed. Far away in the unseen hills throbbed the maddening, persistent, unholy, notes of the drum.

"Thom, thom! Thoombb, thoombb! Thom, thom! Thoombb, thoombb!" monotonously, without cessation, without end.

But Alicia saw nothing, heard nothing. From side to side she rocked, a woman awakened, defensive, primeval, thinking only of her wrongs, the tragedy of her family, and the grasping hands of evil men.

Thom, thom! Thoombb, thoombb! Thom, thom! Thoombb, thoombb! To and fro she rocked. From side to side she swayed, exultantly. Her thoughts leaped back over time and space.

The drum in the hills had long ceased its throbbing, and her wide, staring eyes looked out at the darkness that was now tinged with grey. Her tears had ceased to flow. There came a knock at her door and Roger Chard's deep voice called to her.

"Alicia, I bid ye to come. Pierre le Noir be ready. . . ."

She thought of Major Cresswell, and her head slowly nodded.

"It is justice," she whispered. "Pierre le Noir . . . and Roger Chard . . . it is the justice of God!"

MAJOR FRANCIS CRESSWELL

spoke truly when he told Alicia that Sir Peter Farnham would not journey towards Spanish Town without an armed escort, for the little man's inordinate vanity and profound self-esteem had received a shock from which they had not wholly recovered. He had been in Port Royal about ten days, and on the second day of his arrival he decided to see the town. Both the Governor and the major had politely

and tactfully hinted that it was a risky thing for a stranger to do—as the Governor put it, "to cruise in and out the dangerous shoals of Port Royal town"—but Sir Peter, strutting on the wide verandah of the Governor's residence, pooh-poohed the suggestion.

The Governor was annoyed at his guest's conceit and rudeness, but, making allowances for his ignorance, arranged for a dozen men to keep him in view and assist him if necessary.

Half an hour later they pulled him out of a cask of wine in which several sportive buccaners, encouraged by a shrieking chorus of approval, were endeavoring to drown and pickle him. Indeed, these playful fellows already had the lid hard down when they were flung aside. Naked, robbed and well-nigh dead, Sir Peter was hustled from the Tavern of the Cock with the Steel Spurs and brought safely back to the Governor's residence. Major Cresswell had roared with laughter, and had mortally offended Farnham by suggesting a bumper of wine to drink to the eternal damnation of the rascals.

The Governor had chuckled behind a perfectly grave face. Since then Sir Peter had strictly observed the advice of those who knew their Port Royal, and he had shrilly insisted that an escort be provided for his protection when he journey to Spanish Town and penetrated the wild country beyond the mountains, where many of the planters were. This request, of course, the Governor could not refuse, as Farnham's letters proved him to be the accredited agent of King James.

Major Cresswell's hurried return from Hooky Simon's inn permitted the courteous Governor to rid himself of the undesired guest in scarlet and at the same time to apprise the powerful and treacherous Pierre le Noir. His Excellency could hardly believe his ears when the major told his story. He had not dreamed Black Peter would have been so indiscreet and foolhardy. And a woman had betrayed him? Who was this woman? It was not known? Well, it mattered not. He was grateful and would see to it that she got safely out of the country as she desired.

Yes, the major was to lose no time. About thirty men should do, and after the trouble was over some of them could continue on as an escort to Sir Peter Farnham.

And so Sir Peter Farnham came to be one of those who rowed in the dark across the six miles of harbor to where the rickety wharf butted on to the partly reconditioned Spanish Town road. Not that Sir Peter rowed, that was left to the negroes. He sat next to Major Cresswell, in the stern of one of the three long boats that crossed the still, starlit water.

"Just what is the meaning of that infernal drum up in the mountains, Major Cresswell?" he asked, his self-importance oozing from him as repellicently as his brandy-tainted breath.

"That drum? It's the call of the devil to his children."

"Indeed? Stab me!"

Major Cresswell moved impatiently. He had his faults. He admitted they were as many and varied as the stars in the heavens above, but there was something in the nature of this little upstart beside him he thanked his Maker he lacked.

"Yes. The negroes have a grievance, the dogs! They always have a grievance, and there comes a time when the savage leaders, remnants of the ancient craft of African witch-doctors, seize upon these real and imaginary troubles and magnify them so that the niggers go mad. That is their

aim—to make their dupes mad. And that drum is one of the things that rouses the blood of all men—white or black. Ah! It has stopped. Humph!"

"And what do they do when they are mad?" Farnham demanded.

"It is whispered that terrible rites are performed up there in the shelter of the black hills. Sometimes the thing stops at that, other times the negroes are carried completely away. They break loose in an orgy of slaughter and revenge."

"Ha! and then?"

"Then . . . ? It depends where you are, and whether you are armed, or whether you can run faster than they. If ye can do none of these things—Heaven help ye!"

"Black dogs!" Farnham snarled. "I hate 'em! And what's the plaguery trouble at the inn?"

"A plot to murder the Governor—"

"Er—damme, that's serious, isn't it?"

The major gasped and then laughed a little. What a queer little devil was this fellow in scarlet.

"Oh, quite serious," he returned with withering sarcasm. But it was lost on Sir Peter. "And don't trail your hand in the water."

"Why not?"

"Sharks!"

Sir Peter hastily drew in his hand.

"SPLIT me! What a swine of a country! But this matter of the Governor. How did the plot reveal itself? I'm interested in plots, and have in my time been in quite a few. Damme, ye!"

"Ye don't say it," murmured the major. "But in this affair I think jealousy is responsible for the uncovering of it all."

"Jealousy? A plaguery woman, then?"

"Yes, and a beauty, sir," said the major fervently.

"I fancy she knows more than what she has already said, or will say, but she's promised to point out the man who's to kill His Excellency—"

To his surprise Farnham laughed.

"This is strange," Sir Peter cackled shrilly.

"Strange, sir?" the major was a little perplexed.

"Oh, damme, yes. I was once among the rebels who sought to put that dog Monmouth on the throne. One of the conspirators was pointed out by a man who was quite unaware of what he was doing. The despatches probably told ye of the execution of Lord Anthony Deane, of Somerset—"

"Yes, we heard of it."

"He was pointed out to His Majesty's troops in his own home by a fellow named Chard. Roger Chard . . . oh, curse me! I could laugh! I saw it all."

"Why could ye laugh, sir?"

"Because, my dear major, this fellow Chard, although his name appeared on the King's warrant, was as innocent of the matter as ye are. He was the scapegoat, that's all. I can tell ye all this now, as the man Chard, and the woman who was exiled into slavery with him, the daughter of the rebel Deane, were both lost in that slave ship that was bound for Trinidad and never got there."

"The man Chard was innocent?"

Sir Peter's laughter irritated the major.

"Oh, split me, yes. He never even fought for Monmouth! And the woman, the Deane girl, thought this Roger Chard the betrayer of her father and the cause of her—er, degradation."

"And he was not, eh?"

"No."

"Who was?"

"Eh?"

"I said who was," repeated the major, who was very interested.

"Oh—er," and Sir Peter laughed again. "A fellow, a devilish shrewd fellow . . . the nephew of Tobias Jelp, the richest man in England. He was a guest of the Deanes, and hatched a pretty plot. 'Sdeath! I'm interested in plots. They appeal to my intelligence, sir."

"And was the nephew of Tobias Jelp dressed in salet?" asked the major quietly. For a moment Farnham did not reply. A sharp dog this fat yellow-faced officer. Then he shrugged his narrow shoulders and replied.

"Ye have penetration, major. I can say he was," he said with a chuckle. "He was acting under the instructions of the King—Clever work, eh?"

"Marvelous, sir. Can ye describe this girl, this Deane girl who went away with this man Chard and who perished at sea?"

"Oh, blister me, yes! I was—er, rather familiar with her, major. She was a beauty—the most beautiful woman in England. Tall, with wondrous black hair, and her eyes were like dark violets that sparkle under the dew. Dummel! Marvelous eyes, sir. A little nose slightly turned-up, and the prettiest mouth I've yet seen on a woman."

"And of a ruddy, country complexion. I dare say . . ."

"Not me, no! She was of pale complexion, clear, delicate—"

"Poor woman!" said the major, and he thought of Pierre le Noir, and of the woman she had said she knew Sir Peter Farnham.

"I don't . . . what did ye say?"

"I said ye were clever with the women," said the major, glibly.

"Oh, I have my way with 'em," laughed Sir Peter, immensely flattered by the major's remark. "But, stab me, Cresswell! Ye'd laugh to know how the whole thing came about. Why, sir, even the rebellion itself was cleverly framed and launched in the west by—"

"By Monmouth, of course."

"Dammie, no!" and Sir Peter laughed boisterously. "Twas all shaped by the King Jelp, Ferguson, and me. Many of the Duke's followers knew he was but a puppet, clever, eh?"

"Marvelous, sir," the major agreed. "But did ye say shamed?"

"Twas all done in Jelp's house. Ferguson informed on Monmouth and his friends, Jelp found the money, and I went to the west to round up the dogs. And the King was pleased. 'Devilish clever, eh?'"

DEVILISH clever, sir," the major agreed. "And what was Jelp's reward for finding the money for Monmouth?"

"Jelp was clever. He didn't give the money direct, but bought property of the Duke's friends. And she furnished much of the money. But it was Jelp's money and he knew its purpose. He got the Deane estate, the richest lands in Somerset."

"Very clever . . . very clever," Farnham laughed and drank more brandy. The major could see, now, that he sat beside a man of importance and influence.

"Of course, I helped materially to the success of the whole thing."

The major got to his feet.

"There is something very foul at this end of the boat. But doubtless ye cannot detect it, sir," he said coldly. "I will leave ye and get a breath of fresh air forward."

Farnham watched him go. He helped

himself to another sip of brandy and sniffed the air.

"Foul? No, damme, I cannot detect it. Foul? Foul . . ." he muttered. Then his muttering changed into a snarl as the major's meaning became clear to him. "Ah! The dog!"

Sir Peter Farnham marched in stifled silence at the rear of the column as it tramped along the dark road.

"A queer thing about that drum, Matthew," he muttered. "I don't like it. Now, ye've been in Jamaica as long as I have. What do ye make of it?"

"Trouble, sir," growled the sergeant, looking about him. "But a man can't be sure, o' course. The hill negroes have been on the jump ever since one of 'em—that grey-wooled jigger, Abie Fandy—was shot in cold blood by that fool planter, Jake Denby. But ye know Denby, sir. A cruel dog. I suppose the negroes can't stand any more, that's all."

"Humph! Think they'll come down to-night?"

"I hope they don't, major. Black Peter's crew'll likely give us all we want."

"Think they'll fight, Matthew?"

"Fight!" The sergeant reached out and snapped off an overhanging branch and used it to brush away the cloud of mosquitoes that formed a nimbus round his perspiring head. "It depends."

"On what, sergeant?"

"On you, sir, beggin' your pardon, major. If ye jump 'em quick, sir, maybe—but listen, sir! What be all that shouting an' yelling from Hooky Simon's?"

As the column drew near to the inn the clamor of hoarse voices swelled in volume. From the farpauffs of the road-gang came the thump, thump of trons telling that the prisoners were awake and listening to the din. Overhead the stars were beginning to pale although the eastern sky was not yet tinted by the quick dawn.

"They're fighting among themselves, Matthew. Here's the path. Halt the men and have them see to their arms for we can take no chances."

As a result of the brief halt, Sir Peter Farnham and five men were left where the path to the inn forked away from the road.

"Really, Major Cresswell," Farnham had protested. "I think I will push on with these men—"

Major Cresswell's prominent eyes gleamed in the gloom. His mouth set hard and grim, and his curt snarl reduced the resentful Sir Peter to silence again.

"By Heaven, sir! I'm commanding here!" he snapped. "And ye'll obey my orders, sir. If ye don't—I'll shoot ye down! When the work is done ye can depart, and not before, sir! To the inn, men."

"Inolent dog!" was what Sir Peter would have liked to have spat out, but there was a hard ring in the major's tone that gave him pause. Sir Peter sneered and felt for his snuff-box. He did not reply.

The troops filed in silence along the narrow, moist, green-walled track and came to the inn. It was ablaze with lights, that shone here and there through the bougainvillaea. The roaring of madly excited men and the shrill screams of women echoed in their ears, and when they came to the front door they looked in and were amazed. The first thing they saw was the huge, half-naked, sweat-drenched form of a red-haired man go hurtling and crashing over a table, flung there by a savage lunge and heave of Pierre le Noir. Men and women dancing, yelling, and gesticulating, stood on the benches by the walls and on the bar counter

itself. Beside the bar, standing cold and silent, were Hooky Simon, his wife and daughters, and Alicia Deane. The major was shocked at the death-like, frigid features of the tall, beautiful girl, and the utter indifference of her demeanor. She stood as one entombed in ice, without movement, seemingly without breath.

ALL doors and windows, sergeant, and get 'em covered. This fight is a godsend. I'll take half round the back with me and close that way of escape. Keep from sight until I whistle."

The sergeant grunted and quickly began to post his men. Major Cresswell led his half round to the open back door. There was no one about, seemingly all were inside and watching the combat. After a few curt instructions and a movement of his hand the major stepped alone into the large room. He took three paces and stood between Hooky Simon and Alicia. Hooky Simon, his steel elbow raking the air as he watched the swift movements of the fighters, and a strong leather bag held tightly in his unutilized hand, did not hear or see the major until the officer touched his shoulder. He swung round quickly.

"Cresswell! What-in-hades-do-ye-want?" his sharp, staccato voice rattled out.

"What is all this, Hooky?" the major demanded.

"Can't ye see for yourself, soldier? Black Peter's . . . fighting redhead for the woman beside ye . . . and for the first time Peter's met a man! By Heaven he's savage. They're both savage! Look! Oh hell and bones look!"

"How long have they been fighting?"

"A full hour. Oh, look, he's got Peter! Look, look!" yelled Hooky Simon, swinging his murderous steel claw and dancing on his toes. "He's got Peter! There'll be a riot!"

Major Cresswell saw that Hooky Simon spoke the truth. The two men, blood-stained, sweat-drenched giants, one copper-colored and muscle-padded, the other white skinned and with mighty thighs that stood out in knots under the skin, were locked together and rocking on their bare feet. Blue eyes, as cold as arctic ice, stared implacably into savage, glaring, bloodshot black ones. Their quick, hard breathing whistled from their lungs. Pierre le Noir was thrashing in the spine grip, and as he writhed and wrenched the awful hold was gradually made sure. The on-lookers grew silent, and stared, fascinated. And as the noise of the yelling died away the moaning of Pierre le Noir was heard. His thick body was bent backwards, his legs were locked by the legs of Roger Chard. Two terrific arms were across his throat. His own grasping, madly clawing hands were slipping from their hold. Back . . . back . . . and still back, and a cry of agony burst from the full thick lips. His black eyes were starting from their sockets back.

"Oh hell and bones!" gasped Hooky Simon. "He'll kill him! Look at that!"

Pierre le Noir! Broken! Scream after scream came from the man as Roger stood and looked down at him.

"Writhe, ye dog!" he gasped, still quivering from the terrible strain of the battle. "Ye are now but a helpless, writhing thing. No more are ye a man. Foul dog! Taste ye now what ye have long given others. And they'll laugh at ye . . . in hell!"

There was no sound other than Pierre le Noir's screaming as Roger Chard staggered towards Hooky Simon and held out his hand. No movement while he look

the bag, placed it out of sight under his leather belt, and tied it securely with the strong leather thong. And Major Cresswell seized his opportunity. He placed a silver whistle to his lips and blew a quick shrill blast. Instantly the doors and windows were filled with the steady, threatening barrels of cocked muskets; and the dumbfounded and startled gathering of rogues saw the scarlet coats of the Governor's men enter the room. The bright blades of swords shone in the hands of those who entered. None moved. Trapped. The surprise was complete.

"Disarm the men!" snapped the major. "And you, Hooky Simon, don't move!"

"Well by Heaven!" breathed the astounded luncheon. He stared round him and saw the negro bartenders diving for safety under the shelter of the broad counter. "Well by Heaven!" he said again.

Major Cresswell turned to Alicia as the cornered men flung their weapons in a heap on the floor near Pierre le Noir.

"Madam, your servant," he said politely, and bowed. "Ye see? We have them. And now, madam, I shall be glad if ye will point out to me, as ye agreed to do, the man elected to assassinate the Governor."

Alicia's cold eyes turned to Roger Chard. Then she quickly looked away. She sighed, and it seemed that with the sigh life and movement returned to her. Her voice was low and toneless as she replied to the major.

"The man is . . ." and she paused.

Roger Chard looked away from her and stood quietly waiting. His lips were twisted into a bitter smile.

"The man is . . ." she said again, and once more paused.

"Alicia," came Roger's deep voice, now steady, "so this be the manner and the moment of your vengeance. This be the moment your heart has craved. So be it, Alicia."

"Yes," she said quietly, so quietly that Roger again stared at her. She looked at him, and then quickly at Pierre le Noir.

"This, Roger Chard, is the moment when the Deanes repay for what they have suffered at your hands."

"My . . . hands!" Roger held out his hands, looked at them, and then allowed them to fall to his sides.

"What have you to say to me, Roger Chard?"

"Say?" and his harsh laughter rang in the tense, silent room. Major Cresswell looked keenly from one to the other. Roger spoke again. "To you I have nothing more to say."

The major turned to Alicia. He had a duty to perform.

"The man is, madam . . .?" he asked, gently.

But Alicia uttered a faint cry and sank to her knees. She shuddered and stared blindly before her. The vengeance of the Deanes! It was strange that before her aching eyes, was the vision of the dim interior of a smithy, of a red-haired man who bent and laughingly kissed a girl, of a steel chain that linked two together in the long column of rebel prisoners, of a man tenderly bathing and binding a woman's lacerated feet, of a man who had humbly but proudly spoken of his love, of a man she had sworn to destroy.

"Oh, I . . . cannot . . . the man is . . . not here," she whispered, and covered her face with trembling hands.

Major Cresswell looked at Roger Chard. "Your name is Roger Chard?" he asked.

"Yes."

The major nodded slowly and smiled a little.

"Roger Chard, I am glad this woman is

mistaken. I shall have something more to say to ye both, later."

"Hell-and-bones!" cursed Hooky Simon wildly. "But-what-be-all-this-about-Cresswell?"

"You'll hear, later," snapped the major. He turned and was about to give a command to his men when to the ears of all in the room came the sound of a musket shot, then two more, and then a thin, shrill, long drawn-out scream of terror and pain.

"Heaven above!" gasped the major, staring, tense. "But what—"

A man burst in at the front door. He was one of the five soldiers who had been left on the roof with Sir Peter Farnham. His face was livid with fear, and two streaks of glistening blood ran down his right cheek from a wound at the temple.

"The negroes! The negroes!" he shrieked. "Hundreds of them creeping on the inn! Fight! Fight! Out with the—"

"Be silent!" roared the major. "Where are the other men? Where is Sir Peter Farnham—"

"Dead . . . all dead. Farnham was seized, his throat was slit, and he was carried away . . . away . . ."

"FARNHAM!" muttered Roger, staring at the major. "Was that Sir Peter Farnham, a little man in scarlet—"

"Aye—"

"Ah! And he be dead, I am glad."

"Get that man run, Hooky," rasped the major. "Look after him. Out with the light! Smash 'em, ye fools. Grasp your weapons men, for all will have to fight these mad, black devils. Here, the women! Down behind that counter. I suppose the dogs knew ye were all here—curse it, make haste! So they've come down from the hills . . ."

There was a shot, another shrill cry, and Matthew the sergeant followed his men into the large room and slammed and barred the heavy doors. The sergeant's pistol was smoking. In darkness and in silence they waited for the fury of the maddened negroes to burst upon them.

"By-heaven-we'll-never-hold-out!" snarled Hooky Simon.

Roger Chard heard him.

"Why not?" he growled, feeling a heavy sword he had pulled from the heap of weapons.

"Because," cut in Major Cresswell, "they'll swamp us here by sheer weight of numbers. And although they may have only a few firearms, they'll all have cold steel."

"Then why don't ye send to Port Royal?"

"Are ye crazy, man?" roared the major.

"Who can go out into that creepy black death and survive? It's certain death the moment a man steps without, now. We can only hope that with the coming of daylight the fools will regain their senses."

"And if they don't?"

"Well . . . we'll surely lose ours. But to a window with ye—"

"No! I'm for Port Royal!"

"Ye fool! Ye madman! 'Tis impossible, I say!"

"I be thinking of the women—"

"Ah!" grunted the major, and again he smiled a little. "Then go fast, and God be with ye, lad. I've never bothered much about God . . . but we surely need His help now. I'm glad I met ye, Roger Chard . . ."

Alicia heard the heavy back door open and then slam as Roger darted out. She crouched down between Judith and Susannah. After all, it had not peeced her hand to send Roger Chard to his death. Surely it was a strange fact for one who

could play the despicable part of informer. From outside came another death cry, and she leaped back against the counter-frame and listened.

"They've got him, Hooky," she heard Major Cresswell say. "By-heavens-they-have!" agreed Hooky Simon. "I-knew-he-wouldn't-get-far-poor-devil."

They've got him! And Alicia Dean wept, and, for the first time in long months, prayed. Again her hands went to her head. There was pain there, a queer straining sensation as though the mind itself had been hurt.

Something whistled over the counter, and a large, square bottle on the shelf above was shattered. The liquor splashed on to the floor. They heard it dripping fast at first, and then slowly.

"They're here," grunted the major. "Thank heaven it'll be light enough in a few minutes to see 'em—ah! Poor Matthew! They've got him—" His eye caught a movement at the window nearest to him. He yelled: "Look out! The window! The steel! Save the shot till ye can see . . ."

Susannah and Judith were whimpering with terror. Hooky Simon's green, grimmaced eyes were glittering evilly. But Alicia prayed.

In the centre of the floor, unheeded by Pierre le Noir. He was dead by his own hand . . . and by the weapon that had been silently put into his claving fingers.

The fierce, savage cries echoed all round the inn. It was evidently completely surrounded, and as the major listened to the swelling pandemonium he realised that all possible avenues of escape were cut off. He peered at the thin form of Hooky Simon.

"We're hemmed in, Hooky," he growled, trying to read the features of the other in the dim light of the dawn.

"Aye. They've-got-us-the-black-dogs!" Hooky snarled, swinging his steel claw to and fro. "What-are-we-going-to-do-Cresswell?"

"Fight it out."

"Where? Here-or-outside?"

"Outside . . . Are ye crazy, man? Listen to 'em! Hundreds of 'em! And look! They're using the Indian death—"

"Hell-and-bones," muttered Hooky Simon, staring. "Arrows! Barbed-and-tufted-arrows-by-heaven! Cresswell . . . if they're poisoned—"

"Guard your tongue, ye fool!" snapped the major. "Listen! Listen! There's a crowd of 'em outside the big doors . . ."

Hooky Simon listened and then looked up.

"And-they're-in-the-rooms-above-us," he muttered. "Ah! They're-all-round-us-and-above-us. Black-dogs! If-they-break-in-we're-gone-Cresswell!"

Major Cresswell walked to where his sergeant lay. An arrow was through the man's throat.

"Arrows . . . arrows! As good as powder and shot at close range. And silent. Damn 'em! Damn 'em! They've been preparing a long time for this. Serious. And we're trapped . . . trapped!"

The screeching of the negroes without rose and fell. After smashing open the one window, and meeting with a hail of bullets and a hedge of steel, they had left the window.

The patter-patter-patter of their naked, running feet could be heard like the subdued clapping of hands. They were maddened by the inhuman treatment they had received and long endured. The lash, the steel, the torture of brutal masters had fanned their drooping spirits into a white-hot searing flame. They had seen their friends, their brothers, their sons, and

fathers struck down by cruel white masters! they had seen their wives, their sisters and their daughters seized and taken to the huts of their oppressors. And they had risen. The drum had called and they had answered. And every man, woman and child of the white race should suffer — they had suffered. No mercy; no pity. And they shrieked with the lust of death and vengeance as they attacked the inn. They danced and pranced as a dozen or more of their number came forward with a trimmed tree trunk. They howled as the battering-ram smacked against the door and splintered the wood and set it quivering under the smacking blows.

Crash!
The doors cracked and split. And then suddenly, unexpectedly they swung apart. Carried forward by the impetus of their efforts they hurled into the doorway, to fall instantly under the withering fire from the pistols of the buccaners and the muskets of the soldiers. At the first assault on the door Major Cresswell had drawn up and posted his men. At his command the door was opened. The volley of shot at such a close range cut a lane in the black ranks of the attackers, and as the last shot rang out, the remnants of Pierre le Noir's crew hurled themselves forward with swords and pikes and cut, and hacked, and butchered until the sheer weight of the negroes forced those who lived back into the inn again. Ten buccaners went out; three came back; but the place where they had fought was piled thick with slain black bodies. The splintered doors were slammed and barred again.

Hooky Simon, his shirt torn from his bleeding back, his steel claw dripping red, was one of those who returned. But Pierre le Noir's grim lieutenant, the one-eyed John Ring, stayed without with those who had been his mates in life and who were now his comrades in death.

"Hell-and-bones!" croaked Hooky Simon furiously, as he staggered towards the bar. "Give-me-another-ram-and-I'll-fight-the-crimson-hot-of-om. Black-swine! Black-dogs!"

And greedily he drank the rum given him by his trembling wife.

"Simon . . . you are hurt . . ." she whispered.

"Close-your . . . mouth . . . and-get-down-behind-the-counter-else-you'll-get-an-arrow-in-your-body!" snarled Hooky. Then he wildly reached out and patted her pale cheek. "Don't-worry-old-father! We'll-tear-the-black-hides-off-'em! Down-Jane-down! What-the-devil's-that-fool-Dudder-does?"

Samuel Dudder, the half-witted Puritan fiddler, had suddenly laughed wildly, and then had skipped from behind the counter, tucked his fiddle under his chin, and commenced fiddling madly as he capered round and round. An arrow slid by him with a venomous hiss, but he fiddled on! A ball from a pistol tore away some of the hair from his scalp, but he fiddled on. Furiously his bow streaked across the strings. He leaped and fiddled; he danced and fiddled; and he laughed and fiddled, and went round and round with the wild screeching of the fiddle wailing and sobbing as he went.

"We're getting short of men, Hooky," gasped the major as he put a pistol ball through the splintered door. "And I've noticed the black devils are suddenly quiet. I'd give something to know what devilry they are plotting. They're plaguey quiet, Hooky?"

Hooky Simon brushed away a layer of acrid smoke that curled round his head.

"Aye," he grunted. "Maybe-they've-gone."
Alicia heard what was said and she rose and came from behind the counter.

"Give me a pistol, or a musket, Major Cresswell. I can load and shoot."
He looked at her.

"But ye—"
"What matters it?" she replied calmly. "I would rather be shot than taken by those fiends. In any case, I have no desire to live."

Major Cresswell coughed. And then made a great pretence of brushing away the smoke.

"I'll not prevent ye, m'am," he said grimly. "I can't see any of us getting out of here alive, so ye might as well sell your life dearly. As sure as the sun rises they'll cut the throats of any they take alive. To it, then."

Hooky Simon's wife and her two daughters crawled out from their shelter. The other women followed them.

"Give us powder and shot, and we will fight, and load, and help with those who are stricken—"

BUT the rest was lost in the screeching of Samuel Dudder's fiddle.

Time slipped by. The sun mounted higher. With all doors and windows shut the heat was already becoming intolerable. Still the negroes made no attack. But those inside the inn knew that they were still there. The pistols and muskets taken from the hands of the slain were reloaded and held ready. Tables and benches were wrenched from their fastenings and piled in the gaps in windows and doors. The silence without was uncanny, unnerving. But from above came the stealthy pitter-patter of naked feet. The choking smoke of burnt powder stung the eyes and throats of those below.

"What-devilment . . . are-they-up-to-now-Cresswell?" snapped Hooky Simon. "We've-only-got-fifteen-men-and-twenty-women-left . . . alive. Shall-we-burst-out-and-break-through-'em?"

"Impossible!" roared the major. "We wouldn't get fifty yards from the inn, Hooky. By heavens! I've smell that?"
Hooky Simon sniffed and looked up. His face blanched. Then he looked at his wife and daughters.

"Oh-hell!" he gasped. "They've-fired-the-roof-and-the-rooms-above-us. May-God-have-merry-on-us-Cresswell!"

All at once the hollow thudding of the negro tom-tom broke out close to the inn. Those trapped within the shot-splintered walls listened in horror-stricken silence.

Thom, thom! Thoomb, thoomb! Thom, thom! Thoomb, thoomb!

"Aye," said the major huskily. "They aim to roast us or drive us out. It's death either way. And they will dance and beat that cursed drum till we are done."

Thom, thom! Thoomb, thoomb! Thom, thom! Thoomb, thoomb!

"We'll-give-'em-something-when-we-get-out! Curse-Dudder-and-his-blasted-fiddle! What-with-the-fiddle-and-the-drum . . ."

Major Cresswell turned and raked his arms. They all looked at him. There was no hope in their staring eyes.

"They've fired the inn," he said slowly. "Presently we must make the choice. Either we stop here and roast to death, or we go out and meet it like white men. There is yet some time. They will not attack again for they are awaiting us outside. So ye may dance to the fiddle and the drum, ye may drink if ye will, or ye may pray. It will be soon."

"I'll-take-a-drink—" said Hooky Simon. "Simon . . ." said his wife. "Kneel beside me . . ."

"Hell-and-bones! Jane-I-just-can't-pray—"

"I will pray. Kneel beside me . . . Simon."

"Pshaw! God-don't-want-Hooky-Simon! But-for-ye-Jane-I'll-kneel. Then-I'll-have-a-blasted-drink! And-make-them-two-brats . . . kneel-for-they'll . . . both-need-to-talk-straight-to-God. But-maybe . . . they're-still-young-enough . . . to-make-the-Port-o'-God."

"Listen to the fire. Kneel, Simon, kneel by me—"

"Pshaw! All-right! But-I-feel-like-a-fool-Jane. It's-not-right. 'Tisn't-fair-to-God. I-vow-'tis-the-worst-thing-I-ever-does . . ."

His voice sank below the hollow note of the drum.

And Hooky Simon knelt between his daughters, and his wife, Jane, prayed; and grim-faced men and sobbing women knelt with them; and Samuel Dudder fiddled merrily and weaved in and out among them. But Samuel Dudder was mad, and those who prayed heard neither the fiddle nor the crackling flame. Major Cresswell stood with bent head, eyes staring at the ground, and hands resting on the hilt of his drawn sword. Alicia was slowly reloading the pistols and the muskets; her eyes were too dry for tears, her soul too sick for further prayer. Pierre le Noir was dead . . . Roger Chard was dead . . . and soon she would be dead. And she remembered that a little while before she had murmured of the justice of God. The crackling of the flames above rose to a roar, and a breath of fiery air rushed over the heads of those who prayed.

The drum beat slowly.

The fiddle shrieked wildly. Major Cresswell looked up at the little gout of flame and smoke.

"It is time to go," he said very quietly.

The drum without was suddenly silent.

The doors were flung open and the men, headed by the major and Hooky Simon, and followed by the shrieking, sobbing women, rushed from the burning inn.

"Where's-the-blasted-negroes-Cresswell?" panted Hooky Simon, glaring about him.

"Quiet, man, quiet!" spluttered the major as he ran along the track that led to the road. "Watch out, now!"

But they came to the road unharmed. Bewildered they stared about them, and then, from the direction of the wharf, they saw a horde of half-dressed, fully-armed men swarming to meet them.

"The-Brethren-from-Port-Royal," whispered Hooky. Then he cursed wildly out of sheer relief.

"I vow God heard your prayer," muttered the major a little unsteadily. "I can see why the negroes fled, now . . ."

THE bright rim of the sun was lifting out of the sparkling, blue Caribbean as four yawning, roystering persons, locked arm in arm to steady their unwilling feet, left the Tavern of the Cock with the Steel Spurs and made their way towards the harbor front. The town of Port Royal slept. But the third man was so short that his doublet, designed for a man even taller than his two companions, swept the ground like a broom. He was a cheerful little fellow, and he kicked his bare feet up, threw his bare head back, and sang a rollicking song as he lurching and capered down the street.

The fourth member of the quartet was a woman, a half-breed of voluptuous figure, watchful and keen of eye. Doubtless she

had very good reasons for linking arms with the others and accompanying them along the sleeping street. Her shrill voice sang treble to the little man's deep bass, and all was well.

Along the street they went until they came to a narrow, fetid alley that led down to the harbor front. But here they were blocked, and their hilarious progress brought to an abrupt termination as a huge white man, red-haired, half-naked, barely conscious, torn and badly cut about the shoulders and body, staggered along between two shivering negroes. When the red-haired man saw the revellers he croaked a few words that swept the grins from their faces.

One of the men, who was dumb, nodded his readiness to conduct the wounded red-haired man to the residence of the Governor. The half-breed woman spat on the ground and leaned against the frame of a closed door. She spoke in soft, slurring syllables to the man without a tongue.

"I will take this man to my room. Lead him there else he will die. The Governor must wait."

By the time Roger was led to the end of the alley the Street of Taverns was already springing to wild, rushing life. Even as Roger was laid on the half-breed woman's bed a score of boats was thrashing across the harbor towards the wharf at the end of the Spanish Town road. The woman jerked her head at the dumb man and he left the room. She barred the door, crossed again to the bed, and stared down with large steady dark eyes at the muttering red-haired man. Slowly, critically, her eyes travelled over him, and she nodded slowly, and smiled a little.

"I will get you brandy," she said in response to his muttering. "You are very near to death, big man. And when you are dead I will see what is tied inside your belt by those leather strings. And if you live, and there is anything in that bag, you will be generous to me. Ah! You are insensible at last. But great must be your strength . . . that man has lost you a bucket of blood. No, I will not cut the strings . . . he is not dead, yet . . . and there is another way . . ."

She bent over him and her slim brown fingers lightly felt for the bag under his belt. They touched the leather, and as they touched it a great leg drew up, a cut and bleeding foot placed itself on her stomach, and then the leg straightened. Like a stone from a catapult, the woman was hurled across the room. She crashed against the wall, and as Roger sank back on the pillow she crumpled to the floor. Presently she moved, sat up, held her brown hands to her head, and stared at him.

"**A**YE," he told her. "I did it. So ye would rob me, eh?"

Her startled dark eyes continued to look at him, and her hands began to rub her body. There was fear in her eyes, and silted with apprehension was respect, for even in his weak, exhausted state his strength was still prodigious.

"Well," he continued, his tired blue eyes holding her brown ones, "it was to be expected. I can see what ye are. But I need ye and will reward ye if ye get me back to strength."

She rose to her feet still dizzy and sore from the blow he had given her.

"You will not kill me—"

"I be no pirate."

"No . . . ?" She was astonished, and walked shakily towards the bed, her eyes again travelling over his great frame.

"No. Will ye serve me?"

"Before Heaven I will," she replied fer-

venly. "Never before have I been kicked like that! And Sayona has no man, now—"

"Bah! What be an oath to the likes of ye?" he snarled weakly. "Get me brandy and water, and someone to sew up these cuts. And don't keep looking at me like that, ye—ye—bah!"

She heated a needle until it was red hot, cut many long strands from her black hair, swilled them in brandy, threaded the needle, and sewed up the cuts. She listened quietly to his muttering, but her fingers did not again stray towards the leather bag. She washed the sweat and blood from his body and forced brandy between his dribbling lips, and then she sat on the foot of the bed and looked at him. For a long time she looked at him and then, still smiling a little, laid on the bed beside him. In a little while she was asleep, and before she awoke the day had passed and evening had come again. But the red-haired man had gone, leaving on the bed a ring with a stone that glittered in the dim light.

It was noon when Roger regained his senses. He turned his head and stared at the sleeping woman beside him. He frowned. His mind was clear although he felt weak and ill, and he distinctly recalled the conversation between them before he lost consciousness. And then his thoughts went leaping back to the inn of Hooky Simon. Alas! With an effort that required all his will power he got to his feet. He stood swaying for a little while. Then, after he had thrown the ring on the bed, he unbarred the door and passed out into the narrow alleyway. Along this he walked slowly, turned into the palm-shaded Street of Taverns, and asked to be directed to the Governor's house. The first man he saw there as he stumbled up the steps was Major Cresswell. The major sprang from his cane chair and took him gently by the arm. Roger recognised him.

"Alicia . . . the tall girl who . . ." he stammered.

"She is safe, my friend," the major assured him. He then turned to the Governor who had also risen from his chair. "Your Excellency, this is the man of whom I was speaking. This is Roger Chard."

It was the Governor himself who replied:

"She is here, and well cared for, Master Chard. But you are done! You have my admiration and sympathy, sir. Cresswell, arrange for the comfort of this gentleman. He has—indeed they both have need of rest."

"The men . . . got there . . . in time, sir?" Roger droned. He would not fall down before these men like a weakling.

"Aye, thanks to you, Chard. The negroes fled on the approach of the buccanniers, and it was well for them they did. The loss of lives is regrettable, but they did little damage beyond burning down Hooky Simon's inn. And that's no loss. Would you like to see the woman you call Alicia?"

"Where is she?"

"She is ill, and cannot speak, but is well cared for. If you would like to see her for a moment . . ."

Roger swayed on his feet.

"No," he panted. "No . . . no . . . finished . . . hates me . . . bitterly . . . I'll go away . . . now she be safe at last . . ."

"I think not," said the Governor with a smile. "Cresswell, have him put to bed. He's utterly exhausted. And, Cresswell . . ."

"Sir . . . ?"

His Excellency took the major aside and lowered his voice.

"Don't tell him about your conversation with that poor girl as you brought her across in the boat, or that she knows of Farnham's devilry, and that she fell senseless with the shock of it all and is still insensible. And, above all, do not tell him she keeps crying his name. Let him get to sleep."

The major darted a swift glance at Roger's belt.

"Your Excellency . . . It is my duty to mention it . . . he has Pierre le Noir's jewels in his belt!"

The Governor nodded.

"We shall not presume to be official in this matter. Let him keep them. He deserves them, and the thanks of all Jamaica, besides. That negro outbreak was stopped in the nick of time. A very gallant gentleman, sir."

MAJOR CRESSWELL'S sister, Priscilla, middle-aged, plump, blonde, jolly, tremendously energetic, and also tremendously good-hearted, was the one whose efforts and ministrations brought Alicia Dene back from the valley of the shades. One of the first things she had insisted upon was that Alicia should be taken to her own wide, cool house which stood fronting the sea beach a stone's throw from the Governor's residence.

It was in a white, lofty, spacious room, in which the sea breezes eddied, that Alicia, a week after collapsing in the boat, first regained conscious sight. For a long time she lay very still as memory came drifting back to the tired cells of her mind. Her eyes, shadowed with pain, first saw the smiling, kindly face of Priscilla Cresswell beaming down at her. Then she saw a fascinating, solemn negress, dressed in a simple red dress that hung from massive shoulders to equally massive knees. The woman was standing by the door and regarding her very intently. Her name was Rachel. Priscilla prattled on, telling of many things, until a look of tired perplexity in Alicia's eyes made her say:

"But there, dear child. By the pink toes of Sheba ye'll be wondering who I am, and where ye are, and a lot of other things besides, eh?" and she finished with a jolly laugh.

"Yes," whispered Alicia. "But you are very kind, wherever you are."

"I am Major Cresswell's sister, and ye are in my house, where ye will remain until God completely restores ye to health and strength."

Priscilla Cresswell drew up a light cane chair and sat beside Alicia's bed.

"There, there, ye poor girl," she said with genuine sympathy shining in her hazel eyes. "Indeed, my brother has told me all about it. But ye have nothing more to fear. And when ye get a little stronger there is one in particular will be glad to see and talk with ye."

"Yes? Who is it . . . please?"

"Why, that fine man's man that has looked after ye so well. I think he's in love with ye, eh? That's something to thank the good God for, anyway. He's outside your door a dozen times a day . . ."

"You mean?" and Alicia turned her head and looked away.

"Master Chard, ma'am. Roger Chard—"

"Ah! I do not want to see him. Send him away . . . please . . . if you will."

Priscilla Cresswell's smile vanished. She was amazed.

"But . . . I'm sure he is fond of ye . . . and by the pink toes of Sheba ye now know he is innocent of all ye thought against him. Ye poor child! The major told me all about it. 'Twas dreadful. And Roger

Chard would speak with ye. Why, all through your delirium his was the only name ye ever called."

"Please . . . I send him away. How can I face him, speak with him, for I am so ashamed. I was so cruel when he was kind . . . and I hated him . . ."

"But ye do not hate him now?"
"Hate him . . .? I—I—no, no! Nothing I can ever say or do now will heal the injury I have done him."

"But of what, now, is there to be frightened?" said Priscilla quietly. "It is all past, and ye are safe with friends."

"I cannot . . . tell you . . . but I am terrified . . ."

"But of what, dear?"

"Of . . . of Pierre le Noir."

"But he is dead."

"A! He is dead . . . and I am still alive . . ."

Priscilla Cresswell looked at her, startled. "Ye poor girl," she said softly. "I think I understand."

"You will not let Roger Chard come in . . . please . . . I implore . . . I should die of shame and remorse."

"He can wait. We must first get ye well and strong, and Priscilla Cresswell will do it. I'll quickly have ye on your feet, and laughing, and full of the joy of life once again."

"Thank you, oh, thank you," she murmured. "I feel I can never repay you."

"Repay?" said Priscilla with a little laugh.

"Ye are surely not going to bother your pretty head with thoughts of repayment, are ye? There, there, child. Ye must not weep. Rest ye back against the pillows. Here, dear, beside the bed, is a gong. If ye require sight, strike it. But won't ye let me call ye by your name?"

Alicia looked at her gratefully. "I should be very pleased," she murmured.

"And so shall I, Alicia. There! It seems I've known ye for years. God bless ye, child. My name is Priscilla, and it fits me, eh?"

"I shall call you Priscilla, then . . ."

"Good. Now, ye must excuse me. I'll be back soon. Are ye comfortable, and contented?"

"I am, thank you, Priscilla."

"Bless ye—ye're still but a girl, a child. Now, rest ye and sleep, and leave the future in the hands of God. A woman's love does not die with the sunset of a single day—"

"Ah, no. It can never be," Alicia whispered.

Priscilla smiled, and bent and gently kissed her, and then left the room.

THE next few days saw Alicia almost fully restored to health and strength. It is true the awful strain of her tragic experiences still manifested itself in her calm eyes and patient demeanor, but the gentle sympathy and quiet determination of Priscilla Cresswell swept aside morbidity and the craving for the peace of death.

One afternoon, the afternoon that was to see the sailing of the English packet, Alicia, lightly clad because of the heat, lay on her bed and listened to the crooning symphony of the sea. Since the dawn of the day certain words that Priscilla had spoken kept ringing and echoing in her mind. They would not be dismissed. The long, low rumbling of the surf repeated them; the whispering leaves of the rustling palms sang them, faint, yet insistent.

"Roger Chard! His was the only name ye ever called, Roger Chard! Roger Chard! Roger Chard!"

Roger Chard. She pressed her hands to

her brow and reclined against the pillows. And she had not the courage to face him, to thank him, to humbly crave the apology . . . but how weak, how futile, would an apology now be!

"**P**IERRE LE NOIR . . ." she whispered, the room growing dim before her eyes. "No, never can it be, alas! He would not, could not, want me now. Oh, that I had . . . died . . . and were from the sight and memory of all."

A soft tapping sounded on the door. She did not hear it. It came again, and then the door slowly opened. She saw it move and stared at it, fascinated. And then she saw Roger Chard standing, looking at her, tall, shaven, his bronze-red hair falling thickly on to the collar of his new doublet. He closed the door behind him without taking his eyes from hers, and advanced to the bed. She watched him, her eyes silently imploring all that her tongue could not speak.

"Alicia," he said. "I thank God ye are recovered. I saw ye once before, but ye did not know me, although ye spoke my name. I see ye know me now. Will ye not speak to me? I have craved the touch of your hand and the sound of your sweet voice."

She looked up at him, but she could not speak. And this was the man she had hated, and vilely accused of unutterable things. She gently withdrew the hand he had taken, and turned her head a little and looked away from him.

"Alicia," he said again, "ye will not speak to me? Cresswell has told me ye know of Farnham's treachery. Surely ye cannot believe that I meant to strike ye, to harm ye, when I lifted my hand to ye? That was but a sorry pretence for Black Peter to see. I wanted to keep him from ye, and thank Heaven I did—"

Trembling, panting words came at last to her lips.

"Oh, please . . . do not recall it, Roger Chard, I am ashamed beyond power of words to express for my cruel . . . dastardly . . . ingratitude. If you will only forgive me . . . from the depths of my soul will I thank you. But I cannot hope for that . . ."

He smiled down at her.

"There is naught to forgive," he said, his voice gentle and caressing. "Look at me, dear love. Alicia, ye know how I love ye . . . could I love ye so were there need for forgiveness? I will never leave ye, now, for ye are all that I have in the world, all that I desire, all that I love. For me there is left but you . . . but you . . . sweet love . . ."

She checked him and turned towards him.

"I am glad you came . . . this once," she said softly. "And that in the greatness of your heart you have forgiven me. But never again . . . no, never again must you speak of love to me—"

"But, Alicia . . . but why . . ."

"For I can never love you."

His blue eyes were troubled, and clouded with the pain of her words.

"Alicia," he said gently, "will ye tell me why ye still hate me so?"

"Oh, no! No, no, no, no! I do not hate you . . . Nay, I do not hate you, I . . ." and she faltered and ceased speaking.

"Then why are ye forbidding me to speak to ye? What have I done . . . what have I not done . . . that ye should regard me thus? Even if ye can never love me do I deserve or merit—that?"

Her voice, low and choked with tears, rose a little.

"Oh, please, please! You torture me! I cannot endure it! Please go away . . . away . . . from me. I am faint. You must never see me again . . . again . . ."

He looked at her in silence, and then took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"I will go," he said stately. "There is no more to be said. Alicia, I shall ever remember ye, and pray for your happiness. Farewell . . . and may God ever walk beside ye . . ."

She watched him go, and as the door closed behind him she got from the bed and walked hesitatingly, weakly, towards it. Then she stood, staring at it, awaying.

"He is gone . . ." she choked. "Gone . . . oh, Roger . . ."

She sank to the floor, white, quivering, with the tears trembling on her dark lashes.

As Priscilla Cresswell returned from the Governor's residence she saw Roger stride, hatless under the brazen sun, down to the thundering blue surf that broke into swirling white froth on the golden sand. His hands were clasped behind his back and his head was bowed.

"He will be struck by the sun!" she gasped. And she called to him, but he did not hear her. She went into her house shaking her blonde head and looking anxious and concerned.

Alicia was again on her feet and slowly pacing the length of the room. There were now no tears in her eyes and they shone with a new and steadfast purpose.

"Priscilla," she said, her voice steady, "Roger Chard came, and I sent him away. There is but one thing, now, I ask of you."

"What is it, Alicia?"

"That you will take me to the English packet that sails at sunset . . ."

Priscilla was filled with consternation.

"Alicia, Alicia! 'Tis madness, dear child! The Governor himself has just been reading to us the latest English despatches? England? Oh, it is terrible in England! King James is striking at his foes with the malignity of a maddened serpent. Think of the dreadful danger should they again seize ye! Dear child, ye cannot go, ye must not go . . ."

Alicia spoke very gently.

"Priscilla, God will reward you for your kindness, but go I must. Think you I desire to go when my heart itself remains here? Alas, but I must—"

"Alicia—"

"Do not endeavor further to dissuade me, kind heart. I must go."

Roger walked down to the beach and along the firm wet sand, and he walked until the sun dipped behind the mountains. And then from behind the palms that shaded the batteries of cannons which gaped out to sea came a scantily-clad, lissom, half-breed woman, bold of eye and bare of limb and head. It was Sayona.

"So," she murmured, a little out of breath. "You are not pleased to see Sayona, eh?"

"No," he replied shortly. "I desire to be alone."

"Yes?" she drawled, her beguiling brown eyes glancing up at him, her full lips smiling, one small hand on a swaying hip. "Sayona thought maybe you want—"

He turned to her with a gesture of annoyance and impatience.

"—want company," she finished glibly. "And Sayona want to give back to you your ring."

"The ring?" In spite of himself he was surprised. "Why?"

"Why?" and she laughed. "Come! Here it is dry beneath this palm. Let us sit

down and talk. We cannot be seen here by those who roam the beach and mend the little boats."

"I will not—"

"Then . . . you are not grateful to Sayona?"

He walked with her to the palm. "I suppose I am. Aye, Sayona, I be grateful to ye."

She drew close to him and placed a hand lightly on his arm.

"Then you come to Sayona's room, eh? She will be good to you . . . and, kind . . . and she will sing and dance for you . . ."

He turned and looked at her, and a little of the grimness left his eyes and lips.

"By heaven, girl! Ye are the only one that will, it seems. But I suppose it be the money ye know I have—"

"Money? Bah! I do not want your money. I want you! I like you so much . . . so much . . . and you like Sayona a little, eh?"

"Just enough to talk to ye—no more. Ye're a human being, a woman, natural, without pretence. Such a woman, I imagine, as the first women were."

She laughed a little.

"And what are women to you to-day . . . Roger Chard?"

"Women? I know naught of women. An' it seems I never will. So ye know my name, do ye?"

"Yes, yes. I know much about you . . . and the sick woman, Alicia—"

He turned on her.

"By Heaven! If ye breathe her name . . ."

Sayona's voice grew a little hard.

"Yes . . . Roger Chard? Because you love her, eh?"

"Enough! Enough!" he cried gruffly. "We will not again refer to her. And I do wish ye would not come after me. 'Tis the third time ye have stole upon me."

Sayona smiled and showed a splendid set of white teeth. Her soft, slurring, musical speech was pleasing to the ear.

"No? All right, Roger Chard. Sayona is bad . . . and she is very good, eh?"

"Aye, that she be," said Roger.

She laughed heartily, and then was quiet again.

"Rachel is my mother," she said softly.

"And she cares for the sick woman and hears much . . . and she is no fool . . ."

"And what of that? I can see ye are a half-breed."

Her eyes narrowed. She drew away from him.

"Maybe I tell you . . . another day, Roger Chard. Here is the ring."

"Nay, keep it. After all, ye have been kind, Sayona. I have not forgotten what ye did for me."

"That I tried to rob you, eh?" she sneered, her brown eyes glinting.

"Well, ye made amends for that," he said, a little more gently.

"Bah! I do not want your ring!" she cried, suddenly angry. "See! I throw it away."

She leaped to her feet and hurled the ring far out into the leaping sea. Scornfully she looked down on him.

"I am a half-breed, eh? Not white, not black. Laughed at by women, spurned by men."

"Ah, Sayona, I did not mean it so."

But her pitiful fury mounted, burst forth, and struck at him.

"You are a big fool, Roger Chard," she hissed at him. "And you will never see Sayona again."

He made no reply. Her voice rose until its shrill note rang mockingly.

"And your white woman . . . Alicia . . . you will not see her again, Roger Chard!"

"What do you mean by that, girl?"

Sayona laughed on a high note and pointed with a brown arm to where the English packet, with white water at her head and sails taut in the breeze, was already leaving the harbor and rising to the long blue rollers of the Caribbean.

"Your woman . . . your good woman, Roger Chard . . . is on that ship!"

With a roar he sprang to his feet. So fierce was the light in his eyes that she cringed away from him. She remembered his strength.

"Ye lie! Ye lie, I say!" he thundered at her.

Her brown eyes watched him warily from under narrowed lids. Her red lips pouted, sulkily. She took a pace back.

"Sayona does not lie!" she shrilled. "Your woman, your good woman, Roger Chard, is on that ship. I will tell you. Wait! Priscilla Cresswell went down with her to the ship and waited until the captain drew the hook from the mud. So, too, did I wait, thinking you would quickly be by the white woman's side. But you did not come, and I ran and found you here. Sayona does not lie! Even though she is a half-breed, she does not lie! Your woman . . . your good woman . . . is gone. I do not want your ring . . . or you. She is gone . . . your good woman, Alicia, is gone. Stand you there stricken dumb at the truth . . . I could laugh . . . you are such a fool, a fool!"

And with that she turned and ran from him, leaving him to stand and stare out at the departing ship with sombre brooding eyes.

He did not move. His piercing blue eyes, shaded by the night, still stared out over the sea. With the coming of the day the surf roared and quivered as though with new life, but he did not hear or heed it. He stared into the crimson heart of the opalescent dawn and saw there only the dim shadow of a departed ship. And his lips moved.

"A fool . . . a fool . . . and he laughed."

I

T was in January, 1686, that Alicia Deane sailed from Port Royal, and it was a year later that we again meet with her. A year! For her a year like a black shroud; for Roger Chard a year of torment and tireless search. They did not meet.

The distance from Bristol to Bath is approximately eleven miles and a half, and on an afternoon in early January, 1687, a coach and team crawled along the winding, storm-lashed road towards Bath. The light was fading, the wind rising, and the muffled curses of the coachman and his mate were unheard by the straining horses or the passengers within—the lurching, cumbersome vehicle. Snow, lean sleet, then a lane of slippery ice, and buffeting all a howling gale.

The coach, buffeted by the blinding storm, struggled slowly on and ploughed over a snow-choked stone bridge that spanned the Avon. It lurched perilously for a few hundred yards and then stopped. The coachman's shout was blurred, indistinct, but the young woman within the coach seemed to understand, for she stepped down into the drift. It was knee high, and at its icy touch she shivered.

Unerringly, as though well acquainted with the track, she walked and passed through iron gates flung wide on granite pillars. In a few minutes she was knocking at the massive door of the old manor house that loomed, shapeless, in the gloom and the murk of the crying storm. The

door opened and she stepped into the bright light and warmth of a wide, flagged, fire-lit hall. The servant bent low to catch her name for she had wearily seated herself on an oaken bench before the roaring logs.

"I will tell Sir Charles Felton," he said, eyeing the ragged visitor with high disfavor. "No, Lady Felton be in London with her son, Master Paul. Eh? Yes, I am new here."

The man went up the stairs. Overhead someone was pacing to and fro. Gratefully the young woman stretched out her hands to the fire. Its ruddy glow lighted her pale face and showed the violet, black eyes fringed with dark long lashes, the drooping mouth, and the black hair falling from beneath the dripping hat. The footsteps above stopped. She heard the faint echo of a degn voice. She smiled a little, and then became grave again. And again the footsteps went to and fro, but now hurriedly agitatedly. She smiled again. The servant came quickly down the broad stairs. His expression was cold and his eyes supercilious. His voice was harsh.

"Sir Charles gives ye the gate. He is in no mood to be pestered with impostors!"

THE blood that had faintly tinged the pale cheeks vanished, leaving them as waken and white as the face of death itself.

"But . . . but . . . did ye give him my name?" she faltered, slowly rising and facing the man.

"I did. He laughed, then he cursed ye, and then said ye lied and were an impostor!"

"He will not see me . . . himself?" she gasped, incredulously.

The man grinned.

"Decidedly not. There be the door—"

"He—he—would not even—see me?" she panted.

The man's face became grim.

"There be the door. Out with ye!" he cried angrily.

Without further word the young woman turned and walked out into the night. The servant, still grinning, stood in the light and watched her until she was lost in the darkness and the gusty storm.

The woman stumbled and fell, and lay a little while, moaning. Presently the urge of life throve her on again.

The river Avon winds a serpentine course, yet slowly she labored and struggled away from it towards the west. Not very far, certainly not more than two miles. Two miles! An eternity of time, a distance as far as the farthest star. And again a light beckoned, fitfully, like a will-o'-the-wisp through the flurry of sleet and snow. Her aching, storm-blinded eyes glimpsed it as she slowly ploughed away at a tangent. She turned and struggled towards it, knee-deep, waist-deep. Very slowly, bent forward, agonised, yet numb, she drew close to it. There was a stout cabin built wholly and clumsily of unawn logs.

She could not move her arms, so she knocked against the hard door with her head. She had a blurred vision of a thin, bent, white-headed man, dressed in black, carelessly, with kindly, graven features and empty eyes. She closed her eyes, opened them, and again looked upon his features. A low, choked cry escaped her stiff lips.

"It cannot be! Parson Randall . . . is it you? Is it Parson Randall?"

"My name is Randall, I was a clergyman . . . a long time ago. Who are you?"

"Oh, Heaven!" and the woman turned from him. "There is someone that even I can pity—"

"My name is Randall. Take off your

clothes. Here are dry bedclothes. They are warm. Who are you?"

"You . . . do not . . . recognise me?"
"My name is Randall. I was a clergyman once . . . but now they laugh, and point, and say: 'There is poor crazy Randall.' But they leave me alone, now. You are welcome. It is a black night. And if the torch brought you . . . it might bring Evelyn, too. My name is Randall."

"Ah! God pity you, and me," she muttered faintly, wearily. "What are ye doing so far from Cloverdale?"

"Cloverdale?" and he started violently. "I remember . . . a little. No one now lives in Cloverdale. It is but a memory. Nothing there is left standing . . . not even the church . . . But I am wrong—the shed of the blacksmith still stands. His name is . . . is . . . I forget the name . . . I forget so many things. My name is Randall. Who are you?"

The woman turned and crouched before the fire.

"Pray . . . pray! Hear the storm! And pray for the blacksmith of Cloverdale. Oh, sweet Lord, I will pray . . . I will pray . . . give me strength, and courage . . . to forget . . . for now must I journey to London to face mine enemies . . . if I die for it . . ."

The flames of the fire leaped up, the blizzard without beat furiously at the cabin, and Parson Randall stood mumbling foolish, demented words at the woman.

"Who are you . . . who are you . . .?"
But the woman did not hear, for she had knelt and was praying.

WITH the dawn Alicia was astir. All night she had huddled between blankets before the fire, so soundly asleep that she did not see or hear Parson Randall quietly leave the cabin, and, sometime later, as quietly return. Her weary consciousness had fled before the onslaught of exhaustion. His empty eyes stared down at her as she slept. He did not know her; nor did he, when she awoke, immediately speak to her. She looked at him, and he nodded, and smiled, and inclined his head again, and then threw wood on the red coals.

"I am hungry," he said simply. "The storm has passed. The morning is still, though grey and bitter. My name is Randall. Have you seen Evelyn?"

She started.

"So you know . . . me?"

Slowly he shook his head.

"I cannot remember . . . I pray to God . . . but I never remember. Who are you?"

"No . . . you don't know me . . ."

"You have not seen Evelyn?"

Alicia shook her head and hastily began the preparation of the simple meal.

"But she will come," he said, staring at the quickening fire. "She is not far away. I shall ask Sir Charles Felton again when I go for food . . ."

She turned from the fire. Her eyes were suddenly alive.

"For the food? Sir Charles Felton?"

"Aye; he gives me the food. He is kind . . ."

Her voice was low and bitter.

"He's a cowardly dog! A cold-hearted craven!"

He nodded.

"He is very kind. He gives me food. My name is Randall."

She turned again to the fire, and then asked a question. Her voice was softer, and her eyes were gentle.

"Have you seen . . . Roger Chard?"

He suddenly trembled.

"The blacksmith! The blacksmith! Roger Chard . . ."

Parson Randall placed his hands to his head and rocked from side to side. His eyes were fixed, staring. The name had awakened vague memories.

Alicia's voice became almost shrill. She leaned towards him, tense, hardily breathing.

"Have you seen him? Have you seen him? He must be in England . . . oh, he must . . . he must . . ."

"No, no! I have not seen him. Roger Chard? Poor Roger . . . he was the blacksmith . . ."

With a sigh she continued the preparation of the meal. When it was ready she placed it before him. He saw she had none for herself. He pointed.

"But you must eat!"

She shook her head.

"I cannot eat . . . that food," she said very slowly.

"But the bread is sweet."

"It would be as ashes in my mouth."

A kindly expression lighted for a moment the empty eyes of Parson Randall.

"Child, Sir Charles would be happy to know . . ."

"That I were dead," she interrupted harshly. "Dear, kindly soul . . . you will never understand. It is better so. I am going away now. I thank you from my heart. Nay, I must go. I will not eat the bread of the Feltons; and no longer must I tarry here."

He nodded again.

"You are welcome. My name is Randall . . ."

She laughed a little; a laugh that was a sob. Then, slowly, she knelt at his feet.

"I pray you bless me, Parson Randall."

His gentle, smiling eyes looked down at her.

"Is there peace in your heart?"

"No."

"Is there hate in your heart, child?"

Her voice was strong, virulent.

"Yes."

He was silent for a brief moment. He passed a thin hand over his eyes.

"How, then, can I bless you?"

She clung to his hands.

"I seek justice! Until it be done there can be no peace in my heart . . . only hate . . ."

His eyes clouded. They became troubled, perplexed.

"I will not bless you. My name is—"

She got unsteadily to her feet. She threw her head back and laughed. With trembling hands she placed her hat on her dark hair.

Then, taking a little of the bread, she dropped it on to the floor and crushed it under her heel. At the door she paused and turned. He stood gazing at her strangely, very intently. A cry burst from his lips.

"You are . . . you are Alicia Deane . . . Alicia Deane!"

She stood for a moment, unsmiling.

"You will not bless me. But what matters it? I am already accursed. But, even so, I say unto you may the blessing of God be ever upon you and bring you peace."

His cry followed her as she ploughed through the snow. But he did not follow. She knew he would not follow for the cry was but the plaintive echo of a broken mind.

Midway between the cabin and the stone bridge a freshly-trodden track ceased for her a little of the labor of walking in the deep snow. Gratefully she saw that the track turned into the highroad and led towards Bath.

She hurried on, hungry, her feet blue in the thin, worn shoes, her heart afraid, her spirit determined. Walking, running and walking again she came to the open door of the Prince Rupert Tavern in Bath, and here she paused because of a heated alter-

cation between a painted woman and one whose ruddy cheeks, aproned paunch, and obvious air of authority and prosperity proclaimed him the proprietor.

"I'll go, ye dog!" she shrieked. "And to-night when the long tables be set ye'll regret it. Because last night I was drunk and could not dance ye bid me go, eh? And who will dance for them to-night?"

The landlord was grey, and stout, and short, and his blue skirt was tucked into tight-fitting brown velvet breeches. His white apron covered his black hose and fell almost to his black leather shoes. He shook a fat fist at the woman.

"Enough!" he bellowed. "Out o' my sight! I hired ye to dance, not to drink! Slab me! Out wi' ye else will I fetch ye a clout that'll set yer feet dancing in right good earnest."

The woman turned on a high heel and walked away, and her pungent remarks concerning the landlord, brought a deeper flush to his ruddy cheeks. He scowled blackly at Alicia when she approached him. His critical eyes travelled quickly over her.

"An' what want ye, wench?" he demanded sturdily.

She smiled at him.

"I will dance in her place," she said.

He looked at her a little less coldly.

"Can ye dance?"

"Aye . . . with the best."

He hesitated and Alicia felt suddenly weak.

"An' they'll look as close at me as at her . . ."

"Humph! My customers like pretty women . . ."

"Then they'll look the closer at me."

He stared at her.

"Come ye inside."

She followed him in.

In the centre of each pale cheek a red spot glowed. She prayed the flush of shame would not spread and cover her with confusion and defeat.

"Ye can dance?"

"Yes."

"Well, if ye dance as well as ye look ye'll do. But they're a rough crowd an' sometimes handle a woman."

Alicia shrugged her shoulders.

"What is a woman for?"

The landlord smiled for the first time.

"I think ye'll do fine—if ye really can dance . . ."

Alicia's eyes narrowed. From the kitchen of the tavern came the tantalising odour of food cooking. She laughed easily.

"I can do the English dances—and the French—and the dances of the negro women."

The landlord caught his breath.

"SPLIT me! I'll take ye to a room. 'Tis your own an' no questions asked. Have ye broken fast yet?"

A slow smile curved Alicia's cold lips.

"No."

Mine host's manner became hearty. He patted her shoulder.

"Dunna, we'll soon put that right. So ye can do the French dances . . . and the negro . . . lud!"

"Yes."

His eyes shone. Such dances! In England

"Sdeath!" he swore approvingly. Then he looked thoughtful.

"Have ye any dancing clothes?"

"No."

"What want ye?"

"How was she dressed?"

He chuckled.

"Mostly she wasn't. Ye—ye are not modest?"

"No. For a full meal right now I'd dance before the Bishop!"
The landlord rubbed his hands together with glee.

"What shall I get ye?"
"A few yards of blue satin—just so wide—and perfume, and powder."

"Is that all?"
"Yes, but a faint perfume. Jasmine. Nothing strong. And when I dance I'll wear a mask out from the satin . . . but it will be removed ere I leave them."

He blinked at her.
"Why a mask?"

"He who pays the highest for the privilege shall remove it with his own hands."
The landlord swore and slipped his thigh. Here, indeed, was something to rouse his customers. Then he sobered a little. There was suspicion in his glance.

"Do ye get drunk?"
"No. What will ye pay me?"

"I'll pay ye well—a shilling a night an' I'll keep ye."

"Twill do. I'll go to my room."
"What be your name? Ye have wit as well as beauty."

"Any name will do. Answer me this! My pay is for dancing only, isn't it?"
"Yes, 'tis best so," answered the landlord.

Alicia's room was situated on the first floor at the end of the gallery that overlooked the courtyard containing the stables and the poultry run.

Alicia undressed. She had changed her mind about going to the abbey church. Her feet were tender, and frozen, and must be rested, and the circulation restored if she were to dance this night.

To dance! Alicia Deane! For a shilling a night and her keep . . . on the long, trestle tables in the tap-room, half-naked, before the eyes of a chanting, swaying, be-gotten gathering of tavern frequenters. Aye, but she would dance! What would she not do so that she could reach London and confront Jeip . . . and Jeffreys . . . and even the King! Dance!

A maid entered with the food on a tray, and the eyes of the two women met. Alicia first caught the tray as it was falling, for the girl, gasping with the stark amazement of recognition, would have let it fall. The comely maid had been her servant at Deepdene, and her startled voice held a sob as she stood and gazed.

"The Lady Alicia . . . oh, the Lady Alicia . . . oh, ma'am!"

And Alicia's voice rang gladly.
"Elizabeth Ann! Oh, but 'tis happy I am to see ye again, Elizabeth Ann! There, there, girl! Don't stare at me in affright. I am no ghost. I escaped!"

"Oh, ma'am, ye look poor . . . an' tired." "I am poor, and I am tired, Elizabeth Ann," said Alicia, with a sigh she could not repress. "I am utterly alone . . . utterly . . . alone."

Elizabeth Ann's brown eyes were almost starting from their sockets.
"How did ye escape, y'ladyship?" she whispered.

Alicia shook her head and smiled a little.
"Tis too long a story for now, good Ann. I am still an outcast with a price on my head. I charge ye do not betray me by look or word or name to any in this tavern."

"That I'll not! Are ye leaving here directly . . . oh, Lady Alicia?"
"Nay, do not weep, Elizabeth Ann. But ye were ever a bloody soul, an' faithful. I am here to dance . . . for money . . . in place of the woman who left!"

Elizabeth Ann's face went scarlet.
"Dance? Ye, Lady Alicia? Oh, no! Oh, no!"
Alicia nodded slowly.
"It was dance, or starve, or another thing. But ye will render me great ser-

vice by believing me a stranger. The Lady Alicia Deane is dead. Do ye understand?"

Elizabeth Ann was trembling. She was born on the Deane estate, and still worshipped her beautiful mistress, Deepdene, to her, was home.

"I—I thank God ye're alive, ma'am," she stammered tearfully. "I never thought I'd see two come back from the death over the water—"

"Two?"
"Aye, ma'am. 'Tis but a month since that Roger Chard stopped at this tavern. He—why? What be the matter, ma'am?"

"'Tis naught . . . 'tis naught!" Alicia panted. "But tell me—tell me . . ."

"I did not see him till he was departing in the coach for London. Fine, he looked, but stern and sad, y'ladyship. But I forgot ye hated the fellow . . . 'twas he that brought ye ruin . . ."

"No . . . but never mind. Tell me! Tell me what ye saw, how he looked, how he was attired, what he said. Was he alone? Was there a man . . . or a woman with him? Oh, speak, girl!"

Elizabeth Ann deftly arranged the dishes for her mistress. She was simple, but no fool. She shot a quick side-glance at the pale, strained face of Alicia, and her wit told her that here was now no hatred. She wondered. She remembered the awful night the Chard cottage burned to the ground. And now her mistress was wildly impatient for word of Roger Chard. She displayed all the symptoms of a woman deeply in love. Her beautiful violet-black eyes were glowing, her red lips were slightly parted, her bosom rose and fell as she breathed quickly.

"Come, ma'am, eat ye some of this fine ham, now. 'Tis delicious. An' there be the toast, an' the cold breast of a bird."

"Tell me, Elizabeth Ann! 'Or pity' sake tell me, wench!"

"I have told ye all, ma'am. It was Roger Chard that took the London road. But he may not have gone there, o' course."

"Is that all . . . is that all . . .?"
"Aye!"

"Ah! But it matters not. Thank ye, Elizabeth Ann. But ye had better away to your duties. And remember! Your mistress is dead!"

SIR CHARLES FELTON sat back on his chair in a private room at the Prince Rupert Tavern. He had dined sumptuously, and there was contentment in his manner as he watched mine host place the crystal goblet and the silver flagon of port on the polished table.

His voice, when he spoke to the landlord, was dry with the unchallenged wit of a wealthy man. His eyes lifted from the goblet to the shining face of the proprietor.

"Who is this wench that has set all Bath agog?" he asked with a dry laugh. "How did ye come by her, Master Judd?"

The landlord grinned widely.
"Brought right out o' Lannon, y'honor," he lied cheerfully. "She's been here a matter o' two short weeks . . . an' lud! How she's got 'em going. Two weeks! She's got 'em by the ears, y'worship. She's so clever she has 'em arrarin' an' stab me! She's so beautiful she has 'em—"

"She is . . . reasonable?" murmured Sir Charles. He inhaled the fragrant bouquet of the port, then he wet his lips with the wine, rolled a little of it round his tongue, and swallowed slowly.

Master Judd laughed, and went to the fire and threw a log to the flames.
"I've yet to hear o' it, Sir Charles," he replied. "There be high wagers over her! Wagers ah!"

"Aye, y'honor! 'Tis a private matter between a few. The one as gets her likes the pool. There be a thousand guineas awaiting."

Sir Charles looked decidedly interested.
"An' ye say she won't come here to this room?"

The landlord shook his head.
"I told her what ye proposed, Sir Charles, but 'twas no . . ."

"Damm! Ye didn't breathe my name?"
"Sdeath, y'honor! I be no fool! No. But she won't come to ye."

"Rot me!" breathed Sir Charles. He sipped his port thoughtfully. "What do you propose, Master Judd? Ye have two things to consider."

"An' what be they, Sir Charles?"

The baronet smiled slightly.

"My favor as a patron . . . or my dis-

pleasure as a magistrate."

Master Judd's face fell. He thought fur-

iously. Silently he cursed the old libertine.

"She wouldn't come here for the King-

God bless him!" he said earnestly. "Perhaps

aye, maybe if y'honor went to the

tables an' attracted her, an' had y'honor's

coach awaiting in the courtyard . . ."

"And then?"

Master Judd looked surprised.

"It should not be difficult—"

Sir Charles laughed again, and relief

flickered on the face of Master Judd.

"Ye have a smooth tongue, Master Judd."

"Nay, nay, Sir Charles," that worthy pro-

tested. "It be but the truth! When ye walk

to the tables who will dare to cross ye!

The wrath o' Sir Charles Felton be of

greater moment than e'en the embrace of

such a wench as that, beautiful though she

be!"

The baronet nodded his complete agree-

ment.

"Damm! I've a mind for the adventure

Judd! I've had but a glimpse of the wench

and that brief appraisal went to the head

like old wine . . . ye know what I mean

ye dog! Aye, a plagues' attractive piece-

slender, blossom, marvellously shapely.

Sdeath! I vow I'll remove that mask from

her face! What think ye of that?"

Master Judd was pleased to see Sir Charles

grow sportive. "Ye have not yet seen her

with the mask removed?" he asked with a

grin.

The baronet drained his port and rose to

his feet. He touched his lips with a per-

fumed kerchief.

"No, but I shall without delay. I have

heard her beauty be unsurpassed—that she

be more beautiful even than Jeffrey's fasci-

inating Frenchwoman, Heloise Leverrier. But

ye've not seen her. The rage, the toast of

London. She has been the friend of the

Lord Chancellor since just before Mon-

mouth landed in England. Stab me! He

guards her jealousy. 'Tis whispered she

was for marriage with a French nobleman,

but naught came of it. 'Tis said even the

Queen delights to honor her; an' spilt me

Judd! 'tis not to be wondered at, for many

comeliness ever worships at the shrine of

beauty. An' this wench here is said to

eclipse even the adorable Heloise. Humph!

No wonder she looks upon these dogs with

scorn."

"She be truly pretty," agreed Master Judd.

"And, Judd . . ."

"Aye, Sir Charles?"

"See ye to the coach, fellow! And be

sure there be no lights thereon or therein.

I shall go to the tap-room. Make haste!"

"An' y'honor's hat, an' rapier, an' cloak—"

"Put 'em in the coach, ye doit."

Sir Charles strode along the narrow, can-

dlelit passage that led to the tap-room and

even the stuffed fox in its glass case failed to attract his eyes. At each step the roar of laughing, shouting voices became louder, and at each step his arrogance and confidence increased. Occasionally the wailing of fiddles and the liquid notes of a German flute penetrated the laughter, the shouting, and the stamping of feet.

He came to the doorway and peered with quizzical, unswinking eyes at the packed room. For a moment he stood and surveyed the scene.

He ignored the hilarious crowd and stared intently at the tall, slender girl on the tables. He looked up at her as she danced lightly past him, and smiled with quiet satisfaction as she danced down the tables, her twinkling feet barely touching the boards as they kept time to the rhythm of the music.

But it was plain to the confident Sir Charles that the girl had not seen him; and, naturally, that was the reason why he had pressed forward to the tables. He looked at her as she lifted a dainty bare foot and kicked away the eager hands that would fasten themselves to her ankles. So, she would not let them touch her. Good.

Gliding, laughing, stepping daintily, she came opposite to him. She looked down into his upturned face and ceased dancing and stood poised, motionless, breathing quickly and silent. Like a flash of lightning, his long arms shot out and encircled her. It was then she realised that he did not know her. A yell of delight came from the throats of the onlookers. They gaped, they craned their necks, and gradually they became quiet, staring at the woman, and at the man whose arms imprisoned her. In amazement they watched the expression on her masked face change. They could see but the gleaming eyes and the red lips; but they were sufficient to convey to all the fury that had suddenly seized her brain. Her dark, violet-black eyes glittered through the holes of the mask with a hard stare of awful hate and rage. Her mouth had suddenly thinned and was drawn resentfully in vindictive lines. Then she began to struggle. She uttered no word. She writhed and tried to kick, and little inarticulate sounds came from her working throat and lips.

"I have ye, girl . . . and I'll hold ye . . ." he told her amid raucous cries of encouragement.

He laughed with keen enjoyment, and as her frantic struggles increased he laughed the more. He was drawing her to him, slowly, inexorably. Her white arms went up. A hand touched the swinging lantern above her head. Both hands gripped it, lifted it from the hook, held it high for a moment, and then, even as she whispered a word unheard, brought it crashing down on the periwigged head of the baronet.

He reeled under the blow; the oil from the broken lamp saturated his wig; a spark from the flaring wick touched it; and in an instant the flaxen periwig was ablaze, a leaping mass of flame. He fell back, beating feebly with his hands at the flames that burned and seared the skin from his face, transformed in a fiery moment from an insolent libertine to a cowering, shrieking, quivering old man; and, while the raging, howling, completely delighted crowd surged to get a better look at him, the woman turned, sped down the long tables, leaped across on to the bar counter, dropped down, and passed through a doorway.

The dancer raced up the narrow stairs and gained her room. Urged on by a desperate fear she quickly dressed, throwing her old rags on over the blue satin. In very quick time she had clothed herself and had dashed out on to the gallery that

overlooked the courtyard. In the flare of the yard lanterns she saw a coach standing ready for the road. Madly she ran down the gallery steps and out into the yard. She glimpsed the fat landlord, with the coachman by his side, running into the tavern to ascertain the cause of the pandemonium that raged within. She stared at the coach, and saw with a leaping of the heart that the monogram on the door proclaimed it the coach of Sir Charles Felton.

Like a flash she climbed to the box, uncoiled the reins from the rail, kicked off the heavy brake-bar, and snatched the long whip from its socket. The whip instantly flickered on the rumps and under the bellies of the six powerful greys. They reared, they snorted, and then they leaped into the collars and were away. Frantically the woman pulled them round to the right for they would have gone straight home.

"To London!" she screamed at the terrified horses. The long whip flew out with a hiss and a crack. "Thank ye, Sir Charles! To London! And Jeffreys! And Jelp . . ."

BARON JEFFREYS of Wem, now Lord Chancellor of England, jerked aside the heavy crimson portieres and endeavored to peer through the frosted glass of the tall, mullioned window at the dim, white world without. "Bitter," he muttered at the woman who stood by his side. He straightened and faced her. "But not so bitter as the words with which I shall lash Jelp. I took ye straight from Farnham, and for a year suspected naught. But now I know all, Jelp! That a woman as pretty as you . . . but I know ye, Heloise! Ye are a greedy, heartless wench! Jelp! We'll go to him this night and end it. He laughs at me, eh? At me! S'death! A pity ye didn't go to the Frenchman . . . what's his abominable name?"

Heloise Leverrier was slightly nervous, but she did not show it.

"The Vicomte Raoul de Chaumont, my dear George," she murmured, smiling a little. "But the fortress of Boulogne . . . well! It is no place for Heloise. No, it is black and grim, and, after all, de Chaumont is an old man—"

"The Vicomte de Chaumont!" rasped his lordship. "The Vicomte de—bah!"

He turned in a fury and swept the candlesticks from the polished table beside him. His cruel face was peaked and lined, and his thin lips were curved in a sneer.

"But, yes," was the laughing reply. "The Vicomte de—bah! It is amusing the way you say it, my dear George. But Jelp—pooh! You are not so foolish as to think—ha! ha! ha! But I laugh. It is too absurd. Oh, I laugh! Jelp . . ." and Heloise Leverrier laughed gaily.

"I do not imagine, ye beautiful devil, I know. Come! We shall go to Jelp . . ."

The Frenchwoman pouted prettily and gently placed her lovely arms round the furious chancellor's neck. Playfully she ruffled his cravat and bushy black periwig. He threw her away from him, angrily. She spoke softly to him.

"But the storm . . . my George . . . it is fierce, execrable! Here it is warm and Heloise is beautiful . . . yes?"

Coldly he drew away from her.

"The matter must be settled. It touches my honor. Am I, Baron Jeffreys of Wem, the most feared and the most powerful man in England next to the King, to be made a cuckold, a jest for the town by this fat dog . . . Jelp?"

With a light laugh to mask her fear she walked to the door of the room. Here she paused and looked round at him. Her dark eyes were glowing, and her carmine lips were curved in a mocking smile.

"You are quite handsome, George, but not when you are angry, or jealous . . . sh!"

"Make haste!" he snapped, glaring at her. "I will not be further trifled with—"

"Trifled with? No? It is too bad . . . your thought of me, my dear George. No, no! Do not throw that heavy candlestick at me. Heloise will be quick . . . yes?"

He paced the spacious room, recently furnished with Louis Quatorze importations, paused, drank brandy from the crystal decanter, and then walked to and fro again.

Then Heloise swept into the room, alluring in close-fitting fur berretta—a fleeting fashion lately set by some captured Basque rovers—in muff of the silver fox, in white velvet gown and bodice, and shoes of blue satin with diamond-studded heels. Jeffreys looked at her, sniffed the trail of perfume, and frowned. She smiled at him.

"Are you still furious with Jelp and poor Heloise . . . because the King regards you less fondly . . . my dear George?" she asked.

He glared at her. "Come!" he said. "I'm in no mood to listen to your prattling. The King is treading on quicksand, but I am still on firm ground. My power is at its zenith. But the madness of James will crush all if he does not open his eyes."

But she laughed lightly as they left the room. She darted swift, sidelong glances at his white, twitching face.

"The dim, secret light of truth . . . eh?" she said softly as they entered the waiting chair. "Draw your cloak a little closer . . . or you will be cold. So the King and his chancellor are perturbed . . . eh? The people show signs, eh? The Trial of Delamere and the new Star Chamber are not popular . . . eh? And the Stuarts were ever unlucky . . . ha! ha! ha! It is amusing . . . no?"

Jeffreys moved irritably. "Bah! Be silent, woman! Ye'll need your breath when we face Jelp. And if I find ye have—"

She tapped his lips with her muff and laughed.

"If you find I have . . . you'll strike terror into him, and money from him . . . no?"

"Why not? And then I'll deal with ye, my pretty schemer."

"With me? With Heloise . . .? Ah, bah! You love me too much. But I am no fool, my George. I am wise. I have studied men . . . and you. The first time you threatened a man because of his love for me, and took his money, I was terrified. The second time, I wondered. But now I know that Heloise and her beauty are used by you to extort money from foolish men. You are clever . . . no? And Heloise is beautiful, kind, comforting, and . . . profitable . . . yes? You love me so much, eh? Zut! It is so easy . . . ha! ha! ha! I must laugh. And now Jelp."

Jeffreys, in keen chagrin at the woman's penetration and wit, granted an angry reply and then was silent. He stared out into the gloom of the night, a gloom intensified by the dancing torches of the armed men who walked ahead of the chair-porters. And he wished he had been a little more subtle. Still, it mattered not. It was cold.

"If Jelp were not such a fat, unwieldy dog, I'd have him brought to me," he growled. "But 'tis the last time I'll honor him thus. Blast him! And the cold! And the night! And you!"

There was silence between them until Jelp's door opened and admitted them, a moody, sardonic silence on the part of Jeffreys, a silence that was a triumph for the woman.

Tobias Jelp, in contrast to the rich and elegant apparel of his distinguished visitors, was very shabby, unkempt, and frowzy.

He attempted to struggle to his feet as they entered, but Jeffreys, with a contemptuous imperious gesture of his hand, waded him back again. He sank back puffing and gasping, and his hoarse, wisecracking voice labored forth creakily in welcome.

"'Tis an honor, my lord, an honor," he wheezed. "And Madame, too? An honor, indeed. I was not expecting anyone on such a night. Ye must have news from the King, surely. Be seated, I pray, my lord, Madame, will ye accept a chair? And some hot spiced ale . . . or wine."

"I think not," interrupted the chancellor coldly. He looked about him with manifest disgust and distaste. "Faugh! A vile hotel! Be seated, Heloise, if ye wish. I will remain standing . . ."

The Frenchwoman gracefully seated herself on the horsehair chair that had provoked Sir Peter Farham.

"The room is not so sumptuous as your own apartment, my lord," Jelp gasped out apologetically, a gleam in his cunning little black eyes. "But then ye are the Lord Chancellor whilst I am but a humble alderman of the city."

"I didn't come here to listen to your sarcasm, Jelp," snarled Jeffreys, turning his cold, threatening eyes on the scrivener. "I have come to demand satisfaction, ye dog!"

JELPS eyes blinked, and shot a swift glance at the woman. She smiled sweetly at him.

"Satisfaction, my lord?" he gurgled. "Stab me! I fail to grasp your lordship's meaning."

The gems on Jeffreys' hand gleamed as he waved it at the woman.

"The matter has been revealed to me, ye dog!" he ground out. "And ye will offer substantial recompense for the besmirching of my honor. Blast ye for a fat blackguard, Jelp!" he suddenly roared, his habitual bullying manner sweeping away his restraint. "But ye'll either pay me, and pay well, or . . . but I see ye know what I can do to ye, ye quivering dog! Dog! Is this town not so wide but ye must dip your filthy fingers even into my household?"

Jelp suddenly became impurpled; nevertheless he essayed to bluff.

"My lord . . . I have done naught to injure ye or your good name. What have I done . . .?"

He was silenced by the laughter of Heloise Leverrier. But its light, biting note jarred on his ears.

"He knows of your gift, my fat Tobias. He knows."

"He knows enough," cut in his lordship, his lips twitching at her words. "Indeed she was no fool. Well, he would reward her."

"'Tis a lie . . . a lie!" gulped Jelp. "A lie! That woman has never been spoken by me. I swear it! I did but send her the necklace as a mark of my—er, dutiful admiration."

"Jeffreys sneered.

"I will accept ten thousand pounds, ye rascal," he said. He produced a diamond-encrusted snuff-box and inhaled a pinch.

"Ten thousand pounds!" choked Jelp, suddenly enraged at the trick being played upon him. "'Sdeath! I'll pay ye nothing! Nothing! I see it all clearly. 'Tis an old ruse, Jeffreys. By the same stratagem and threat ye screw tribute even from the city of Bristol—aye, a tribute on all the slaves that be shipped from there to the plantations—even on those who are kidnaped."

"A foolish lie, Jelp," said the chancellor grimly. Nevertheless he was startled at

this truthful accusation and revelation. "And one that shall cost ye dearly. Ye shall now recompense me to the amount of twelve thousand pounds for the injury ye have done me or ye shall taste of my displeasure. There are many ways, unpleasant ways . . . and ye remember Oats? How London would laugh!"

"Blast ye, Jeffreys . . . blast ye, too, ye Jezebel! I'll not pay it . . . not a penny . . . not a penny. . . ." Jelp whimpered, his defiance slowly coming from him as the realisation of the chancellor's terrible power crept back into his furious brain. "And . . . and if ye play tricks on me . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"By Heaven! If ye do, Jeffreys . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

Jelp broke out into a cackle of fear-haunted laughter.

"All along I've had something to say to ye, Jeffreys, but your demands quite drove it from my mind. And when I tell ye doubtless ye, too, will have something to think upon."

The chancellor stared at him, cold-eyed.

"Yes . . .?" he said for the third time.

"Yes," wheezed Jelp. "But five minutes before ye came I had a visitor. She is still here . . . but in another room, a room locked and bolted. 'Twas my purpose to send for ye . . ."

A flicker of surprise lighted the chancellor's eyes.

"Ah! But I believe ye are lying—"

"'Sdeath, no! I shall have her brought—"

"Her . . .?"

Jelp watched him closely.

"Aye . . . my lord. And ye have met her before. Can ye imagine who she is?"

"No, ye fool!" Jeffreys snarled. "Who is she?"

"The Lady Alicia Deane—"

"By Heaven . . .!" gasped Jeffreys, momentary consternation showing itself on his cruel features. "Alicia Deane! The woman I sent to the plantations?"

"The same, my lord," chuckled Jelp, suddenly sardonic.

"Alicia Deane . . ." muttered Jeffreys. Then his voice deepened to a tone of bitter chagrin and hatred. "The fool! The little fool! What has she said?"

"Ye shall hear for yourself, my lord," Jelp retorted. "For here she comes . . ."

Jeffreys, Jelp, and Heloise Leverrier watched Alicia in silence as she calmly walked into the room. The Frenchwoman's quick eyes saw that the girl's clothes were cheap, and soiled, and travel-stained, and that the shoes upon her feet had once been worn by a man. But the eyes of the two men did not for an instant leave her cold, composed features. Her wide, violet-black eyes, mirror-clear, reflected the contempt and loathing in her mind as she looked from one to the other. Finally, her gaze rested on Jeffreys' white, twitching face. The chancellor's rage burst forth at sight of her proud demeanor. Here, again, this woman stood a victim for his bully's wrath and vituperation.

"Ah!" he shrieked at her, standing close so that his brandy-drenched breath fouled her nostrils. "So ye cheated the sea and the plantations, eh, ye rebel? But this time ye shall not escape me . . . aye, ye might well draw that veil across your features! Before Heaven I'll have ye—"

Alicia's voice interrupted him. It was charged with a bitterness that is the fruit of injustice and shame.

"When ye have heard what I have to say . . . it may be, my lord, ye will cease to play the bully. I have come far to seek ye. It is well ye are here. I have come far. I have struggled, and starved, and fought so that I might come to London to

confront ye. For weeks, after I had left my poor benefactor in the lonely cabin beyond Bath, I have lived the lives of many persons. I have begged for food and have been spat upon. I have seen murder done on the lonely white highway. I have sheltered and prayed beneath the foul gibbet, for there rogues do not come. I have danced on the long tables of the taverns, and I sang in the tap-rooms of wayside inns. I have been hunted out of villages with showers of stones and curses flung after me. I have even driven a coach and six part of the way for it brought me bread when I was reeling and sick with hunger. And there were other things. But I prayed to God . . . and I kept on . . . that I might see ye and Jelp . . . for I swore to confront ye and demand—"

Confident of his power, arrogant in the pride of his might, the incensed chancellor suddenly roared at her:

"Demand . . .? Woman though ye be I'll have ye deprived of your tongue—"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"That is now beyond your power, ye cruelest, most despicable of all living men—aye! Hear me ye shall! The very sight of ye brings back to my mind the tortures and suffering of the innocent. Behind it all, leering through the pictures of incredible misery, is your sneering, raving, blasphemous, rage-distorted countenance. Behind the women whipped; behind the men hung and quartered, and tarred and swung on gibbets; behind the lamenting mass of humanity you packed into the cells and foul dungeons of prisons throughout England; behind the slave ships, the prisoners' gangs, the bloody lash and the biting steel; behind the sinking, shrieking bodies in the sea; behind the quiet graves that bring peace to the broken, the hopeless, and the lost . . . I see your cruel features peering, drawn with awful laughter. Nay! I do not fear ye! I know ye for the coward ye are . . . I know ye for the devil's fool and the accursed of God! I know ye and utterly despise ye . . ."

She broke off and stepped forward a pace. There was, for the moment, a dignity and calm assurance in her manner that held the others silent. Her eyes were terrible in their icy contempt and scorn. The dumbfounded Jeffreys gave ground before her. Never had a man, let alone a woman, faced him and so spoken to him in all his long career of iniquity and crime.

AND then, before she could again speak, his passion, a rage born of the fangs of the pit itself, surged to his heart and lips and set his thin nostrils quivering and his eyes madly staring.

"Be silent! Be silent, ye swine!" he shrieked at her. "What is this? What is this? Is the woman mad that her tongue speaks so? But I'll . . . by all the furies of hell I'll get ye a day's flogging for each word spoken—"

She laughed at him. Laughed! Mocked him even as she did in the Hall of Taunton. And again he could only stand and stare at her.

"This time the lash may fall on your own shoulders, for it is known . . . it is at last known . . ."

She ceased speaking and looked straight at Tobias Jelp. But Jelp would not look at her.

"What is known?" rasped Jeffreys. "What is known? Speak, or without waiting for bench or jury I'll—"

But he did not complete the sentence.

There came a knock at the door and the silent, emaciated servant glided into the room. He cringed, and ducked obsequiously, and then stepped quickly across to his master.

"Sir, a fellow at the door . . . bade me tell ye he desired speech with ye . . ."

"Tell him to go to the devil!" roared Jeffreys, furiously. He then cursed the servant until the man's eyes started and stared in terror.

Jelp looked spitefully at the raging chancellor, and then spoke to his man.

"What is his name? What does he want? Is he alone?"

"He gave no name, Master Jelp," the man stammered. "He be alone. But he gave me these to show to ye, Master Jelp . . ." and the fellow placed between the candles on the table a diamond, a ruby, and an emerald. They were faultless gems of great size, and even Jeffreys's eyes fired with greed when he saw them. Their blazing lustre was magnificent. Jelp stared at them, fascinated, and, ignoring the others, picked them up one by one and examined them.

"Admitt him. This woman can wait, she cannot escape, but these jewels may leave this room never to return. I am sure his lordship, and madame, would desire to see the fellow and his jewels. If he has more like these—by Heavens, we must see him! And perhaps his lordship may pick up another stone . . ."

The man left the room.

Jeffreys leaned across the table and grasped a heavy candlestick. There was murder in his eyes. His features were distorted with awful rage at Jelp's sly reference to his disease.

"A stone, eh? What mean ye—ye—"

"I refer to the gems, my lord," came the scrivener's husky reply.

Heloise Leverrier sniffed and sneered at Alicia, and then turned from her and laughed heartily. She saw that Jelp was looking at her and the jewels on the table had stirred her shallow, evil, avaricious soul. She raised her gown to her knees and slowly adjusted her jewelled garters. Jelp watched her, and Jeffreys scowled. Her sparkling eyes mocked both men as she pulled gently at the silken hose of first one outstretched leg and then the other.

"**H**E is right, my George," she said when her laughter had subsided. "The man will not remain long. This rebel fifth can wait . . . no? And Heloise loves the pretty jewels . . . for her garters . . . yes? Ah, but they are adorable."

The chancellor looked at her grimly. Clever Heloise. And Jelp might as well pay in jewels as in money.

"As ye like," he said gruffly. "Perhaps Master Jelp will present them to . . . us. Let me see them . . ."

They ignored Alicia, and she stood silent and still.

The echo of heavy footsteps sounded outside the door. It opened and a man stood on the threshold regarding them. He was a tremendous fellow, and even the terrified Jelp saw that his curling hair was thick and an uncommon bronze-red. He stood staring at them with a strange light flaring in his vivid eyes, first at Jelp, and then at the haughty face and satin-clad form of the Lord Chancellor of England. The women he merely glanced at and ignored, paying no heed to the tremulous agitation of the one whose features were concealed by the veil.

His lordship merely glanced sharply at the man and then looked away.

Jelp beckoned the visitor and wheezily

told the servant to retire. The man left the room. And then Jelp saw the stranger was armed. His rapier just showed beneath the cloak. The scrivener stiffened. A new apprehension gleamed in his eyes. Curse the servant! Hadn't the fellow been told never to admit an armed man? Tobias Jelp's hoarse voice croaked:

"Ye desire to sell me jewels, sir? Ye may have confidence before my friends, but I cannot say I am greatly interested—"

The stranger interrupted him.

"Ye are Jelp . . . Tobias Jelp?" his deep voice asked.

"Yes. What is your name, sir?"

"I will tell ye that presently—in fact, I'll tell ye both. This man's name is Jeffreys, isn't it?"

Jelp could have laughed at the wicked expression of cold hauteur on the chancellor's pale face. Nevertheless, he answered gravely:

"It is the Lord Chancellor of England who stands before ye. Baron Jeffreys of Westminster."

"Ah! When I last saw him he was but the Chief Justice of England. And who be these women . . . but they matter not."

Jeffreys's eyes narrowed. What did this insolence portend? But he said nothing. He was searching the face and form of the giant with keen eyes. Jelp spoke again, sarcastically.

"Then, if ye do not object to his lordship's presence—"

"I desire it. I knew he was here. For weeks I have waited until informed ye were together. Day and night I have had ye both watched. I began to think I'd never get ye both—"

Jeffreys's eyes widened and were instantly aflame.

"Ye are devilish inquisitive concerning me, fellow," he snapped, the bully creeping into eyes and voice. "And I bid ye speak more respectfully in my presence. I have had men flogged and hanged for less—"

"I know it. Aye . . ." and the red-haired man laughed, and turned and looked the door, and then threw the great key on to the table. It fell with a crash among the papers. Swift dimay flashed on the faces of Jelp and Jeffreys. The visitor continued: "Our discussion will not admit of intruders," he said very quietly. "None must intrude. A moment ago ye asked my name. I assure ye it is familiar to ye both—"

"Well, damme! What is it? And where are the jewels, fellow? Who are ye, and where are the gems? It seems I have seen ye before . . . somewhere . . ."

"Ah! I have been in the slav' trade . . ."

Tobias Jelp sighed with relief and sank back gratefully against his padded chair. So, the man was a rogue, after all. Good.

She chancellor made no comment, but the Frenchwoman spoke quickly, eagerly.

"The slave trade . . . no? Then here is one who can tell me the price of slaves. I have always feared I have been cheated. One hundred slaves . . . two hundred pounds . . . but that is not right. Heloise has been cheated, my George. Bah! And here is a woman to be sold . . . I will sell her, eh? How much for her, eh? How much . . .?"

The big man looked at Alicia. But the veil across her features told him nothing. He turned to Heloise Leverrier.

"Who gave ye the slaves, ma'am?"

"Who . . .? But I will tell ye. Who but the Lord Chancellor. But, two hundred pounds . . . pooh! Am I a fool?"

The mouth of Jeffreys was a straight line, hard, compressed.

"Heloise—" he began.

The stranger again interrupted him. Jelp smothered a chuckle.

"Ye sold your slaves, ma'am?"

She laughed as one does at a very foolish question.

"Sold? But of course. But I was cheated . . . I should have had more. What will you give for this woman?"

"Ye mean more slaves or more money?"

"Both," she replied indignantly. "The Queen, the ugly fright, got more than Heloise . . . who is beautiful . . ."

Jeffreys stopped her with a furious gesture.

"Be silent, ye fool! Still that foolish tongue," he roared. And when she was silent he turned to the visitor. "What the devil has all this got to do with your jewels, fellow? Who are ye, and where are the gems ye spoke of . . .?"

"I said I was in the slave trade—"

"By Heavens! We are weary of hearing it!"

"We heard ye, fellow, we heard ye—"

BUT ye did not hear me say I was a slave . . . did ye?"

Instantly there was no sound in the room until the deep voice went on:

"And that my name is . . . Roger Chard?"

"Roger Chard . . ." whispered Jelp.

"Roger Chard . . . Roger Chard . . ." muttered Jeffreys.

Heloise Leverrier sat speechless with fear. She did not know the name the man had spoken, but she knew that both Jelp and the chancellor were almost paralyzed with a strange, overpowering terror. And this man had been sold as a slave . . . and she had boasted of her slaves . . . And she had also offered to sell this woman who stood like a statue in rags.

Roger Chard turned coldly to the trembling Jeffreys.

"I see, now, ye at last recognise me—"

"No . . . no! Ye are mistaken. I have never seen ye before—"

"Ye lie! Do ye recall the assize at Taunton? Do ye deny being there? Do ye remember a writhing judge who sat on high in the scarlet-hung hall? And do ye remember, among others, many others, a man and a woman brought to trial before ye, chained by the wrist by your orders and sold into slavery? Do ye remember these simple things . . . my lord?"

Pearl Jeffreys suddenly writhed and coughed in physical as well as mental agony. The stone within him had begun to stab and throb. For the moment he could not speak. He dabbed at his pallid lips with his lace-bordered handkerchief and wiped away the thin line of froth that had gathered there. Roger watched him for a moment and then turned to the speechless, livid Jelp.

"And do ye remember Farnham, ye dog?" he asked, his deep voice without passion or heat.

Jelp's lips moved but gave forth no sound. Roger continued:

"And that your rat of a nephew has given his confession? Ah! That strikes home! It is known, now, of the meeting here of Farnham, Ferguson, and yourself. Do ye recall the Deane? I do. I was the man that informed, was I not? By Heavens! And, of course, ye haven't forgotten ye own the Deane estate, have ye, Master Jelp?"

Jelp could not speak. Had his life depended on it he could not have made reply. Roger's blue eyes seemed suddenly to glitter with innumerable little frosty lights.

"Ye unutterable swine! I have ye now . . . and ye, Jeffreys . . . and the King himself . . . in my hand. Farnham's confession, assisted by men of integrity and position, would set the nation aflame . . . roar with vengeance and death! Ye remember Dame Alice Lisle, Jeffreys? And Elizabeth Gaunt? And . . . Alicia Deane? Aye, ye

60. And so do I. I remember Alicia Deane whom ye both drove into slavery and worse . . . because I love her . . . and have lost her . . .

Heloise Leverrier got shakily to her feet. She had more courage than the men. And she swayed and screamed:

"Let us go . . . my George . . . oh, Heaven's help us! But he will kill us . . . the devil . . . about, shout! Alarm the house—"

Roger's great arm shot out and sent her spinning back on to the chair. Jelp was shaking and choking. His fat hands tore at his throat. Jeffreys was dabbing at the fresh froth that had sprung to his lips. Fear. He was in terrible pain, and terrible fear. His staring eyes kept looking alternately at Roger Chard and Alicia Deane. His voice, when it came, was no more than a whisper.

"Then you are determined to kill us? No . . . not 'Twas the King's vengeance . . . and Jelp . . . I swear it . . ."

Help fought for breath, but it was Roger who replied.

"Aye, I doubt it not. But when I saw ye howling and raving on the bench of Justice I knew ye for a cur. Why don't ye curse and threaten me now? Monster! Assassin!"

Roger slowly unsheathed the long rapier he carried. The steel gleamed. The whimpering of Heloise Leverrier deepened to sobbing. It sounded above the gasping of Jelp and the hard breathing of Jeffreys. They watched as he drove the point of the weapon into the floor and set the jewelled hilt swaying. They stared at the bright, moving steel. To and fro went the hilt like an inverted pendulum. The gems, thickly encrusted, sent out streaks of blood-red fire. The voice of Roger Chard seemed to break a spell that had gripped them.

"Watch it! There be your doom an' ye refuse my commands. There . . . be your doom. An' ye refuse to do what I say I'll plunge it into the heart of each of ye . . . up to the hilt . . ."

The froth on Jeffrey's lips was increasing. Terror quickened the stone. It was pressing, leaping within him.

"Stop it . . ." he screamed, stretching out a hand towards it. "Stop it! For Heaven's sake, stop it . . . stop it moving . . . what want ye . . .?"

It was a few moments before Roger replied. His hand kept the hilt swaying. Then his deep voice, resonant with the memory of inhuman injustice and suffering, thundered out:

"Justice! Retribution! Vengeance! But Justice first!"

The chancellor gazed helplessly at Jelp. "It shall be done—"

"Then ye have not forgotten me . . . or Alicia Deane . . . watch the blade, blast ye! Watch it! See how it glitters and gleams! Watch it, ye foul, pitiless dogs! Look at the blood red streak it leaves on the air . . . think of the blood it shall leave in this room, an' ye gainsay me. See it? It is bright, and keen, and eager . . . an' eager as were ye devils to betray the innocent. Observe it, how nicely the tempered steel flexes. Jelp! Ah, if I knew Alicia Deane were dead . . . I'd kill ye all . . . all, and glory in it! A year have I sought her in vain. A year of hell for me . . . watch the blade! 'Sdeath, an' ye don't watch it . . . but she is lost . . . see how it bends, how supple. But, because she might yet live . . ."

"What do ye want?"

"Take quills in your hands! And write! From ye, Jeffreys, a full pardon for Alicia Deane and myself . . . aye, the King can send on his assent. Write with full acknowledgment of all the terrible betrayal. Sign your guilt to the parchment, Jeffreys, and write it plain for all men to see. Jelp will witness it. Tell how it was agreed that

Alicia Deane should die . . . or rot. Tell of the foul thing in full . . . my lord! And ye, Jelp! Restore to the Lady Alicia Deane her estate, and confess ye fully to the plot and bloody business . . . or ye die how! Jeffreys shall witness it . . . and the woman here will add her hand to both documents. And another letter to your steward at Deepdeane. Dismiss him, and inform him the estate has been restored to the Deanes. Ye demon! Upon your confessions, each of ye, mark well the King's guilt. If ye do all that ye may both live till God in His wisdom sees fit to destroy ye. An' ye don't . . . mark well the blade! Well, what will ye? The quill or the sword?"

They both glared at the swaying weapon, and then Jelp, with a peculiar cry, heaved himself forward and grasped a quill.

"I will write . . . before Heaven I will write . . ."

"The quill or the sword!" suddenly snarled Jeffreys. He took up a feather and then coughed again as the pain racked him.

Heloise Leverrier sat very still. Her frightened eyes stared first at the driving quills and then at the swaying rapier. It was very quiet in the room.

"I WOULD warn ye both that neither I nor Alicia Deane shall hold these parchments. They will be in trusted hands, so that if treachery comes to us . . . then God help ye both."

"Ye shall have full recompense," muttered Jeffreys, staring down at what he had written.

"And the King?"

"Is a wise man in some things. Ye win . . . blast ye . . ."

"Enough!" snarled Roger, trembling himself with the sudden rage that shook him. "I still marvel I do not kill ye! If others but had this opportunity—but give me the papers!"

"Take them . . . take them . . ." spluttered Jelp. His palmed hand pushed them across the table. "Now . . . go! Go! See . . . I destroy the order of sequestration . . . go! The matter will all be confirmed by the King and the Ministers of his Privy Council . . . go!"

Roger carefully read each confession.

"Tis enough to hang ye both together with the King himself. Ye were wise to write in full," he said.

He pulled the rapier from the floor and sheathed it. Jelp lay back gasping in deep breaths. Jeffreys, almost insensible with the pain of the stone, bent his head and rested it on the table. Then he began to moan and rock from side to side. He suddenly drew away from the table and the room was filled with the sound of his rattling. Froth dripped from his lips to the floor, and his eyes were glazed with agony.

"I shall die . . . I shall die . . ."

Heloise was afraid to the roots of her being.

Jelp's voice droned forth.

"Go . . . go!"—it sounded as though he were sobbing.

Jeffreys blew the froth from his lips.

"The pain . . . Lord . . . the pain . . ."

But he did not complete the sentence. He fell senseless to the floor. Roger walked to him and touched him with his foot contemptuously.

Again Jelp spoke.

"Go . . . go!"

Roger turned to Jelp. His eyes were very cold.

"No . . . there!" When it was done he turned to Heloise Leverrier. "Now, ye woman of no honor, ye ghoul, ye swine in a silk dress, place your hand beneath his . . . there!"

"No . . . no!" she panted, her dark eyes staring with mad fear.

"Obey!"

With whimpers of pure terror the hands were placed one above the other, and the whimpering changed to wild screams of agony as the postcard of Roger Chard plunged down through them both and pinned them fast to the table.

"I am thinking of the desolate homes of Somerset . . . and of a slave ship that sank across the sea . . . and of a woman who is lost . . ."

Heloise Leverrier fainted and pitched across the table.

Tobias Jelp choked, and slobbered, and screamed.

Roger turned from them and confronted Alicia.

"So they would have sold ye . . . Ye look poor, and friendless, Lord knows. But ye may walk out free and unafraid . . ."

And then Alicia spoke. Slowly she withdrew the veil from her face.

" . . . of a woman who is lost," she echoed softly. Her eyes held an appeal no words could frame. "Do ye now, knowing all, knowing of my shame, my degradation of the travail I suffered for my folly and pride . . . do ye now want me . . . Roger . . .?"

He could do no more than whisper her name. That she should, after all the weary, heart-breaking months of fruitless searching, stand before him in the room of Tobias Jelp struck speech from his tongue. The shock of her presence left him no longer master of himself. He looked upon her as one risen from the dead.

"Alicia . . . Alicia . . . dear love . . . dear heart . . ."

"I also came for justice . . . but they would have beaten me . . . I thought you lost to me . . . for ever . . ."

Then he caught her up in his arms and strode from the room. His voice, almost uncontrollable, sobbing with the joy in his heart, kept repeating:

"Alicia . . . Alicia . . . Alicia . . ."

He locked the door behind him, and when they were out of the house threw the key into the snow. Regardless of the inquisitive stares of the chair-porters he bent and kissed her and held her tightly in his arms. And she clung to him, weeping quietly.

"God answers prayer, Alicia. For I have prayed, and I know."

"And I have prayed, dear heart, and I know," she replied, very gently, and her eyes, violet-black, glowed as his bronzed curls brushed her cheek. "I know I have loved ye since the day ye held me close in the blacksmith's shop—"

His amazement caused him to pause in his stride.

"The blacksmith's shop . . .? But . . . but . . . ye said . . ."

There were tears in her tremulous laughter.

"Dear life . . . I am a woman . . . and I am too overjoyed to reveal to ye at this moment the capricious mystery of a woman's heart . . . if it can ever be revealed. Oh, Roger . . . I do love you . . . love you . . . take me away . . . away . . ."

The wide-eyed chair-porters gazed after them until they passed out of the light of the flickering torches.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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